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THE
PIN-BASKET
TO THE
CHILDREN OF THESPIS.

—
PRICE FIVE SHILLINGS
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THE
PIN-BASKET
TO
THE CHILDREN OF THESPIS.

WITH
NOTES
HISTORICAL, CRITICAL, AND BIOGRAPHICAL.

BY JOHN WILLIAMS,

Whose public Appellation is
ANTHONY PASQUIN.

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Anth. Pasquin del.

F. Bastien L.A.M.

Plus apud me ratio valebit quam vulgi opinio!

London:

PRINTED FOR H. D. SYMONDS, PATERNOSTER-RROW; AND
T. BELLAMY, KING-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN.

1797.

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DEDICATION.

TO THE
NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN
CONSTITUTING THAT
VERY HONORABLE SOCIETY,
CALLED,
THE LITERARY FUND.*

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

UNDER the impression of pure pleasure, and actuated by supreme respect, I beg permission to lay the following effusion at your feet. Were I of that order of men who hallow Pomp and Folly, and profess without belief, this Address from me might be even less important than it is; but as my agency, though erroneous, has been at least marked by sincerity, I trust I shall have some

** This Institution, which may probably rank among the most useful and benevolent in the kingdom, had its origin in a Club held at the Prince of Wales's Coffee-house, Conduit-street, consisting principally of men of letters, which generally had some object besides conviviality; and that object had been frequently changed by the choice of the Society, or the influence of some actuating spirit, of which every Society is possessed.*

During the summer recess of the year 1788, an event took place which tarnished the character of English opulence and humanity, and afflicted the votaries of knowledge.

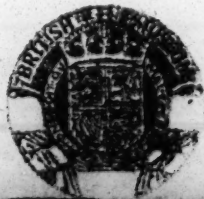
Floyer Sydenham, the well-known translator of Plato, one of the most practical, if not of the most competent, Greek scholars of his age; a man revered for his knowledge, and beloved for the candor of his temper, and the gentleness of his manners; died in consequence of having been arrested and detained for a debt to a victualler, who had, for some time, furnished his frugal dinner.

At the news of that event every friend of Literature felt a mixture of sorrow and shame; and Mr. DAVID WILLIAMS had the virtue and the honor to propose, that the Society should adopt, as its purpose, some means to prevent similar afflictions, and to assist deserving Authors and their families in distress.

credit with mankind in my protestations of zeal. I have been solicited to support innumerable claimants, from the Prince to the Peasant, including all the intermediate classes; but I never condescended to solicit the support of any. I have had the hardihood to stand erect, and alone; and whatever I have enjoyed of fame or fortune, that little I have literally ravished. In such circumstances, and with such a spirit, I have proudly selected you as the objects of my public esteem. The Institution which ye have established is of that high and noble nature, as will endear ye to generations unborn; it is an ample wing to cover the naked children of Genius; and in their name, and from the core of my heart, I thank you. It should be known that your manner of conferring a favor is more sweet than the offering you bestow; before the celestial splendor of a good deed, all the emblazoned mummeries of Profligacy, Ignorance, and Barbarism, vanish into nothingness. Italy has had her *Augustus*, her *Medici*, and her *Leo*; and Great Britain has to boast of a DAVID WILLIAMS, an ISAAC SWAINSON, a Captain THOMAS MORRIS, and a Dr. DALE, the beneficent founders of the Literary Fund.

The progress of modern Literature seems little more than one impostor supporting another; and, like the poetical blasphemy of that arrogant rhymers ALEXANDER POPE, who compared SWIFT to CERVANTES, and SWIFT, who compared POPE to HOMER, they all mutually lie for their mutual accommodation. We have recently had instances of vain men who have paragraphed themselves to death in the Journals, that they might eventually paragraph themselves into celebrity and a fair reputation; and one has gone so far as to make poor GOLDSMITH write an eulogy upon his *unknown* merits, after he had been six months in the sepulchre. This, it must be admitted, is a novel method of acquiring notoriety, without possessing either ability or the appearance of it; and I think it necessary to declare, lest I should prematurely expire, that I never meant to convey any praise to any individual but what is now extant; and that, if any presume to affix my name to a self-written encomium after my decease, it is spurious, and should have no weight with society. It is a curious fact, that ninety-

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nine books are *made* for one that is *written*; and hence arises the professional necessity for undermining an original labor.

The liberties taken with the moral principles of men when dead, to answer the vile purposes of local imposition, is astonishing:—**BOSWELL** gravely informs us, that the Bishop of London averred that **SOAME JENYNS** died a good Christian; which all who knew him know to be neither more nor less than a direct ———! **LORD SHEFFIELD**, in his posthumous account of **EDWARD GIBBON**, insinuates likewise, that the Historian died in the acknowledgment of the articles of the national faith; not one syllable of which has obtained any credit with the philosophic or independent portion of humanity. **SAMUEL JOHNSON**'s *Lives of the Poets* is a disingenuous and ruinous use of power, exercised in the foul pride and evil hope of opposing the most noble convictions of the world, by making the great little and the little great: a man of high genius would feel debased in being enrolled with one half of those he has so shamefully embodied. **BOSWELL**, in his octavo *Life of Johnson*, calls the *European Magazine* an elegant publication; and the *Magazine*, in return, quotes his puerile narrative, in succeeding numbers, till the inquisitive mind sinks under the reciprocal delusion!

If we look to the *European Magazine*, we find the heavy publications of the blockheads of the hour detailed in a string of continued matter from month to month, while the most poignant efforts of the mind are unnoticed, if not misrepresented. If we look in the *Annual Registers*, the prospect is yet more gloomy; the sacrifices to the avarice of booksellers, and the vanity of wealth, are systematic; but there is not one solitary insertion tributary to Genius: the dull rogues, who edit such works, look with agony at beings superiorly gifted, and will only cull, for their poetical and prosaical departments, such quotations as cannot reduce their importance in the scale of comparison. Thus, between the strong influence of envy and covetousness, the efforts of superlative wit are sedulously and illiberally suppress.

In the *Universal Magazine* for the year 1795 there is a series of comical communications from **DR. BEATTIE**, about the ingenuity of a dead son, of whom nobody heard beyond the precincts of

Aberdeen. In this way one member of a family can extend that little stock of merit he may possess through all his race.

Can any man of erudition and taste peruse the leaden, sombrous works of Mr. PENNANT without disgust? He has published two opiates, which he calls a *Tour in Scotland*, and a *History of London*; and both are, in my opinion, but instances of the supreme stupidity of their *Compiler*; I do not say *Author*, as that is a term which few or none deserve; yet by these inefficient performances he procured a greater reward than the most brilliant existing genius could; so foul are the organs of fame, and so debased is the general intellect!

Although it may be somewhat like a repetition of my own sentiment, I will again inform the Public, that all the monthly *Reviews* are the property of the Booksellers, who command those venal slaves that condescend to be Reviewers, to recommend, in terms of extravagant eulogy, all the publications appertaining to their establishments, and depress and insult any insulated great man who may rise up in the world of letters, without the inclination or power to suborn a false praise, until his chagrin may force him to seek their den for a protector. There is a *wooden Gentleman*, ycleped GRIFFITHS, who has had an annual income, during several years, of eighteen hundred pounds, for the *liberal management* of a Monthly Review. Is not this an amazing reward for a block-head? In the body of the ensuing Poem I have called this amiable wight DICK, instead of RALPH, for which misnomer I solicit pardon from him, and particularly his godfathers; the latter of whom have fulfilled their duty even to the last points of scrupulosity, as I never knew a greater proficient in the *vulgar tongue*!

The Newspapers of the metropolis are, generally speaking, similarly influential, and ruinous to the cause of Truth and Genius. Whoever writes in favor of Mr. FOX may command the applauses of the *Morning Chronicle*, the *Morning Post*, the *Gazetteer*, the *Telegraph*, and the *Courier*; whoever writes in behalf of Mr. PITT (and such writers there are) have a correspondent protection in the *Times*, the *True Briton*, the *Sun*, the *St. James's Chronicle*, &c.; but there is no resource whatever for a virtuous independence. The *Morning*

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Herald, it must be admitted, is the most neutral. This statement is not meant as any fraternal offence to the Editors; it is, and will be, the usual result in all foundations, while the love of animal gratification is superior to the love of integrity. To be direct and honest does not assimilate with the views of many; yet all this very partial folly will terminate in shame, if not destruction; and the modes of *religion*, as well as *policy*, must be revised, as the administration of either has been rendered incompatible with human good!

The Booksellers have determined, as far as in them lies, that I shall cease to be an Author. My plain exposition of *the manifold frauds of the Reviewers* is, in their eyes, a crime that defies expiation: there is scarcely one of them that will sell any work of mine, except my immediate publishers; every art has been exhausted to suppress their circulation; if they are demanded from the country, they will not execute the order, but have the effrontery to aver that they are out of print; and this is the iron fate which *Shakespeare* would experience in this besotted island, if he had nobly resolved to breathe unconnected with such saucy knaves.

Their conduct towards me has been uniform. If I would not sell the copy-right of a work, they have taken especial care that the sale should be clogged with insurmountable expences. To be brief: they have copiously drank their wine out of my scull upon all occasions!—The most wealthy among them have ever appeared to me like the most popular of our physicians, as they live and prosper by the gradual destruction of those who unwittingly feed their murderers!—They are the most stupid and ignorant class of mankind; and yet (by some latent ordinance of Destiny) they are permitted to hold the *illuminati* in chains, and goad and drive them, when and where their caprice urges. They have forcibly seized the bounty of the Muses, and set spring-guns in every acre on Parnassus, to cripple all those haughty bards who will not subscribe to their base usurpation!—This is the real state of oppressed and insulted Genius in this country; and thus it will probably remain, while, in almost every department of life, *civil villany* is permitted

to shove the *simple* and the *worthy* from their stools. But the national vision is twisted, and they feel justified in their folly and degradation by the general approval. In what a bestial community we breathe—where perception is a disadvantage—modesty a weakness—and poverty criminal!—So miserably fallen is the faculty of the nation, that the greater portion of the books which are annually published are *made* or *compiled*, and not *conceived*; and if an *original work* appears, to flash upon the region of dulness, the bibliothetic dolts meanly and malignantly confederate to limit its influence, and destroy its character—an evil which they are enabled to perpetrate so effectually, by their power and their numbers, that the mightiest Genius, who disdains to pay homage to such unworthy grubs, or become a servile pensioner upon their illiberal and base establishments, must eternally retire from the mart of Letters, with desperation and a broken heart!

There are two Authorlings, or rather *Book-makers*, who amble and gabble about the metropolis, and who have formed a confederacy for the necessary support of each other: they have a limited portion of information, but no genius whatever; and as neither possesses acumen, or the necessary qualifications for the pursuit, they unremittingly exercise the harlotry of the literary character: they have each a pair of large gold spectacles, and both seem inflated and pompous, which, in truth, is the *sine qua non* of a dunce. When they are encircled by their inferiors in understanding, as even that is possible, they stun their hearers with a metaphysic burst; when they cannot present you with argument, they inundate with words, and each will labor to prove that an army of Angels can make the *pas seul* upon the point of a needle without jostling, or the aid of a dancing-master. There is another thesis, infinitely more essential to society, which these loquacious associates strive to enforce, and that is, the possibility of existing *without food*; but do not be deluded with a false presentment, as, if any among ye should haply invite them to dinner, you will soon perceive the immense difference between *principle* and *practice*, and that, so far from their being more highly endowed with the powers of self-denial than their neighbours, each has the capacity to breed a famine!

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The scrutiny of envy, in these days, is wonderfully diligent, and pleasantly acrimonious; as, if the fame of a poet is so great, that they cannot disprove *what he is*, they will exercise the most painful zeal in proving *what he is not*!—If there was any perception in society, the word *criticism* would now operate as an emetic with the Public. If a being, intellectually restricted, possesses no influence with Glory, and has some erudition, he immediately thrusts his name into notice, by writing what he calls a criticism on *Shakespeare, Milton, Thomson, Akenside, &c.* in which he laboriously destroys every intention of the mangled poet, and becomes apparently haughty and self-sufficient, in proportion as he renders his author cloudy and unintelligible: indeed this lunacy is now carried to such an height, as threatens the utter subversion of all that is true and meritorious in the lettered world. Thus these methodical, pains-taking, beechen-headed rogues, obtrude themselves in the van of society. A band of Presbyterian Doctors have cast a gloom over the hemisphere of criticism, and sedulously labor to bring that wit into disrepute which the dull varlets cannot imitate. It is from this predominating, malign influence, that we never find the great name of Butler quoted on any occasion. The Vandals were more rapid in their progress of destruction, but not so systematical or subtle as those sour-headed commentators.

Perhaps the reason, or patience, or character, or dignity, of no civilized nation, was ever so outraged as Great Britain has recently been, by the clumsy, daring, and ignorant imposture relative to the Shakespeare MSS. in which one SAMUEL IRELAND, a Spitalfields weaver—his son, whom he has been pleased to call SAMUEL WILLIAM HENRY—and a strolling Actor of the name of Talbot—appear to have been the more active agents: and to crown the solemn, but mischievous farce, the following persons have become immortally ridiculous, by egregiously signing their names for the furtherance of such an act of folly and shame, viz.

Samuel Parr.

Lauderdale.

John Tweddell.

Rev. J. Scott.

Thomas Burgess.

Kinnaird.

John Byng.

John Pinkerton.

James

James Bindley.

Herbert Croft.

Somerset.

Is. Heard, Garter King of Arms.

F. Webb.

R. Valpy.

James Boswell.

Thomas Hunt.

Henry James Pye.

Rev. N. Thornbury.

J. Hewlet, Translator of old Records, Common Pleas Office, Temple.

Matt. Wyatt.

John Frank Newton.

It appears, according to the testimony of the elder SAMUEL IRELAND, that Mr. Boswell fell upon his knees previous to the enrolment of his name, and in a tone of enthusiasm and exultation thanked God that he had lived to witness this discovery, and exclaimed that he could now die in peace!—To deceive such men as JEMMY BOSWELL and Dr. PARR, would do but little credit to any species of impostor: I knew them both as ostentatious babblers, with this difference, that the first was an urbane merry zany, and the last a pompous dealer in the names of things, with little knowledge of their nature, and less wit—a sulky, vulgar pedagogue, encumbered with a preponderance of belly, and a measureless periwig.—But that the other personages should be induced to be crucified upon the altar of common Disdain, amazes me; and, as if it was the design of Fate to overwhelm them with contempt, in that inauspicious moment, while their signatures were dragged out reeking hot and warm from Old IRELAND's oven, the *Young Gentleman* (for they both denominate themselves as Gentlemen) formally and proudly acknowledges the whole affair to have been an imposture of his own fabrication!—An honest man is so affected by such gross instances of cullibility and scoundrelism, that he cannot avoid turning to the Subscribers, and asking them, in a spirit of pity more than anger, if their love of life is not reduced by such a naked exposition of weakness?—This century has been polluted by the *Bottle Conjurer*, *Elizabeth Canning*, and the *Cock-lane Ghost*—and it was miserably doomed in its old age to perish by this literary *fistula in ano*!—If I should survive its departure, I will chaunt an appropriate requiem to its memory, and evacuate upon its ashes!

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When this *dirty affair* was in its first stage of progress, the fabricators knew it would be necessary to have some credulous indorser involved, whose publicity might give a colouring to the measure, and whose awkward vanity might impel him to an eager participation in the serious cozenage: under such a persuasion, who could present himself so adequately as Dr. PARR?—Pregnant with the blubber of literature, and crammed with the thirty-nine articles of belief, the difficulty was so limited in persuading this rude priest of the authenticity of the MSS. that upon the younger IRELAND's producing a loose prayer, which the subtle party attributed to *Shakespeare*, he loudly exclaimed, with the true *Johnsonian* surliness, "that he had never thought so cheaply of the Liturgy until that moment!"—Yet this inflated animal is a teacher of youth, and is presumed by some to have the ability to teach them to think rightly!

The vain rage among the little-minded to imitate the brutalities of the late Dr. JOHNSON is amazing to a rational observer. Some time since I was zealously invited to dinner by the sister of one of our Journalists, and when the cloth was removed, an awkward, slouching, ill-dressed figure, stalked into the room, with a black coat, a long beard, and blue stockings.—After bullying the lady of the house for not waiting dinner for him, although he came an hour after the appointment, he ordered in the meat, and began to eat without taking the least notice of any of the ladies or gentlemen who were present—and as he mangled and devoured his food more like a savage than a man, we were all disgusted, and walked tittering into the garden.—"In the name of Heaven," said one of the ladies, "who can that brute be?"—"He is a Professor of Greek," rejoined the hostess—"I should like him better," said the other, "if he was a *Professor of Good Manners!*"

I understand that Dr. PARR is so infected with this rage of imitation, that he cannot avoid growling at the Altar. Yet what do these men know which cannot be taught to every plough-boy with a sound memory?

There is a stupid Bookseller in Pall Mall, who, in the ruinous hope

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hope of becoming oracular, like JOHNSON, has snarled away all his acquaintance.

There are two rival dunces who have long subsisted by gutting old magazines and newspapers, for anecdotes of persons who lived in the time of Hogarth; and though neither know any language but their own, even they affect all the JOHNSONIAN sententiousness, and bow-wow delivery!—In truth, it is now necessary that the wise and the polite should resist the further progress of this ludicrous folly.

Although the greatest crime in this state and age is *to think*, I will not be deterred from the exposure of hypocrisy or criminality.—Though an envenomed host have repeatedly labored to ORGANIZE MY MURDER, it has not diminished my zeal.—I was educated to love virtue, and despise cunning; but I have since proved, that no man can live safely unattached to cunning, though every one may without virtue.—The Government appears disinclined to relax in any official abomination; and although it is in my thought, that Liberty is as the Light, only beneficial when restricted, yet so unfitted is the community for the interests of Truth, that my arguments are supposed by many as hostile to the purposes of political right and necessity!—It is well known that I might have been *pensioned*, but my heart revolted at the idea of being a slave:—it never was comprehended in my wayward lot, that my independence should be otherwise than mental:—I could not securely retire from a vitiated and sophisticated metropolis, to wander, like Horace,

Inter silvas Academi quærere verum.

My exigencies required that my exertions should be without cessation—but the efforts were sweetened by reflection.

I shall now proceed to develop a series of transactions that fill me with sorrow:—I allude to WARREN HASTINGS and myself.—The cause of my original predilection for this man (whose real character I most sillily misunderstood) was the ardent recommendation of a military officer of rank in India, who was my fellow-scholar; he absconded from the University

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in the issue of a family dispute, and entered as a private in the service of the East-India Company; his accomplishments, which were uncommon, soon procured him a halberd, and in that state it is probable he might have long remained, had not I, at the age of seventeen, romantically written to LORD PIGOT in his behalf, who was at that period appointed to the Government of Madras: when I called at his house for an answer to my epistle, he gave me an audience: I explained my motives for the trouble, and he kindly promised me to find out my friend, and if he answered the description, that he would provide for him;—he did so—and it was the tenor of that gentleman's letter which first impelled me to take up the hatchet in the defence of WARREN HASTINGS*.

As my friendships are erected on an ample basis, I pursued his foes wherever I found them. During the last nine years I have edited more periodical publications than any other existing personage, and in all of them I constantly manifested my fervor for him; nay, I even lost two of them, viz. the STAR and the COMET, of which I was the parent, from a supposition that I paid more attention to the cause of WARREN HASTINGS than the interests of the Proprietary. I involved his honor in my best and most popular Poems; I have argued in his behalf in every class of society, until my vehemence begot a thirst; and sooner than yield to the idea that he was the monster his enemies had depicted, I relinquished the acquaintance of some valued Gentlemen who were the common friends to Mr. BURKE and myself.

In the summer of 1792 I met Major SCOTT at Margate, who requested as a particular favor that I would methodize a biographical account of WARREN HASTINGS from materials with which he would furnish me. I readily consented to the desire; he sent

* *The conduct of Mr. FOX in this mendacious proceeding will sully his name for ever. There is much reason to apprehend that the real motives which actuated that heterogeneous and famished mass which they denominate The Party, in this ungenerous attack, and the secret embassy to Russia, have chained him down so implicitly to the observance of EDMUND BURKE's feelings and character, that he dare not treat him with requisite contempt!*

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the MSS. and I re-wrote and published them; for which both WARREN HASTINGS and himself thanked me in the most earnest manner. During these years I had many personal interviews with WARREN HASTINGS, in St. James's-place and Park-lane, in his study and at his table, and he was uniform and profuse in his acknowledgments of my services, which he was pleased to signify as eminent. I will be bold enough to aver they were almost without example as to perseverance and system. In the sessions of 1793 it was determined that some momentous question, including his credit, should be agitated in the House of Commons, and on that occasion I went to Berkshire for the express purpose of persuading the late Earl of BARRYMORE to give him his support, which he promised; and I endeavoured to effect the same with a certain Baronet, but he was too much wedded to his party, and their views, to pause in the hot pursuit of an unfortunate victim. I wrote an account to WARREN HASTINGS of my procedure, who returned the following answer:

“ *Park-lane, Feb. 12, 1793.* ”

“ Mr. Hastings presents his compliments to Mr. Anthony Pasquin, and returns him many thanks for the zealous solicitude which he expresses on Mr. Hastings's behalf, of the sincerity of which he is entirely convinced, and for the intimation which he has given him respecting the favorable disposition of Lord Barrymore towards Mr. Hastings; the knowledge of which is at least so far of use to Mr. Hastings, as he is always glad to have his *gratitude* directed to those who ought to be the objects of it: he knows not in what manner Lord Barrymore's attendance in the House of Commons can be of any service during the Impeachment, unless it be upon the report of a Committee, which he finds was yesterday appointed to devise means for accelerating the progress of the trial in Westminster-hall, but of which he is unacquainted with the object, further than as it is announced in the Papers.

“ *To ANTHONY PASQUIN, Esq.*

No. 125, Strand. ”

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From this period to the conclusion of the trial I had but little personal communication with Mr. HASTINGS, yet I did not in any degree fall off in my labors to support him, and defeat his furious enemies. When his persecution had ceased, I naturally, and I trust justly, expected some *voluntary* instance on his part to manifest that prodigious gratitude he so prodigally professed towards me; but, alas! I found that profession and practice were visionary, and that I was doomed, by this unfeeling and mean man, to look for solacement only in the emotions of my heart!

In the year 1791 Mr. RICHARD BURKE returned from his situation as Paymaster of the Forces in Bengal; he is the immediate cousin of EDMUND BURKE, and was, I have much reason to think, the original miserable instrument that gave birth to the prosecution of Mr. HASTINGS. I became acquainted both with him and his history soon after his arrival, in a very singular manner:—An Irish Gentleman, Mr. S——, who is a friend of mine, and lived in Pall-mall, wrote to me, soon after Mr. RICHARD BURKE's return was notified in the London Journals, and entreated me to come to him on a very particular affair:—At the interview he informed me, that a due regard for his Lady and numerous family compelled him to charge me with a letter to Mr. RICHARD BURKE, to demand a categorical answer on a subject of some importance and delicacy; the developement ran thus:—It appeared that, during the existence of that honorable but weak man, the Marquis of ROCKINGHAM, Mr. EDMUND BURKE, his political jackall, obtained the above-mentioned appointment for his relation, who went to India under these auspices; but, from some evident informality in the proceeding, Mr. HASTINGS, as Governor-General, would not recognize him, and he was compelled to return, when his warrant was duly ratified by the Directors of the East India Company. This event was considered by Mr. EDMUND BURKE as an indelible affront to *his honor*, and was undoubtedly the virgin stimulus for his insatiable resentment. The situation of Mr. RICHARD BURKE was so thoroughly unpleasant previous to his first embarkation, that he was reduced to the necessity of borrowing fifty pounds of my friend (his own kindred being unequal, or unwilling, to advance the loan).

to enable him to make a gentlemanly appearance on board the vessel. Mr. S—— lent him the money on his bond, and Mr. R. BURKE promised to remit the sum to England in the course of two years; but several having elapsed without any fulfilment of the promise, Mr. S—— commissioned an Officer, who was going out in the Company's service, to take the bond to Mr. R. BURKE, and procure the fifty pounds. The bond was presented and withheld, but no money was remitted. In this state the affair remained when Mr. R. BURKE arrived in London. As Mr. S—— wanted the fifty pounds to answer some very honorable purposes, he wrote to Mr. R. BURKE upon the subject repeatedly, but could not procure an interview, or any satisfaction whatever. It was in this stage of the business that Mr. S——, in the name of himself and family, earnestly requested me to bear the following letter to Mr. R. BURKE on the subject:

“ Mr. BURKE,

“ The Gentleman who does me the honor to deliver this, is Mr. WILLIAMS, perhaps better known by his writings to you as ANTHONY PASQUIN, and my particular friend. He steps forward, as more likely to settle the matter in question between us, than any legal interferer can be likely to do. If you are in earnest, and mean to pay the money on receiving a sufficient indemnity, I conceive the inclosed draft will answer your purpose effectually. If you have not been able to recollect the transaction, I have plenty of people who can certify that such a transaction did pass—some from having frequently seen your note to me—others from having repeatedly heard me wonder you neglected to remit money committed on such an emergency, and on such liberal principles. You acknowledge in your letter you never paid such a bill; it therefore must be still due, and I cannot suppose you would evade the payment of the principal (*which is all that is demanded at the end of sixteen years*), merely on the accident of the bill being lost. My friend, Mr. WITHEY, will join in an indemnity from all future claim that can or may be made on you for the said fifty pounds; and I pro-

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sume (if you are really in earnest, and mean to pay the money), this will be satisfactory. I beg to have your definitive resolve on this business by the bearer.

"I am, SIR,
"Your obedient servant,
"ANNESLEY S——."

*Pall Mall,
15th April 1794.*

RICHARD BOURKE, Esq.
At Mrs. Roget's, Duke street, Piccadilly.

When I arrived at his apartments, on the 16th of April 1794, and disclosed the intent of my visit, he appeared much disconcerted, and made some company he either had, or affected to have in another apartment, an apology for not entering upon the subject; at this intimation I promised to withdraw, but not until I had exacted his word that he would see me at the same hour on the ensuing day alone. On that day I went, and he kept his word. I listened with much attention to all that he could advance in his own defence; and among other odd things he stated the possibility that I had come to the wrong person, as his name was BURKE, and not BOURKE, as Mr. S—— had written; but this very subtle distinction was over-ruled by my smiling, and the subject was resumed. But perceiving that he parried the accusation of Mr. S——, I was determined that he should meet the charge fairly, and demanded to know if he had or had not borrowed fifty pounds of Mr. S—— upon his bond—if he had not received that bond in India—and if he, *bona fide*, had ever given Mr. S—— any due consideration, either in money or effects, to liquidate the obligation? He hesitated to answer the question in a direct way; but on my taking my hat, and assuring him that I should understand his hesitation as a denial, and take my measures accordingly, he confessed that he had borrowed the money, and that the bond had not been liquidated. Here my point was gained, and I left him to his own meditations, and the pious consolations of the Right Honorable Monk!

It must be evident that I had a two-fold felicity in the furtherance of this event, inasmuch as I had not only served a friend in trouble, but had unmasked an individual who had been peculiarly active against Mr. HASTINGS, whom (notwithstanding his civil perfidy to me) I shall consider as a martyr to the most abominable and crooked statutes that ever disgraced the purposes of legislation.

At the commencement of this month I was resolved to bring Mr. HASTINGS to his purgation, and for that purpose I consulted several of the greatest, wisest, and best men of the age.—I told them truly, candidly, and circumstantially, the progress of my seven years services for this tergiversatory man; and the result was, that I should write him the following letter; and that if in the issue he was silent, I should proceed to a regular public explanation. On the 8th inst. I sent the ensuing epistle to him by a confidential friend:

"SIR,

"As a preparatory measure, I deem it expedient to inform you that your *zealous benefactor*, ANTHONY PASQUIN, is living.

"I am, SIR,

"Your most obedient servant,

"J. WILLIAMS.

"P. S. If an answer is not returned before or on the 11th instant, I shall conclude that it is inconvenient to you to be wise or grateful.

"To WARREN HASTINGS, Esq.

"*Park-lane.*"

I waited with patience and anxiety until the time I had allotted for an answer had expired, and finding that Mr. HASTINGS was as negligent of the duties of good manners as of sympathy, I retired to a coffee-house, and wrote the annexed letter:

"SIR,

"Although your silence evinces your disingenuity, it does not excite my wonder. In my brief passage through life I have had many occasions to be convinced that a man may be rendered even-

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tually deaf even to the remonstrances of his own heart—but a dere-
 liction of such complicated mischiefs to myself I never before knew
 —indeed a repetition of them would overthrow me altogether!—
 What punishment does that individual merit who destroys the basis
 of human confidence?—Who will attend to the lamentations of
 the wretched, when it is possible that their memories may cease
 with their perils?—When you were howling for succour from all
 good men, like a savage stricken by the hunters in the wilderness,
 I came to your aid, and you fondly licked my hand : but the balm
 was scarcely administered before the obligation was forgotten!—
 In such a case should not Mahomet have come to the mountain,
 and not the mountain to Mahomet?—Could you imagine, Sir, that
 I would knock at your gate as a suppliant?—Could you dream, in
 the plenitude of an ideal majesty of character, that I would be-
 seech where I ought to demand ; yet, not consenting to urge that
 demand, that I could forget the theme, or relinquish the object?
 If you thought thus, you have been egregious. Could you suppose
 it was in my disposition or desire to be elbowed at your table, with
 your contractors, your nabobs, your rajahs, or your rascals?—What
 could embolden you to imagine that I was so far sunk in the maze
 of profligacy, as to be ambitious of witnessing the relaxation of
 sentiment, or the death of virtue?—The morality of a Governor-
 General has ever been problematical, and by a course of ductile
 feeling you may be enabled to forget the kindnesses of an upright
 friend, in the unqualified caresses of a *Sultana*, or the conversation
 of your pert *Commis*.—I have much consideration for the force of
 habit, but could I have thought the arts of an oriental government
 had absorbed your integrity, you might have purchased an advo-
 cate in Mr. LAW, but you should not have had one in my person.
 I have ever regarded that *Asiatic mob* with abhorrence who left
 Great Britain as bald dunces, and returned in the trappings of
 gorgeous villany ; they have corrupted the manners of the nation,
 and destroyed its simplicity. I was impelled to suppose that
 you were an exception to the common evil, but I have misunder-
 stood both your head and your heart!—You may have splendor
 and a host of slaves, but you cannot have tranquillity !

"In the paroxysm of my liberal zeal for you I was materially injured in the scale of private friendship; I had no hesitation in forfeiting much to maintain a principle of imagined right; you were environed by complicated knavery, and my feeling prompted me to war on your side; you were triumphant, and I have been rewarded in my sensations. Yet it is not sufficient that Heaven blesses its creatures, as it requires a correspondent orison from the creature that is blessed; but this may be an useless estimate in your eyes, as I am not convinced there is a moral decalogue in Indostan.

"Your friend MUILMAN CHISWELL is self-destroyed, and your friend MIDDLETON consents to live. I do not mean to offer you an example in either instance, yet I think an individual of high emotions would rather be the defunct than the survivor. In that bosom where gratitude is an alien, true dignity or fortitude cannot reside. Not to be, is a consolatory negation where thought is; but to be, and not a man, is no diminutive species of damnation!

"Your acknowledgments of my services, both personally and by letter, were excessive; they involved a prostration of your soul. When I smote the INFURIATE MONK, all your adherents chuckled, and you bowed in unison; but when the inquisition ceased, you basely receded from your duty, and seemed to forget that I had a being: perhaps your abandonment of me might form a leading article in the truce between you and your enemies. My uniform resistance to scoundrelism has procured me a foe in every social establishment. A modern Christian may be false to God and mankind, and yet *forgive himself* in prayer; but a man of honor cannot!

"Go, thou Ingrate! retire to the hovel of your fathers, and sink into nothingness and oblivion. If a document of the Bramin yet lives in your recollection, become the purer by its observance; and when you tread on the bourn of nature, exclaim, *Quid non mortalia pectora cogit auri sacra fames?* Who would have believed that WARREN HASTINGS could have terminated his life so ignobly? But miracles were not to cease with the apotheosis of Jesus.

Feb. 12, 1797.

"JOHN WILLIAMS."

To WARREN HASTINGS, Esq.

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Thus circumstanced are WARREN HASTINGS and myself. I am in possession of a series of letters of instructions from Major SCOTT; but as they were delivered in confidence, I cannot promulgate their contents. Had I thought of Mr. HASTINGS as of that order of miscreantic plunderers who have acquired immense fortunes *per fas et nefas*, I would not have been his ally; but I was misled by my hope, and ardently gave him credit for more worthiness than I have discovered. I have not lifted up the tomahawk to destroy him, but to amend him. In being false to me he has been false to himself; and I have no doubt but the perpetrator of an error is adequately punished in a consequent sensation. As it is not in the ability of wealth to procure wisdom, bliss, or longevity, what is there in its possession that a Philosopher should envy? While I have mental health I will be independent, and when that decays I hope my dissolution will be near.

When I published the NEW BRIGHTON GUIDE, which has caused so alarming a commotion among the noble gossips of Pall-Mall, it was from the purest motives: I examined the subject with all that attention which its importance demanded, and being well assured of the latent wickedness of the very subtle confederacy against the peace and dignity of the PRINCE OF WALES, I was determined to unkennel the performers in this shameful business; and having done that, I openly and candidly challenged any who thought themselves misrepresented by me to come forward, before the Public, and prove the injury; but none dare do it, as my authorities are incontrovertible. The accused parties then changed their ground, and declared, in futile and indecent terms, that it was unmanly to attack a Lady. Upon this overstrained consideration the husband is to be overthrown, and the wife is to remain unquestioned—and the qualifying reason is, she is a woman!—What ungallant, wicked, horrid wretches were Moses, Josephus, Guicciardini, Voltaire, Hume, &c. who have portrayed the vices of Eve, Jezebel, Messalina, Joan of Naples, Mary the First, &c.! Why have the Legislators made a statute to punish those women with death and burning who assassinate their husbands? Were those terrible Statesmen living, and brought to this PETTICOAT JUNTO, they might

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be all flagellated, if not extinguished, for their temerity. But to be serious: there is no existing character that legally commands so great a portion of respect from mankind as a good woman; she ameliorates the inherent troubles of our system, and charms us so highly, that we feel most blest in blessing her: but this is the free homage of the soul; and it should be observed, that few Ladies have any occasion to exact an obedience to their desires, but those who have weakened the privileges of their state by the exercise of folly or viciousness.

I never received any direct favour from the PRINCE OF WALES; but on one occasion. About two years since I wrote a manly but respectful letter to his Royal Highness to request an appointment for a friend, and the PRINCE was so bounteous that one of his household called upon me the next day to inform me that his Royal Highness had granted my request.

It is expedient now, Gentlemen, that I should arrest your attention to the leading subject of the following *singular* Poem, which is the present state of the BRITISH STAGE.—I do not conceive it to be a portion of my duty, nor is it any part of my inclination, to make these summary remarks equal to all the desires of scrupulous logicians; my attempts to establish truth, and a due adherence to the progress, completion, and result of natural events, being on a scale too confined to warrant such expectations. I wish to render the Drama of this country more pure than it is, and I will attempt its reformation. It has been said by a Critic of high reputation in France, that Dramatic Poetry is nothing but a speaking dance, and dancing a dumb kind of poetry *. This declaration is

* *That Poet who involves the greater number of original thoughts in his performance, and conveys the most thinking in the fewest number of words, is, in my opinion, the greatest man. The human mind has been vitiated so long with the mere jingling of love, dove—swains, plains—sighing, dying—and such dulcet nonsense, that Common Sense, as well as Genius, had nearly lost the last remnant of her establishment in society. It was under this impressive delusion, or suspension of the judgment, that such smooth triflers in verse, as the BRISTOL MILKWOMAN, W. COWPER, the BELLMAN of St. Sepulchre's, Messrs. PYE, PRATT, &c. and a thousand other silken jinglers of equal notoriety and inefficacy, have been enabled to bear up against the institutes of Wisdom.*

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Perhaps there never was a character presented so fantastical, and a more reasonable subject not altogether are rather a dreadful influence colour even and particularly were men must ever be Misanthropic ambitious Manes, v as the imp spring of confederate result of o sion than character nity, and birth to a reason, and and idiom verted to which act est portion

partly, but not completely admissible :—that the Drama originated accidentally in a dance at a Grecian festival, I have no doubt ; but to have the song and the dance so consolidated, is what I cannot understand :—that a story may be artfully impressed through the force of gesture, is certain ; but that poetry can be denominated in any sense a dance, is preposterous ; and unless we connect a reference to its origin with this strained assertion, we cannot be induced to give it any consideration whatever.

Perhaps there is no country at present, and most assuredly there never was any in the antique world, where the human character presents itself in so many varied shapes, and is so thoroughly fantastical, as in England. Hence the Dramatist can find innumerable subjects for the exercise of his ingenuity, whose actions do not altogether issue from the primary passions of our nature, but are rather subdivisions of passion or caprices, which have a wonderful influence on our manners, indeed in so great a degree as to colour every movement of our lives with the hue of that governing and particular folly. In the days of Menander and Terence there were men who acted in the usual concerns of life, as many men must ever continue to act, the part of the Miser, the Lover, the Misanthrope, the Jealous Husband, the Enraged Cuckold, the Ambitious Man, the Glutton, the Sot, and many other irregular personages, which will be eternally visible in our intercourse so long as the imperfections of our system shall continue ; they are the offspring of weakness, and are common in every climate where man confederates with man ; they are the genuine, though not amiable, result of our frailties, and rather note the mismanagement of passion than any national characteristic. But in England the social character changes its appearance as often as the camelion ; our vanity, and the contradictory desires arising from that vanity, give birth to an endless succession of deeds which did not originate in reason, and cannot terminate in happiness ; nay, the phraseology and idiom of the current language is purposely tortured and perverted to aid and sustain that spirit of singularity and notoriety which actuates so many of our weak countrymen ; and as the weakest portion of most communities form the majority, it may not

seem

seem very extraordinary that our eccentricities should so greatly preponderate over the influence of good sense.

The two great sources which cause their treason to propriety are, in my humble apprehension, our love of fame, and our freedom of speech; both of which, it must be admitted, are, under due regulations, eminently necessary; but when either is licentiously indulged, they can only operate to render us ridiculous. The weight and responsibility attached to a singularity of manners are what few are fitted to bear; and it is a burden which few assume, but those whose intellects are lamentably insufficient.

There is a species of animal barbarism which has obtained a baneful influence among us, called *vocal and rhetorical Imitation*; its Professors affect to announce it as a *mimicry* of fraternal imbecility and error; yet it is but a dispiriting caricature of the effect of a fallible organization, as managed by a fallible judgment, and which ever must be liable to misrepresentation so long as the actor and his mime shall be imperfect, which will be to the final sigh of Nature.—All such mimicry should be banished from the Stage, as unworthy a rational being to utter or to hear—inasmuch as it aggravates an infirmity, to the annoyance of Truth, and makes the struggles of Ambition subservient to the meanest purposes of Deception. If the smallest tube is injured or removed which sustains our anatomy, the frame will become ineffectual—and if the connecting beauties of the Performer are withheld, merely to form an *hiatus* in speech, or an unharmonized tone in delivery, the most perfect efforts of a GARRICK would have seemed derogatory to Renown, in such an illiberal and partial detail of consequences.—Such attempts may be tolerable, and even wonderful, in a marmozet or a jay, but are assuredly to be regretted in a human being.

That respect which should be attached to the profession of an Actor, is wholly destroyed by those deviations from dignity which are necessary to the advancement of a Benefit night. An old nobleman told me that he was once in company with the late Mr. BARRY, and that he admired him as a fine gentleman until he produced some Tickets for his Benefit, which had such an effect upon

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his system, that in the instant he forgot all that he had pre-conceived in his favor.—But we now breathe in an age when Virtue and Merit begin to have fair play—although the leaven of Barbarism will never be entirely destroyed, while a rational creature can believe himself a better man for wearing gingerbread insignia, or while the laws of primogenitureship have force.—But it seems as if Jove had resolved to banish the golden dreams of such triflers, by an exhibition of their nakedness.—How futile are all titles when compared with talents or knowledge!—What melancholy instances we have of the folly and mischief of local pre-eminence, in those miserable French noblemen who have been banished from their country!—How very helpless, if not contemptible, are all such beings, when stripped of their aristocratic plumage!—The display of their family escutcheons will not procure them a dinner, nor the idle annunciations of the Herald, in his fool's jacket, allay the hunger of their famished, shivering offspring!—They have hitherto had the ability to make the necromancy of the words *Right Honorable* operate as *succedanea* for the denial of Genius, and the absence of Honor; and when they can no longer infuse a narcotic to lull the senses, they may lift up a rod of iron to appal or scourge us into passive obedience. When Mr. HOBART is fulfilling the understrapping offices of Government, and scudding from the Peers to the Commons, and from the Commons to the Peers, is there a being with the dullest sense of independence who does not view him with emotions of pity?—The ludicrous assumption of superiority, on the score of rank, may pass off without exciting any material emotion in the bosom of observers, when the individual who makes the self-supported claim, is unsuspected of the possession of any meritorious qualification: but when the object is dignified by merit, such vain pretensions can only be enforced to the diminution of the boaster—the infirm may wriggle through existence, upheld by the crutches of artifice, without incurring censure, and unaccompanied by scorn; but to the *healthy* and the *robust*, such extraneous supporters would operate as *incumbrances*. When the illustrious *puppy* CLODIUS called the immortal CICERO

a clown

a clown of Arpinum, there was not a generous Roman who did not spit at the haughty Patrician in idea.

The Stage, in this country, has been calumniated by a mean and vile spirit of Pride; yet, I will affirm with confidence, that in my intercourse with the world I do not know where I could look for the exercise of philanthropy and liberality with a firmer hope than within the walls of our Metropolitan Theatres: and although I may have inserted the names of *Mrs. Siddons*, *Miss Farren*, *Mr. Kemble*, *Mr. Pope*, *Mr. Fawcett*, &c. in a manner that may not be precisely parallel with their scale of vanity (and vanity is the common tenant of the human bosom), I entreat it may be understood that I do not intend to convey the slightest suspicion of their honor or integrity.—There are Theatrical ladies who have hearts of beaten gold.—Need I mention the names of *Abington*, *Jordan*, *Martyn*, *Billington*, or *Powell*?—I have been acquainted with Messrs. *Garrick*, *Barry*, *Woodward*, *Edwin*, *Parsons*, *Ross*, *Digges*, and *Ryder*—and am with Messrs. *Wroughton*, *Lewis*, *Holman*, *Le Lewes*, *Inledon*, *Munden*, *Bernard*, *Davies*, *W. Powell*, *Cubitt*, *John Ledger*, and *John Quick*—and I should hesitate to exchange the good opinion of such men for any others I have known, although inclusive of the highest orders of society: they are all honorable and some of them scholars and fine gentlemen.—My criticism upon scenic manners will assuredly find their proper level:—they are absurd, they will be despised—if they are just and perspicuous, they will be esteemed.

It may be perhaps unnecessary to inform you, that a daring literary forgery has been recently committed by the Booksellers, under my Signature—and that the impostors presumed to use the LITERARY Title of this Work, to deceive the Public, to traduce the worthy and acquire money under false pretences. My *nom de guerre* has been repeatedly assumed by other writers; but none have had the effrontery, until this instance occurred, to affect to forestal the very Publication I had prepared and advertised.—That the measure is fraudulent, there can be no doubt; and I will punish the perpetrators, if the Law is equal to the resistance of such an aggression.

Fulham,

Feb. 25, 1797.

JOHN WILLIAMS

A
PIN - BASKET
TO THE
CHILDREN OF THESPIS.

PART THE FOURTH.

* * D. L. signifies Drury-Lane, and C. G. Covent-Garden.

WHEN BAXTER departed, his posthumous page
Involv'd, with much pomp, the *last words* of that sage;
But as wondrous success crown'd those traits of his mind,
They added and gave *more last words* to mankind:
E'en thus 'tis with me, who, some winters ago,
Survey'd Comedy's frolics and Tragedy's woe:
And doing that deed, like an imbecile, vow'd
I'd excoriate no more their indefinite crowd:
Yet as Folly, more fat, has again ta'en the field,
I must brandish my quill and bid Sauciness yield.

If Satire would speak in a general sense,
How the Knave and the Dolt will apply an offence:
If you laugh nine leagues off, Echo moiders the fool,
The ridiculous think they engross ridicule!
But to make their hearts easy, no object is real,
And the schedule is e'en, like their merits, ideal!

I believ'd, as shut out from the globe and its noises,
Its vices, and shall I say *virtues* and causes,

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From

Y.O

From its bustles, its changelings, and demons exempt,
 I ponder'd and doz'd, and from dozing I dreamt;
 Yet, alas! though I've oft seem'd to wake for subsistence,
 I have fears I've been dreaming all through my existence.
 In this troublous vision, from weakness o'erwrought,
 When the sentient principle grop'd after thought;
 When my brain was collaps'd in my ponderous scull,
 And nothing was left of the man but the hull;
 As the rigging of fancy and wit became furl'd,
 And lay independent of hope and the world;
 Pestiferous *Incubi* leap'd on my breast,
 And tickled and tortur'd the God of my rest;
 Then I kick'd, and I groan'd, and I laugh'd, and I fretted,
 And deplor'd, and enjoy'd, and was chilly and sweated:
 Strove to run from the evil that fetter'd my powers,
 Yet, ah me! could not budge from such bitters and sours!
 Not all that we've read in queer *Wolfus* or *Formey*,
 Or MUN BURKE, or his *Nurse*, intellectually stormy;
 Or SAM. JOHNSON, or GLANVILLE, who generate phlegm,
 MACROBIUS, or HARTLEY; but what of all them?
 Then away with such dolts—I will come to the point;
 A phenomenon scar'd me that shook every joint:
 I saw COVENT GARDEN with sandals and sash on,
 And OLD DRURY, all swoln, like a ewe dress'd lamb
 fashion.

Behind them came Phœbus, with eyes red and fiery,
 Instituting, with anger, a bill of inquiry,
 To know what those Beldams had done for four years?
 The younger, at length, having conquer'd her fears,
 Bid the Scions of either establishment come,
 And answer the roll at the head of the drum.

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The demand had scarce issued when droves tumbled in,
 The lofty, the lowly, the squabby and thin.
 What a tumult then rose! not the damn'd when they're
 gnashing
 Their teeth, or whole armies their bayonets clashing;
 Not the boisterous Etonians when let out to dinner;
 Not the Irish when RYAN—was hail'd as a winner;
 Not the roaring of Chaos, when Order decreed,
 Jarring atoms should rise to meet natural need;
 Not Billingsgate Belles, if unwittingly told,
 That their cod was not fresh, or their crabs were too old;
 Not Boarding-school Misses, when Officers pass;
 Not Housewives when mop-squeezers throw down a glass;
 Not Old Maids when the fellows declare they're past thirty;
 Not *De P*——ye when told that his breeches were dirty;
 Not P——y * when charg'd eighteen-pence for his veal,
 Could equal the din—the mob mix'd *en famille*;
 And each was call'd forth in a settled rotation,
 To pass and repass in the road of probation:
 As the herd, like recruits met at Chatham, all star'd,
 Thus the parties were nam'd—thus the Lady declar'd!

* It is a notorious truth, that SIR WILLIAM P——y not only keeps his servants on board wages, but, what is very unaccountable, generally dines upon the same dish himself in the parlour which they are devouring in the kitchen: his method is to send down *one shilling* for a plate of meat of adequate worth; and it would form an entertaining scene in a modern farce, to represent the bargaining and bickerings between the worthy Baronet and his cook, relative to the specific weight and value of the food!—When it is recollected that this old Gentleman is one of the richest men in Europe, and not proverbial as unwise, is it not somewhat amazing that his habits of penuriousness should lead him into situations so unbecoming both his state and character?—When men are so inordinately hungry after wealth, it would be wonderful if they could have a due regard for their own honor.

Mr. *PHILLIMORE*.—D. L.

WHAT luminous monster is coming this way?
 What light makes the hundred of Drury so gay?
 All the fat 's in the fire—where, where are our papers?
 It can't be a flame from e'en *BARRETT*'s best tapers!
 Is't the Furies fell brand that so brightens and scorches?
 Is't a bachelor's bur'ing with myriads of torches?
 Is't an army of glow-worms that press on my sight?
 Is it *Guy Vaux* in pickle, or bonfire night?
 Not so gorgeous—so blazing—prodigious and grand,
 Was the Sun's natal beam when it gladden'd the land!
 Is't a flash from Hell's forge?—Have they op'd Pluto's
 door?

Some surely are burning *Di*'s temple once more!
 'T is the end of the world that the prophets foretold;
 Many thought the Creation was wicked and old:
 The vast conflagration gets bigger and bigger,
 Now Vice will go naked, for nobody 'll rig her:
 Oh, where is my manual? I hope it's not lent!
 We have yet a few minutes will do to repent:
 Then, white-wash'd, we'll mount th' empyrean together
 And live, through all space, in calm sunshiny weather:
 There we'll see *DAVY GARRICK* and *QUIN* at one feast
 And *SHUTER* and *HOADLEY*, but he was a Priest:
 Come drop on your knees, let us coax, if you're wise;
 I protest the effulgence has weaken'd my eyes!
 Some meteor has dropp'd from the skies I suppose!
 Lord bless me, dear Sister, 'tis *PHILLIMORE*'s nose!!!

Oh lustrous intruder—indefinite youth,
 Thou terror of darkness, and champion of truth,

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Pr'ythee under what house was that blessing brought forth,
 The Bear, or Old Saturn, or guide clep'd the North :
 Thy omnipotent boltsprit 's the pride of our plains,
 'Tis the aim of our nymphs—'tis the envy of swains :
 How beauteous 't is studded with tubercles! look,
 'Neath its influence the purblind could study a book :
 'Tis the grave of whole puncheons—it gulps what it wills,
 'Tis the bane of Excisemen—the ruin of stills :
 Hide D. GARRICK's* Goblet from him and his lip,
 He must glut in his thought while his brethren sip :
 Should

* INVESTMENT OF MR. GARRICK.

When this great Luminary of the Stage was determined to retire from the Theatre, it was proposed by the Committee belonging to the Theatrical Fund to pay him some mark of respect as a tribute due to those great abilities which had raised and supported an institution for the relief of Performers whose abilities were impaired by time, or a bed of sickness, or the chilling hand of poverty, and rendered objects of compassion and attention.

A meeting of the following Members, which composed the Committee,

THOMAS KING,
 WILLIAM BRERETON,
 JOHN MOODY,
 FRANCIS WALDRON,
 JAMES WRIGHTEN,
 JOHN PACKER,
 JAMES WM. DODD,

ROBERT BADDELEY,
 WILLIAM PARSONS,
 JAMES AICKIN,
 RICHARD HURST,
 JOHN PALMER,
 WILLIAM DAVIES,

was held the latter end of the season of the year 1776, at the Globe Tavern, Fleet-street, when it was unanimously agreed to have a Gold Medallion, with a device relative to the subject, and an inscription on the back of it relating the many obligations the whole body of Actors felt for the friendship and patronage bestowed on the Fund by its Founder and Protector, D. GARRICK, Esq. whose most admirable performances had raised a sum of money as a support for those Performers, who, in their evening of life, must have been otherwise consigned to penury and oblivion.

Should his *proboscis* once in its hollow be tomb'd,
 All its liquor would hiss, and its sides be consum'd.
 Keep him out of Kew Gardens, for Royalty's sake:
 Should he fall in the water he'd dry up the lake.
 Were he doom'd to be hung, which the Gods won't
 award,
 He would drop and scud off, did his nose touch the cord!
 He beflours his visage to make it seem pale;
 But its heat, in a second, incrusts all the meal:

It was determined to have the abilities of the first Artists in the composition of the above tribute of respect. Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS was applied to, who very readily gave a design:—The device—GARRICK, habited as a Roman Actor, undrawing a curtain, and discovering Nature embracing her favourite child Shakespeare. Mr. CIPRIANI afterwards made a drawing in colours from the above design, and it was executed in enamel by Mr. HOWES, of Fleet-street. In this state it was delivered to the Committee, and the season closing it was thought necessary to appoint a time for the Investment. Mr. Garrick was informed by letter of the matter, and the day was fixed for completion.

As the person who was to present it had not been named, it was agreed that the thirteen names of the Gentlemen of the Committee should be put in the Mulberry Cup, which was carved from the tree planted by Shakespeare, at Stratford, and used by Mr. Garrick at the Jubilee, and the first name drawn out should be the person:—the enviable office fell to the lot of Mr. DAVIES, who had the Medallion delivered to him.

When the morning arrived for the ceremony to be enforced, the Committee assembled at the Theatre, and went in private carriages to Mr. Garrick's house in the Adelphi. When they were ushered into the drawing-room, where the British Roscius waited their coming, the Gentlemen made a half circle, and Mr. Davies advanced, and, in a preparatory speech, addressed Mr. Garrick; which being ended, he put the Medal round his neck and retired to his place. Mr. Garrick then expressed his feelings on the occasion, and the sense he entertained of the very great mark of respect conferred on him by the Committee; which was uttered in so elegant and feeling a manner, as to affect every one present. When the ceremony was over the Gentlemen dined with Mr. Garrick, and the evening concluded with the greatest harmony.

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Should he sleep near your thunder and lightning, play
 All your engines upon him, and moisten his clay :
 Some firemen mark where he drinks, walks, or dodges ;
 Will or *Sun* or the *Phanix* insure where he lodges ?
 Fell crackling volcanoes are up and down spread,
 Each spitting forth embers that fill me with dread :
 At its base are two craters would frighten Old Nick,
 Where the lava runs out in vast tides hot and thick :
 Thou 'lt become the eighth wonder—the common surprise,
 Zounds, get me a rule, and I'll measure its size :
 What a length !—what a breadth !—give that pimple a
 plaster ;
 How majestic it pioneers through for its master :
 Lo, Cupid flits round it, triumphant, and sings
 He would kiss it, but fears it would singe both his wings.
 Who the dee'l thrust this loon and his nose to assail me ?
 I'm all in a fidget and fume !—what can ail me ?
 My combustible Senses infuriate invade,
 To steal that palladium which hallows a maid :
 Bring Lethæan draughts—quench the thirst of my soul :
 Who can look at a treasure and wish not the whole ?
 Thou'rt a *homme de bonne fortune*—a lad of a dozen ;
 I vow, if I could, you should marry my cousin :
 And if time had not laid me so long on the shelf,
 By the mass, if you would, you should marry myself :
 You shall play what you list, be but courteous and civil ;
 Or *Bardolph*, *Sir Toby*, *Brainworm*, or *the Devil* :
 Or young *Ammon*, if dignity meet thy desire,
 But take care you don't set the regalia on fire !
 Lo, how proper the man, to enact varied parts,
 From the pilferers of purses to stealers of hearts !

He's

He's a miracle-monger, like CURTIS's shaver;
 He's in love with Renown, and by heaven he'll have her:
 Though he could what he would, yet he never gives pain,
 And treats all the Muses with merry disdain:
 He's a full-blown red cabbage—no sneaker—no fungus;
 He'll exorcise lean Care in the fumes of mundungus.
 See, he stands on his pegs and stalks through your abodes,
 Like the Godling who strides o'er the kennel at Rhodes;
 Were some Caitiffs so gifted they'd kill with a frown,
 Yet he's gentle as Peace, who could fire a town:
 Some have thought him the issue of *Luna* in trouble,
 Who sent him to shine in the night as her *double*;
 While others believe he by Phœbus was knit;
 But those who think thus are misled by his wit.
 Though the tip of his *naso* seems burnt to a coke,
 There's no tyrant in buskins more fond of his joke:
 In *Sullen* his sulkiness fits him so well,
 You would think no philanthropy in him could dwell;
 Yet who's more content with his up and down lot?
 Yet who's more inclin'd to take—part of a pot?
 Though the first stock-assassin, so mild is his will,
 That he murders poor *Banquo* with exquisite skill;
 His expert *coup-de-grace* leaves no moment for sighing—
 Could all men be slain thus, who would grumble at dying?

Mr. WHITFIELD.—D. L.

Who's that who scarce owns what he's been, a pro-
 ficient,
 So calm yet so manly—so meek yet efficient;
 Whom a sense of what's human impels to recede,
 Much more than a sense of an error in deed:

Who's

Who's so elbow'd by all that's obscene in the crowd,
 And who reddens to think that the best can be proud?
 I can see it is WHITFIELD, who shrinks from the light,
 And who faintly has urg'd what's admitted his right!
 As he will not prefer his demand upon Fame,
 I will beckon him forth, and add strength to his claim.
 Inconsiderate wight, in hegiras like these,
 Can your hope suggest aught that humility 'll please?
 'T is an epoch of iron, 't is Presumption's reign,
 The dull-learn'd are all pompous, the witty are vain:
 Every pedlar, like merchants, will boast of his ware,
 And rush on with his trash in the midst of the fair:
 To confess what you are ne'er 'll sublime your meek lot;
 You must bully the world to own—what you are not!
 It is this puts the ass on Celebrity's throne;
 Yet this, alas! Worth cannot compass alone:
 Confederate blockheads attach'd are redoubted,
 As the rod creates dread, though its twigs would be
 scouted.
 There's HAYLEY, and DARWIN, and COWPER, who's
 madder,
 Shoulder each other up the Parnassian ladder:
 What the deuce does this prove but obliquely to own,
 That neither have strength to ascend there alone?
 Though his *Soldier*, in *Harry the Fifth*, is a treat,
 Though his *Manly* is bland, and *Philotas* is neat;
 Yet what can he do in a state so enlarg'd,
 Whom Reason has circumscrib'd, foster'd, and charg'd?
 When JORDAN pours forth her mellifluous tones,
 Each coarse Deity in the top gallery groans;

Speak

Who's

Speak out, or *speak louder*, raves every row,
 And *speak out* is rehears'd in the regions below!
 When the clocks denote eight, and they're viewing the
 stage.

They see action from what appear mimes in a rage;
 But in two minutes after the sound greets the ceiling,
 Then they know they see Actors, who're speaking and
 feeling:

Thus the flash of the mortar strikes quick on the sight,
 Ere the thunder moves onward creating affright!
 In that pile, so o'er-built, though the fact seems absurd,
 They must strut to be view'd, and must shout to be heard!
 Their curvettings, the mob from the upper tier sees,
 As Jove, through a cloud, marks a congress of fleas:
 Some Players, as Gods, with our vulgar, would pass,
 Were the tubes of their throats, like their foreheads, all
 brass:

And he'd gain the wreath, though the dullest 'mong dull,
 Who could bellow his speeches like Phalaris' bull:
 Their plaudits, in peals, would all thundering rebound,
 While Wit hid his ethics from fury and sound!
 Some aver modern Actors need brains!—'t is all stuff;
 If they come without heads, and have lungs, 't is enough:
 When FAWCET's encor'd by a myriad of tongues,
 To what does he owe this vile clamour?—His *lungs*!
 When PALMER made KEMBLE (competing) give way,
 Was it thought?—Was it grace?—No, *Lungs*, *Lungs* won
 the day:

Yet they both possess merit, when held in due bounds;
 Now, like soldiers, each minute they fire nine rounds:

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Like overcharg'd ord'nance they force self-corrosion ;
 They hit not the mark, and are all an explosion !
 Thus fetter'd, e'en Love must not do what it could :
 Thus outrageousness mars what malignity would !
 Their madness seems folly—their reasoning seems flighty,
 And each creature's on stilts, or the mean or the mighty !
 Were GARRICK now breathing, as well might he be
 On Sal'sbury plain as with you or with me :
 In vain would his eye mark the springs of his soul !
 In vain would his due-manag'd periods roll !
 In vain would he bisect and trisect emotions,
 In vain would his muscles illustrate his notions !
 Except to some telescop'd few, who, from far,
 Would regard him, as HERSCHEL developes a star !
 No *relievo* in act could result from his powers !
 He must roar in all parts—in all scenes *—at all hours !

Thus

* The word *Scene*, in its original and proper signification, is taken for a covering of boughs made by art, from whence the feast of the Jews was called *Scenopegia*; and from thence too some people of Arabia were called *Scenites*. Sometimes too it signifies a natural shade of some grotto, or solitary place.—So *Virgil* has it,

Tum sylvis Scena coruscis

Desuper borrentique atrum nemus imminet umbra.

But because the first Comedies, or rather buffooning, was under some green shade, the name of *Scene* was given to all places where Comedy was represented, and Tragedy too; and when transferred into great cities, it preserved the name of *Scene*, with that of Theatre, which signifies a place for spectacles. Sometimes it signified the place of acting, as we say, to be upon the scene: and *Pliny* has it, that *Lucia*, an old buffooning woman, recited upon the scene at the age of a hundred years.

It is now meant to signify more immediately the decoration of the stage, or ornaments on painted canvass, which represent the place where the thing is acted: and according to the three kinds of dramatic poetry, *Vitruvius* teaches how to make three sorts of scenes,

Like

Thus the little great man would croak o'er his own stage,
And appear to the herd as—a frog in a rage!
Thus he'd puff and he'd pant, and each Muse would de-
plore him,

As SIDDONS outbawl'd, and JOHN PALMER walk'd o'er
him!

'Fore a youth as an Actor should now strive t' enlist,
He should practise like Boatswains, who hail in a mist:
No tints intermediate can now be allow'd!
They must rave at the skies, and must whisper a crowd!
They should cork up their vocals, if none they would lack,
As *Eole* gave *Ulysses* the Winds in a sack.
We must nurture coarse beings of BARRYMORE's kind,
Who can stalk without meaning and mouth without mind.
As 't is size now must govern our laughter or tears,
All our heroes should come from the guards grenadiers:

scenes, or decorations of the stage, fit for Tragedy, Comedy, and Pastoral; and from this signification is derived the word *Proscenion*, or forescene, attributed by the Greeks to that part of the stage where the *Histrions* or Actors did both act and speak. At length its signification became so extended as to express at once the place where the players acted and that where the spectators were; and it is in this sense that the Jurisconsult *Labeo* defines the scene, according to *Ulpian*. Sometimes it signified all that pompous structure of buildings, galleries, walks, seats, and other places where the Romans used to represent their games. Many modern writers have confounded the *proscenion* with the decoration, and that again with the whole building; but the last and governing sense in which the word *Scene* has been taken is, when it signifies that part of an act which brings any change upon the stage by the change of actors. The Greeks never used it in this signification, though they had the same distinction of acts which we have. The *Latins* first brought it into use, with the word *Act* in new Comedy, having abolished the *Chorusses*.

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stage, Unless, as the dolt at Berlin led the way,
 We search Europe for Giants, and keep them in pay;
 Enforce procreation by philtering all,
 And the issue suppress, who 're not *seven feet tall*!

MADAM ST. AMAND.—C. G.

st, BEHOLD a fugitive, from bleeding France,
 mist : Wooing your plaudits in the mazy dance*;

* *Anecdote of Mr. Garrick and the Chinese Festival.*

crowd! At the time that this grand spectacle was in representation at
 uld lack, Drury Lane theatre, the audience one night began to be very
 kind, clamorous, on account of foreign dancers being employed in pre-
 out mind, ference to their own : the tumult increased, and the house was
 ars, in great danger of being pulled down.—Mr. Garrick, who was
 adiers: behind the scenes, seeing such a tremendous appearance, and
 , Comedy, fearing that his property would be quite demolished, was in such
 the won a state of despondency, that he wandered up and down without
 hat part knowing what remedy to administer : Colonel West (of well-
 and speak known memory) being also behind the scenes, and seeing
 express a Mr. Garrick so much distressed, applied to him, as a friend, and
 where the told him, if he would give him permission, he had a thought that
 Jurisconsult struck him, which would inevitably put an end to the confusion.
 times it sig Mr. Garrick, from the desperate situation that matters were in,
 eries, walk was glad to seize the least chance that might tend to extricate
 present the him; and the Colonel's services were accepted.—On which he made
 he proscenium his appearance on the stage : the audience, seeing a man of his well-
 ble building known character addressing them, grew silent—when he seized
 rd Scene ha the opportunity of informing them, that he came on a treaty.
 which bring a pause ensued for some time :—at last, two or three gentlemen
 The Great in the pit, who had been attentive some time, asked the Colonel
 ad the sam to the nature of the treaty, and requested to know between
 st brought whom it was to be established. The Colonel, turning his back
 abolished to them, took up the skirts of his coat, and clapping his hand,
 John Moody says, "just there," replied, in a loud tone of
 voice, "Between you and my —." Mr. Garrick, who was
 tending with the utmost anxiety, thinking that the Colonel's
 ology might have a good effect, no sooner heard the coarse
 ply, than he ran out of the theatre to his house in Southampton
 reet, where he then resided, in the greatest trepidation. The
 ob, after doing very considerable damage to the theatre, pro-
 ceeded to his dwelling-house, where they demolished his win-
 dows; and perhaps, had they met the owner, he might have
 at the force of their resentment; however, after this, the ex-
 traordinary business subsided, and the theatre went on as usual.

In antic measure claim your gen'rous care—
And who withholds his bounty from the fair ?

Scudding with terror from her native clime,
Where Phrenzy stain'd the chronicle of Time ;
Where radiant Hope (from Constancy beguil'd),
As either Faction urg'd, or wept, or smil'd ;
Now gave assurance to the glorious rage,
Then call'd on Jove to stem an iron age :
To this she gave a triumph—that her fears,
Till Guilt's collision melted her in tears :
Where Innovation, with a ruthless spite,
Destroying Fraud, exterminated Right ;
Consum'd the code of Honor in their strife,
And smote those Charities which soften life.
She hurried here to tranquillize her breast,
And gradual pant her system into rest :
Like the chas'd doe, that's scap'd the hunter's dart,
And in the haunts of Peace becalms her flurried heart.

Sustain'd by Delicacy, Truth, and Ease,
She looks, and charms, and trips upon the breeze :
As Daphne blithe, of whom sweet Ovid sung—
As Atalanta fleet—as Hebe young :
Skims, like a perfum'd zephyr, on the wing,
To solace vi'lets at the death of Spring.
As Phœbus, beaming on the billows, plays,
The lustrous movements cheat us as we gaze :
Gentle in frolic—buoyant to the view—
Correct in ecstasy—to Passion true ;
Love's chubby urchins round her sandals stray,
And laugh and strew their roses in her way !

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Like the stream bursting from the mountain's height,
 She runs—she bounds—she generates delight :
 Communes her sentiment—exacts surprise—
 Speaks in her mien, and sparkles as she flies.
 No flippan't nymph Arcadia's tenants knew,
 Despoil'd the herbage of its glistening dew,
 With half her grace—she breathes another May,
 Agile as Air, and jocund as the Day.

When genial Sympathy impels the mind,
 Surveying Woe, to pity human kind ;
 And, acting from that impulse Pity gave,
 We cheer the sorrowing, and revere the brave ;
 How more than mortal ministers we seem !
 We catch the transports of the Patriarch's dream.
 —Ah never may antipathies remove
 What social beings owe to social love ;
 Or chill the hallow'd warmth that Good inspires,
 Which Feeling kindles at Religion's fires.

Mr. TOMS.—C. G.

WHEN Chance draws a barn-door bred actor to town,
 Who's been beating the drum through each burgh up
 and down ;
 Who has swell'd the crack'd clarion announcing the fare,
 And distributed play-bills to charm away Care ;
 Who ask'd loud to be drawn on for scenic delight,
 But became a lame, hobbling, insolvent at night ;
 Who's strutted and mouth'd in a crown or a turban,
 Though as mere an old woman—as *Joan* or *Pope Urban* ;
 Who has murder'd all meaning with infinite pains,
 And got a half candle and nine-pence as gains ;

Like

C 2

Who's

Who's sojourn'd in an alehouse on Wit's ways and means;
Who has rode in a cart, when fatigu'd, with the scenes;
Cut the Drama's catastrophes off in the middle;
Who's caper'd fandangoes without any fiddle;
And, like *Barbican* clubbists, made SHAKESPEARE a
riddle!

Who's retreated 'neath sheds, from the fiends of the law,
Where a whole royal family snor'd upon straw ;
Who's pilfer'd ground brick-dust from kitchen deck'd
tiles,

To berouge his wan cheek to accord with forc'd smiles ;
Who 's begg'd thread to darn up his torn hose from a
neighbour ;

Who's chalk'd shirt and cravat, to save time and labour ;

Who's rehears'd bloody *Richard* in groves 'neath the
skies,

Till the brutes fled his action—the songsters his cries;—
Save the owl, who with sympathy dwelt on each note,
And the ass, who rebray'd every yell of his throat;
Who's been haunted in dreams by stocks, beards, and
rods,

To whom butchers and bakers were sublunar Gods ;
Who bow'd low to the louts of the district, for pillage,
Who all hail'd the gross Midas of every village ;
Whose benefit broth prov'd a lenten annuity ;
Whose belly and head form'd a common vacuity :
When such are brought forward to tragedize here,
They should undergo quarantine ere they appear ;
Be initiate in all the rare arts to act well ;
Learn to walk, and to speak, and to feel, and to spell :

As all ages and sexes, and sorts and conditions,
Are disgorg'd on this town as *poor* PEG spews physi-
cians!

Behold callow TOMS through the noisy bands break!

Who call'd this ingenuous youth to the stake?

Who allur'd him from Privacy's Cimmerian den?

Why are Managers thus? sure our Monarchs are men!

Are their documents lost, or old precepts forgotten,

That they hunt, but like gourmands in cheese, for what's
rotten?

From calm Reason's bright summit he's wondrously
hied,

But those who can't walk down a hill can oft slide:

Yet to be what he is he'll not construe offence,

So completely the *mania* can weaken the sense!

When a Player's discomfiture mars his intent,

Our younglings regret not the *cause*, but th' *event*.

How wondrously subtle or weak we are wrought,

When the essence of error gives hue to our thought:

As the breaking a mirror or spilling the salt,

Shall make us lament the *effect*, not the *fault*.

Such *should* wish themselves hidden, or dying, or dimm'd,

Unless their mind's filth could be strain'd or be skimm'd:

Their knowledge of breathing should make them uneasy,

They should live but one month, and that month should
be *Nesi**.

In what cage he was caught, the Omniscient knows;
But the caption was naught, and the captors his foes.

* The ancient Arabians in every third year intercalated a
month, which they called *Nesi*, or oblivion.

Who could belime a twig to ensnare such a jay?
 Who could mislead his will in his juvenile day?
 Pr'ythee let the youth go to some mercantile friend,
 And illustrate the day-book, and cease to offend;
 To act aught from himself is what never can be,
 He must be an adjunct, he is nothing *per se*.

I have seen him in *Romeo*—ah me, what a sight!
 'T was egregious as MASKELYNE's aims in the night;
 Or the Castilian players inditing their bills*;
 Or an M. D. presuming to cure all ills;
 Or London's swoln Prætor when tearing his bustards;
 Or *Deputy* BIRCH cramming Phœbus with custards!

As many wear chains when their watches are gone,
 So some seem to have heads, though in truth they have
 none:

But when vanity's purpose is only in view,
 The trinket and upper excrescence may do.

How inapt are our thoughts to those agents we seem!
 How we scud through a maze—how we walk in a dream!
 Hear the priest denounce sin to each parochial ass,
 With a spirit of fury and visage of brass:

* SPANISH THEATRE.

A PLAY-BILL exhibited at SEVILLE in 1762.

To the Sovereign of Heaven—to the Mother of the eternal
 World—to the Polar Star of Spain—to the Comforter of all Spain
 —to the faithful Protectress of the Spanish nation—to the honor
 and glory of the most Holy Virgin Mary—for her benefit, and
 for the propagation of her Worship—the Company of Comedians
 will this day give a representation of the comic Piece called
 NANINE.

The celebrated Italian will also dance the Fandango, and the
 Theatre will be superbly illuminated.

For

For the good of their souls seizes tythe, bliss, and sous,
 And abuses *black Scratch* who's the firm of his house.
 Lo! the Arch-prelate thunders God's word to the mob,
 There's no heaven for him who has coin in his fob:
 Yet have not these varlets died glutt'd with riches?
 One half sons of butchers, the rest—sons of b——s!

MISS MORRIS.—C. G.

SOME omnipotent wench cleaves and perfumes the
 gale;

Like the van of a navy she glides in full sail:
 Her silk streamers curvet it, and wantonly flow,
 And Eolus wills but Favonius shall blow!
 Let Monopoly shrink, and Want cease her reproaches,
 Lo! Famine's great bane, gentle MORRIS approaches:
 Her port is transhuman, vast, comely, and grand,
 And she looks like a type of the fat o'the land.
 She is Plenty's first handmaid, Despair's dreaded fence;
 Like a peep at the pantry she sharpens the sense:
 Like *Limerick's* rich valley, with bounties o'erflowing,
 She so teems, that she tacitly hopes you'd be sowing:
 Like *P'Hercule* she singly could fill up a throne!
 Like an exclaiming note she's enough when alone!
 Her apt deeds, not her tongue, have enforc'd her preten-
 sions;
 There are muffins and crumpets in all her dimensions!
 She's divine, though a mortal scarce own'd meritorious;
 And her circumscrib'd aims have not stretch'd to be glo-
 rious.

For

When

When a Queen, manteau'd gorgeous, she's prattling and
duteous ;

She advances, like Summer, kind, bright, rich, and
beauteous :

Though, wherever she treads, she discomfits the bearing,
And the boards crack around her—I hope they're not
swearing.

Her feats, like conundrums, or puzzles in wood,

Though pleasant, by kerns are but ill understood ;

She becalms the heart's tumults by nods of her head ;

Her gaze is a meal for the poor, who're half fed ;

And she warms, in idea, like hues that are red.

To clad her in rich velvets, they're surely mistaken,

It is Might aiding Strength—it is buttering bacon !—

At the tone of her voice victnallers lose half their vices,

And meat, grains, and greens are reduc'd in their prices ;

Showers fall at the sound, and refresh the parch'd earth,

Which, engendering, yields immense crops at a birth :

Our droves and our flocks, or at Romney or Lincoln,

Become bulky in ways no philosopher'd think on :

Multivious fish crowd our bays from the sea,

And beg you would take them to Billingsgate quay !—

While she lives she'll add *weight* to our primest stock
pieces ;

When she dies she'll be cut into firkins and cheeses.

As the Gods won't permit her in dust to remain,

So the worms may demand their *post obit* in vain !

Her imperial atoms would fret near a sinner ;

Thus if Death gluts his malice he shan't have a dinner !

As an actress she's parts, yet with these she's absurd;

She is solemn and stately as Juno's own bird;
 She's too frozen, too methodiz'd, stiffen'd, and cold;
 When her china is smash'd does the nymph ever scold?
 When she trips, can the *faux-pas* unsettle her will?
 When she splashes her hose, can she sigh and be still?
 Though with every constituent particle bless'd,
 Were she more energetic, she'd be more caress'd:
 Though the brick may be form'd by the clay and the spade,

Yet unless it is heated it cannot be made:

Zounds, get an impellent shall make her aspire—
 I but rate and goad thus to re-kindle her fire,
 As they thump and shake beds but to make them rise
 higher.

Though SIDDON'S gives passion a much wider scope,
 We've nō lady enunciates better than POPE;
 But Time, envious Time, is unfeathering her wings,
 And she rapidly moults, though in moulting she sings!
 As false Hope hails her on to each day's fatal feast,
 Thus grooms shew their oats but to bridle the beast.

When we ask why the Judgment's best manors lie waste,

We are told that the Administratrix wants taste!
 But alas! what is taste?—a disease of the mind,
 Though seductive, infirm—and though prais'd, unde-
 fin'd!

'T is a whim—a mere shadow—a changeling—a gleam—
 Still it mocks what we would, like the bliss of a dream.

The

The most superb vest which next birth-day is worn
 Shall be twenty years hence but the point of our scorn * :
 Then our sons, in their turn, will create a new mode,
 Which their race, with an equal disgust, will explode!

Mr. *RUSSELL*.—D. L.

WHEN the drag-net is cast to bring food to our table,
 The purveyors catch the best fish they are able ;
 Yet oft, 'thwart the mesh, chance infixes a muscle,
 So, 'mong other odd fish, Master GRUB rais'd a *RUS-*
SELL!

Lachrymose, impuissant, pert, agile, and light,
 In CHARLES SURFACE he rush'd on the national sight ;
 But ah me, what a deed! 't was some impulse accurst
 Made him seize the wrong end of his duty at first :
 But some Players seek fame by a transverse conceit,
 As the Turks will crawl into their beds at their feet!
 His soul struggles hard to enforce what it knows,
 But his physical powers and knowledge are foes ;
 Like the blind, though he's led, he'll scarce trace
 where he goes!

* It may not be uninteresting to many of the frequenters of our Theatres to be informed, that the black wig which is commonly worn by the scenic murderer, in the Tragedy of Hamlet, at Covent-Garden Theatre, was formerly worn by KING CHARLES II. who gave it to his Jester Killigrew for the service of his Theatre. The doublet, or jacket, which Mr. QUICK wears in *Spado*, was worn by JAMES the Second; and the suit of scarlet and gold, which the same Comedian wears in *King Arthur*, in the Farce of Tom Thumb, was the splendid suit in which LORD NORTHAMPTON made his public entry, as Ambassador from Great Britain, into Venice. The suit of brown which is worn by Mr. SUETT in the character of *Foresight*, in *Love for Love*, was made for the late Mrs. WOFFINGTON, who wore it in the character of Sir Harry Wildair!

His

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His tones are as husky, nerve-grating, and harsh,
 As a file rasping knots, or lewd frogs in a marsh ;
 He never seems doing that thing which he wills,
 But eternally fighting his natural ills ;
 Like a pale hypochondriac, swallowing pills :
 He's so marr'd in his organs, and cramped, and unblest,
 As he aims to be blithe he appears most distress ;
 Sure Malady's fix'd a barrier in his pipe,
 Where some words are withheld when the sentiment's ripe ;
 'Tis a vocal embargo to give added trouble,
 Where the vowels pay singly the consonants double ;
 And ere they can come to the aid of his sense,
 We forget what he would, and his zeal proves offence.

Though I've grinn'd when poor DODD ap'd a youth-
 ful spruce beau,

With his kilderkin belly and napper of snow,
 Yet his exit from life will prove me but a sot,
 As we know not to value what is till 't is not :
 I could run to his heav'd grassy grave and weep o'er it,
 Swear my reas'ning was naught, and untrue, and de-
 plore it ;

Fob and wheedle his Spirit by deeds and by sighs,
 And wash the green tomb with the streams of my eyes ;
 O'er the funeral sod bend the ghost-loving yew,
 To forefend Ruin's blast and suspend the chill dew :
 How unwisely men calculate, squabble, and quote ;
 He should value a jerkin that can't get a coat ;
 He who cannot gulp wine should hail WHITBREAD's best
 beer ;

He should cherish a doit who can't get a denier.

Why

Why will they waste seed on so sterile a clod?
 Why deck they a mammet and call it a God?
 Why will they thus bargain for pigs in a bag?
 Why will they attempt to give chalk as *alb. mag.*?
 When oafs are thus bolster'd they irritate Fate,
 And, like ichor, denote a disease in the state:
 I've a hope they mean well, nay, on pond'ring, I think it,
 Yet 't is piteous when knowing ale's sour they'll drink it,
 Though a round of cas'd metal may pass as a crown,
 And be taken as current, for cash, in the town;
 Cheat the faith of the monger, the huckster, and baker,
 Yet the folly becomes more adverse to the maker;
 Who, when dragg'd from his den and tied up at Death's
 post,

Finds, alas! 't was himself he'd been cheating the most;
 And the fruit of his fraud, that so glibly had past,
 Is nail'd down on some varlet's greas'd compter at last.

Should a Manager tease us, and turmoil, and plot,
 To make of his minion what Nature has not;
 Our general Mother would spoil every feat,
 Induce a conviction and blandish the cheat!
 Extraneous bodies Caprice put in motion,
 To ride o'er the billows and dance on the ocean:
 Though they lord it superbly and tilt 'fore the gales,
 Yet the vile unaquatics can never be whales:
 In a calm the intrusive incumbrance is borne,
 On a meek undulation, uncheck'd and untorn:
 But when the big waters by storms are convuls'd,
 Then supremely indignant the load is repuls'd;
 As finless and tailless, nor pliant nor skill'd,
 It cannot or dive, or transverse, if it will'd;

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But

But is dash'd up and down as the elements roar,
 Till some high foamy wave shakes it off on the shore,
 Where it rots and decays, and is jocund no more !

Miss CHAPMAN.—C. G.

WITH action innoxious and mien all obedience,
 My CHAPMAN walks forth the ally of expedience :
 This rational Lady's content to be known
 As a sprig of the tree, not a prop of my throne :
 Her dread makes her err, though her judgment don't
 will it,

As in pouring out liquor your fear makes you spill it !
 She has hung out no sign that might gull a weak buyer ;
 She profess'd not too much, thus in act is no liar :
 She's so humble her soul scarcely asks for a meed,
 Yet that lowly demeanor gives strength to her deed :
 As some giggling vain wretches, who can't speak or sing,
 Are like indiscreet gamblers at all in the ring :
 She plays at no game without knowing the rules ;
 She cons and recons, and offends not the schools :
 And though not highly vers'd in the critical letter,
 She would be what she's not, could her toil make her
 better.

In those trim *walking ladies* whom Decency guides,
 She can steer her neat bark through Probation's rough
 tides ;

Though her tones are too sombrous for Fashion's vagary,
 And she's somewhat too tall to be flippant and airy :
 Yet what is this fashion so lauded, so priz'd,
 Is it Folly emblazon'd, or Greatness disguis'd ?

D

Mc-

But

Methought I saw FASHION exult 'fore my mind,
 Half mad and half modest, half clad and half blind :
 The inconstant Cameleon sat perch'd on her crest,
 And numbers, all trepitate, hung round her vest ;
 Others stuck like burr'd weeds to the edge of her coat
 As drowning men cling to the sides of stray boats :
 Some, like glittering icicles, froze to her gown,
 Till they felt Wit's hot beam, then resolv'd and dropp'd
 down ;

Some lick'd up the dribblings that fell from her flasket,
 Those shut from her coach would leap into the basket
 The regal—the vassal—the sophist—the blind,
 In crowds, to immensity, follow'd behind.
 Not those volumes of snow which descend in a heap,
 To imperuke the forests or melt in the deep ;
 Or whiten the Andes, or mantle the vale,
 Were so close, multitudinous, pressing, or frail :
 Some ambled—some ran, and some hobbling, ador'd,
 And some, worn by toil, the frail Syren implor'd :
 While the witch, like the prism, Deception assisted,
 And beam'd varied tints as she turn'd and she twisted ;
 Now white—now purpureal—now black and now blue
 Yet the throng knew the Nymph though she bandied
 hue ;

When she yawn'd, the mob yawn'd, in an endless
 cession,

More faithful than Echo repeats the expression ;
 Or the flocks on blest Tempe obey the bell'd brute ;
 Or the kine of the Thracians the Orphean lute :

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In gathering legions they buzz'd round her fane,
 The inert, the adroit, the vindictive, the vain :
 Thus confederate bees scud amain on the wing,
 To purloin the rich sweets from the blossoms of Spring ;
 Thus they rush from their hives at the call of Aurora,
 To hum with delight round the toilette of Flora ;
 While Reason, poor Reason, was negligent left,
 With her tributes unpaid—of her symbols bereft !
 Their gaze seem'd the acme of madd'ning surprise,
 As her vest flush'd its tints like the arch of the skies ;
 Pertransient, weak Zephyrs encircled her seat,
 And a ductile man-milliner crouch'd at her feet ;
 The five Orders disjointed upheld her light throne,
 There were all, and yet none, a design of her own :
 Her eyes, like the Bithyæ, darted a gleam
 More fraught with fell magic than Sorcery's dream ;
 So fatally potent they led to despair,
 That Theology blush'd to be caught at her prayer !
 With limitless power her sovereignty brightens,
 As her subjects exist in each clime Phœbus lightens ;
 From the wild where green serpents meandering stray,
 To the Hall where black Vipers on honest men prey ;
 Now she glads Spital-fields with a gala in June,
 Now bids human-kind dance to Infamy's tune ;
 Now with hell-begot doubts plays Morality tricks,
 And wafts a vile crew o'er the billows of Styx ;
 Gives Truth local habits to answer her ends,
 And confesses both Folly and Falsehood her friends ;
 Crams her million with errors till all are diseas'd,
 Yet the more she's absurd still the more are they pleas'd :

She hugg'd to her bosom the fools of the land,
 And indicted her laws on a tablet of sand;
 Then gave her cold sanction to others by dozens,
 As high-blooded Barons treat poor german-cousins:
 Yet as VIRTUE, lean, smockless, and pallid, look'd on,
 To see myriads thus prostrate, and Wisdom undone;
 And ponder'd how beings could thus be beguil'd,
 And sigh'd that such arts had such regions defil'd:
 A young Taylor rush'd on, and usurping her charms,
 Carried her and her witcheries off in his arms!

Ah where is my elegant ABINGTON flown,
 Whom kingdoms upheld and each Muse made her own?
 She purified thought—she unfurl'd Honor's banners,
 She made truth a system—she polish'd our manners.
 Thou exquisite nymph, join the Thespian crowd;
 Shall blithe Wit be o'erthrown by the vulgar and loud?
 Come, come from thy haunts—cheer the national mind,
 And, like *Paphia*, renerve the worn joys of mankind:
 Whatever thy aims, or wherever you be,
 Thou art dear to the realm—thou art valued by me:
 If bestowing thy coin on some object that's faint—
 If enacting those deeds which should make you thrice
 sainted;

Far remov'd from that envy which sigh'd as you rose,
 (For *Cæsar* and *FRANCES* had greatness and foes)
 You're the summit of merit—the bane of despair—
 You've my *ave* and *vale*—my hope and my prayer;
 Though Time's whitening rage 'mid thy ringlets is
 seen,
 Thy nobleness ever shall breathe in thy mien.

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Of

Of our FARRENS and POPES all the critical say,
 Thus ABINGTON did, and thus imitate they :
 Yet each glares from her height, by the mob unsuspected,
 Though, like moons, they both issue a light that's re-
 flected !

Agile Echo is sad, whom you fed with your song ;
 Can aught, not celestial, envelope you long ?
 Thy luminous gleams will thy fastness betray,
 As e'en *Erebus*' self could not hide the bright Day :
 Then arise from thy slumbers—rehearse *Phœbus*' story,
 For as *Rasfælle* drew *Mary*, you walk with a glory.

Mr. DAVENPORT.—C. G.

Lo rubicund DAVENPORT's stalking along,
 Like a thoughtful Silenus perusing his song !
 He seems hot and red, as vile *Sirius*, or any,
 And as angry as *Boreas* pent up in a cranny ;
 He looks fierce and perturbed in all that he saith,
 Like ranc'rous *Duignan* defending—*his faith* !
 One believes he would growl were good *Charlotte*
 his wife !
 One thinks he would drive *desobligeants* through life !
 His pimple-clad visage seems recking with rage,
 And his soul to writhe round, like the Turk in his cage ;
 Yet all this to his *Locket* * and *Sulky* give force,
 As the steam of a furnace impels the mill's course.

They

* As the *BEGGAR'S OPERA* is the more perfect of any in our language, and has caused so much disingenuous animadversion upon its moral tendencies, and the direction of its satire, I should hold myself inexcusable in not making the following observations :

They aver that his modesty fills him with dread,
 And the fears of his heart shake the peace in his head;
 He associates evils to outrun his bliss,
 And thus makes what *may be* give a pang to *what is*;

Peering

JOHN GAY, its Author, is reported to have been a man so placid in his disposition, that any promulgation of severity from him is believed to have been caused by the deepest mortifications and consequent sorrow; yet if this point is established, the authority of the Satirist will be weakened, as those should not receive unlimited credit for the declarations of anger who have suffered more in their vanity than their virtue.

It has been urged that this piece manifestly operates to vitiate society, by making a lawless depredator appear gallant, if not amiable in his action, and that the inducements to commit wrong are strengthened by the force and influence of such an example as *Macbeth*: though I am not disposed to resist such a sentiment altogether, I will not subscribe to the full tenor of its meaning, and particularly as I have had reason to think that the first public denunciations against this performance issued from a late Magistrate, who was suspected to have been less actuated by a principle of good than ostentation.

When we consider the numerous shafts of ridicule that are directed against the evils of local establishments, and the infirmities and impositions of their members in this Drama, we should not be amazed at the fastidious cavillings of those who labour to make an assumed regard for the morality of mankind, cover their own soreness and resentment; and those perhaps inveigh most loudly against its presumed violation of the elements of social rectitude, who are, in their own agency, the more fallacious and vulnerable.

Some Critics have affirmed, that in this play the good can derive no encouragement of virtue, and the bad no discouragement of vice; but to support this harsh and heavy charge in any degree, they must consider the piece as it now stands, with all the curtailments of modern Managers and modern Actors, and not regard that qualifying interview between the Beggar and Player at the end of the Opera, which was clearly and judiciously introduced to reconcile to the Auditor that seeming absurdity of bringing the hero back to his wives in triumph, and thereby defeating the required purposes of national justice. In this scene the Audience are taught to believe, by the Beggar, that the other personages of the Drama were all destined to be hanged or transported, which is assuredly a fate that must encourage the good in the

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Peering into Fate's womb for an immature blow,
As they say the *ducks* tremble to see the *peas* grow!

May Heaven forbid, for his sake and our own,
He should sleep where the food for artillery's thrown:

Or

furtherance of virtue, and deter the bad from the embraces of vice: and what can these squeamish moralists demand beyond this, except it is their desire there should be an apparent public execution on the stage of the whole group, and thereby glut their savage folly at the expence of British taste and scenic propriety?

It has also been insisted upon by the indiscriminating opponents to this play, that the Author designed it as a palpable vehicle to convey his spleen and resentment against the leading personages of the Court, whose several characters he is asserted to have pourtrayed in an assemblage of highwaymen, and villains of a meaner description; but assuredly such a remark does not sustain the honor of the parties alluded to, as that individual cannot be held as proverbial for the delicacy and integrity of his demeanor who could be personally traced and recognized in the coarse manners and licentious expressions by which all the male characters in this Opera are distinguished; and I believe that few Statesmen would feel themselves indebted to that source from whence such unprofitable observations could issue.

The songs or airs in this piece possess an uncommon portion of merit, and I am equally led to admire the tendency of the sentiments they involve; and the tunes, which are the vehicles of those sentiments, as they both appertain to the characters to whom they are allotted, and forcibly illustrate the imperfections of society: considered as morsels of lyric poetry, several should be admired for their simplicity, which is indeed the true characteristic of beauty in every province of nature and art.

Whatever may be the disposition of those cavillers who would have it understood that the Drama is hostile to the purposes of piety, I will insist that many of the ballads in this piece inculcate morality in the highest degree; and none but the sour bigot, or persons intellectually weakened by the furious oratory of uncharitable sectaries, and those who are directly interested in the monopoly of moral instruction, will deny the assertion. We cannot reasonably object to an amendment of our manners, because the medium of that reformation originated in a didactic song, or within the walls of a Theatre. Who can contradict the idea that morality and mirth may be rendered necessary to each other, or that some songs may not be as purely ethical as some sermons? Mental physic, as well as that administered to the body, may not

be

Or ramble to Dartford, Purfleet, or the Tower,
Or the Park-magazine, if not during a shower ;
Lest a stud of his *Naso* should fire a grain,
And the earth be convuls'd and whole myriads slain.

Yet in spite of that rigour his mien will impart,
The milk is uncurdled that flows through his heart :
He is not a churl, though his habits are such ;
He would do a kind deed and not think he'd done much:
Notwithstanding his frame's so coarse hewn and terrific,
Every nerve in his bosom's 'gainst ill a specific!

be the less effectual for being mingled with somewhat that is immediately gratifying to the senses ; and it is unquestionably better even to be seduced into a state of health and propriety, than remain diseased and erroneous.

Having thus ventured to extenuate the presumed immoralities of this popular Drama, and to draw the fangs of prejudice from the general mind, I shall conclude by expressing my hope, that an exertion of genius so brilliant and so amusing may not be productive of those disadvantages to society which are occasionally attributed to its representation ; and that every class of society may behold the combined movements of open guilt and acknowledged punishment, without indulging the ruinous and partial propensity to imitate what is atrocious, and remain unmindful of that remorse and horrid responsibility which is the necessary result of a departure in action from the laws of heaven and man.

The primary intention of the Author was to ridicule Italian Operas, which were so prevalent in his time, and so ruinous to the interests of the British Drama. About the year 1749 a Frenchman translated it into the French tongue, and accommodated the sense of the airs in French to the old tunes : it was performed at the Little Theatre in the Hay-market at that period, and I am informed that nothing could be more ludicrous than the representation. The Translator had vainly attempted to introduce it on the Paris Theatres previous to its performance in London.

The formation of this Opera, it is said, was derived from a hint by SWIFT, to whom more wit and merit is assigned than I think is legally his due, and consequently I do not give entire credit to the supposition. Mr. PORE, it is more probable, assisted him by writing several of the airs ; but be that as it may, it cannot be denied to possess an uncommon portion of acumen and wholesome satire, and will ever be admired while candour or perception has any influence among us.

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He who breathes on this globe and forgets he's a brother,

Should be damn'd in this world, and thrice damn'd in the other :

Yet who sneakingly steals, with a prayer in his mouth,
Shall be safe, though he'd robb'd from the North to the South :

While he, who by harrowing Necessity stung,
Takes a purse like a man, shall be tortur'd and hung!
The first, vile Priests tell us, shall sing with his God—
The last be eternally flay'd with hell's rod.

Mrs. GIBBS.—D. L.

As the savage on Oyapæ's banks wastes the day
In making the bird of his prejudice gay,
By ingrafting rich plumage which Nature disowns,
And shutting his ears to its dissonant tones ;
Thus, egregious, the Lords of our Theatres plot,
To shew their pert parrots for what they are not ;
And knowing their powers are coarse and confin'd,
Make their dress an apology oft for the mind.

Beaming loveliness round her, sweet GIBBS stands in-
mix'd

Mong the nymphs of Old Drury, with envy transfix'd :
Yet that passion's not rous'd by her art or its uses,
'Tis her face and its attributes jaundice their juices.
When, in acting, she seems not fulfilling her duty,
But solacing men with the blaze of her beauty,
Her voice is too fine-drawn her wishes to bless,
She's too much of the tone *de la petite maitresse* :

It

It never can answer what judgment's decreed,
 As she laughs too restricted, and scolds through a reed!
 Like jeweller's gold she's but half what she ought:
 She appears in her system too playful for thought:
 Yet her prettiness urges so much for her deed,
 I scarce think I could make e'en her vanity bleed.
 Would she wish, as a *Soubrette*, to wriggle and prate,
 Let her study Miss Pope, that *grand fag* of the state:
 'Tis not ambling, and lispings, and coaxing, and jiggings
 Nor the blazoning display of a pea-hennish rigging,
 Will answer the purpose—unless her frail mind
 To the caption of dulness and dolts is confin'd:
 If 't is thus, let her go spread her net and catch flies,
 I've no laws but for those who've a wish to be wise.
 She's so fidgetty, sideling, and full of stage sleight,
 One imagine she wishes to be out of sight:
 Like the pendulum's motion, each jerk gets a brother,
 And th' extreme of one act works th' extreme of another.
 She's eternally swinging, and soothing, and smiling,
 Like spoil'd children when old stupid grannie's beguiling
 Yet in either loose instance Wit pardons th' assault,
 As we feel but half willing to notice the fault.
 Like a mellow Bacchante she emanates fire;
 Like an antic Egyptian she maddens desire!
 And though uninspir'd herself, can inspire!
 She ensnares us by wiles, and those wiles are repeated,
 Till the brain's all combustion, and blood's overheated
 What is graceful in her, would in some prove distortive
 What is healthful from her, would from some prove
 abortive.

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She requires nor cars'net, nor cestus, nor toy,
 And the less she's encumber'd the stronger's our joy :
 For she carries some amulet wove in her frame ;
 But if vulgar, or wondrous, or blest, like that same
 Which Humanity's mother deriv'd from high heaven
 Ere the De'el had polluted the gem with base leaven :
 If hieroglyphic, or talisman rare,
 Or aught where old *Faustus* could steal in 'gainst care :
 Or if blissful or baneful, coarse-fashion'd or smugly,
 Or Memphian idol men worship though ugly :
 In what aspect or tint, or if fell or divine,
 Or if oblong or spheric, I cannot define ;
 But some charm highly potent is carried about her,
 That suspends the whirl'd lash, and we would but can't
 flout her.

Your junior novitiate who scuds to the stage,
 To unravel her worth, and bephilter the age,
 Should be, in idea, a creature more vast
 Than ever had being, or present or past.
 Her breast should distend, as if fate had defied her,
 And be always *enflamme* and each hour wider ;
 And round create round, like the maze of a spider :
 She should think herself born to contend against odds ;
 She should first ravish mortals, and then besiege gods ;
 The fuel of Genius should warm all her frame,
 And each fibre tell t' other we thrill but for Fame ;
 While Nature, to compass the Judgment's desires,
 Should sit like a chymist, and temper her fires,
 Till the rage of the well-manag'd conflict was o'er,
 And the issue was ta'en to Celebrity's store :

When

When the metal's high priz'd, and it's currency stamp'd,
Then 't will want to be neither new gilded or vamp'd.

It would seem, so unequal are some to their station,
That God had half-finish'd their organization.
That your nerves may obey but the impulse that's true,
I'll inoculate all your anatomy through ;
Then firmly hereafter you'll sit at your ease,
By establishing health through the mean of disease :
Yet to mark what is true, or to publish that test
Would the Stagyrice pose, did the Greek do his best.

Oh! beauteous, calamitous, luminous TRUTH,
Thou bulwark of science, thou pride of my youth,
Thou bane of my Fortune, by Ignorance hurl'd,
Where, where wilt thou hide from a pestilent world ?
Artificial Society mars thee with blows,
And the LAW and the PROPHETS are equal thy foes.
Thou'rt a pest more abhorr'd than Tartarean streams !
Thou'rt more fell and corrosive than Malady's dreams !
At the Court—in the City—the Bar—or the Stage—
Thou'rt repell'd as malignant to youth and to age !
Thou'rt so deep, none thy bottom will venture to gauge !
Each soph and each monk makes you vile in his thesis !
Could your mirror be shiver'd they'd smash it in pieces !
Every insult's collected to mark your disgrace,
And lungs heave in myriads to spit in your face !
Thou'rt consign'd to gaunt Famine, the Bard and his
Muse !

Thou'rt scouted in Journals, Debates, and Reviews !
Each censor with base impositions would tax thee,
In the semblance of food they mix drugs to relax thee :

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Aristarchi all toil but to make thy heart sick,
 From the D. D.'s adown to one GRIFFITHS clep'd DICK!
 None will lend thee a kerchief to sponge up thy tears!
 Thou must sleep on a bulk could you live many years!
 By thee I've been urg'd to the threshold of life;
 To th' assassin's red dirk and the eves-dropper's knife:
 Each trader thy statutes has scorn'd or forgot,
 Who vends nought for what 'tis, but for what it is not!
 Cease to analyse Pills or Hypocrisy's arts,
 Or they'll pierce thy fair frame, like *Sebastian's*, with darts.
 Meet the tenor of life, be no longer sincere,
 As they're most unblest who have visions too clear:
 Thy influence leads but to prisons and pains,
 Lo! thy purest disciples are writhing in chains!
 To be true's to be monstrous—be false, and thou'rt
 rais'd—
 Be a man, and thou'rt smote—be a rascal, thou'rt prais'd.
 Thou'rt arrang'd as more fatal than Sorcery's rings,
 Thou'rt the gorgon, the terror of women and kings:
 All the privileg'd orders would foaming dethrone thee,
 E'en celestial Philosophy trembles to own thee.
 All the claimants on Fate are disguising their claims,
 Human kind is not fitted to thee or thy aims:
 'Tis the test, not the guilt, marks the woe of the time,
 Though a theft's but an error, to prove it's a crime.
 Who affirms black is black, and that white is but white,
 Must soon regret deeply he e'er had a sight.
 As thy inmates are beggars, how can you pursue
 A system so dreadful to them and to you?
 Ambiguity's turning you round like a vane,
 Breathing smoke in your optics, and fevering your brain.

E

Preach

Preach no more, silly minx, be your ballads unsung,
 For you 're evermore scoff'd, though eternally young.
 Two principles now all thy influence smother—
 To be *gallant* is one—to be *loyal* the other.
 To accomplish the *first* you must hide all your eyes;
 To be apt at the *second*, give plaudits for sighs.
 Oh heaven and earth! that a being should be
 Thus compell'd not to think, nor to hear, nor to see;
 Owe his peace and his pence to th' exclusion of light,
 And doze on in a foul intellectual night!
 Go thou intrusive wench—thou impertinent gipsy—
 Seek the Gothic carousal—be blest and be tipsy;
 Annoy not the tyrant, the priest, or the knave,
 Mull a dram with thy dogmas—be rich and a slave.
 Pr'ythee get thee a smock, hide thy naked offence,
 Be painted, be titled, and transverse each sense:
 When Credulity hungers, let Folly go sate her,
Hew! qui vult decipi, decipiatur!

Mr. HALPEN.

WHEN we view, at the Horse-Guards, a drab shaving
 men,
 Or hear of the IRELANDS wielding a pen,
 We feel all transfix'd with the tone of surprise,
 And ask if we are, and rub up the mind's eyes:
 We imagine our system is twisted from right,
 And we doubt of the fact, and we question our sight;
 But regarding such Players we cease to deplore,
 As every month will engender a score.
 Some, beholding him, thought he exhibited dread,
 And, like *Orril* the Conjuror, sought his own head!

Look

Look around where we will, we see pigmies on stilts,
Large skulls without brains, and long swords without
hilts :

All note their vindictiveness, weakness, and pride,
Though the organ of agency each is denied :
Thus they frown, hem, and bluster to all they can meet,
Till their souls are worn down like the stones in Thames-
street !

'Tis my stars, not my will, makes me seem over-nice,
For who 'd live a mere owl as the tyrant of mice ?
How mankind can be thus is amazing to me !
Who'd alone walk abroad who's no power to see ?
To exist and not nobly, 's to be demi-curst ;
A dignified heart 'mid dishonor would burst.
Though they 've seiz'd the last joy in life's goblet, and
drank it,

None call on Oblivion to bring her thick blanket !

But niggle, and mumble, and suffer, and think,
And go out of the world, like a snuff, in a stink !

Lo! the Suns of our Drama diurnal go down,
Yet in East nor in West will re-rise on the Town !
While our theatric flocks have no powers of sight,
And but sleep, browse, and bleat in the absence of light ;
See, the best of their Shepherds, Old MACKLIN *, 's be-
reav'd,

Yet he's grand in decay, like bold oaks when unleav'd.

When

* *Anecdotes of Mr. MACKLIN the COMEDIAN.*

When MACKLIN first began his Theatrical career in Lon-
don, he seldom was entrusted with a Character of any note, his
abilities not being known ; but if ever there was any fear of dis-
appointment

When big Merit is crush'd all the Noble are harrow'd;
 When our blisses are smote our existence is narrow'd;
 All the minstrels are mute—the fawns cease to be gay,
 And sad Phœbus forgets he's to marshal the day.

, Lo

appointment from the illness of a Performer, he was the person generally pitched upon to go on the Forlorn Hope. It happened during the run of Wycherley's Plain Dealer, that the person who was to have been the *Ferry Blackacre* of the evening was taken extremely ill. There were no means of acting the Play but by application to Macklin to personate the Character, which he readily undertook. But on his entering the Green Room in the dress where *Ferry* has put on the red breeches, *Quin* (who plays the Plain Dealer) accosted him in a very rude style, which was not unusual with him, and reprobated the red breeches. Macklin urged the propriety of it, from his observations of the dress always worn in the Character—when *Quin*, who was sucking an orange, threw it, and hit Macklin in the face. As the stout Hibernian was ever impatient of insult, a violent scuffle ensued before several noble Personages who were then in the Green Room, the *Duke of Hamilton*, &c. as it was then the custom of admitting Noblemen in the Green Room. Macklin was eventually victorious, and *Quin* was obliged to keep his room some time in consequence of the drubbing. When he had recovered instead of being an enemy to Macklin, he evinced the greatest magnanimity by sending a letter to his adversary, in which he confessed he had been very much in the wrong; and he proved that he was sincere by his future deportment towards him. He was, ever after that event, most assiduous in serving him. Indeed Macklin, in a great measure, owed his future success in Theatrical Life to this event, and the undeviating friendship of *Quin*.

Anecdote of Mr. MACKLIN's Shylock.

This Character had been represented, previous to his assumption of it, by a low Comedian; consequently buffonery and grimace were introduced, which by no means was the intent of the Author.

When Macklin had acquired some estimation with the Public he was persuaded to play *Shylock*.—He consented with some reluctance; but considering the Character in a different light to his predecessors in it, he was aware of the critical objections that would be made on his presuming to deviate from long-established custom.

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Lo, the Muse demands Hope to envelope her fears!
 Lo, *Mater Orphei*'s bedew'd with her tears!
 The Nine fly their symbols, and droop, and deplore,
 That STORACE, the gentle STORACE,'s no more.

Bright

When the Night arrived for his performing it, the House was very full, and a formidable band of Critics were assembled in the Pit.—The first and second Acts went off very coolly, without the least applause; nor did the Audience know how to relish the Character once so comic, now so serious. But in the Scene with Anthonio and the Gaoler, their feelings were raised as by an electric shock;—the most powerful plaudits filled the Theatre, and continued to the dropping of the curtain. The Play was afterwards given out and performed many nights to crowded Audiences, and the fame of Macklin in the character was fully established. This event formed the basis of his future celebrity.

MACKLIN'S *New Comedy*.

A few years since I attended him, by his particular desire, at his apartments in Tavistock-row, Covent-Garden, where I met Dr. BROCKLESBY and Mr. COURTNEY, to hear him read a MS. Comedy, which I had previously understood was written by himself; but the old Gentleman so interlarded the narrative with annotations, that the reading of the first three Acts took up more than three hours. As my patience became exhausted, I seized upon a discovery that I had made, to cut the business short, and candidly told the veteran, that the Piece which he had been reading was neither more nor less than a copy, and that nearly literal, of DIDEROT's celebrated *Pere de Famille*, which I had seen admirably represented on the *Theatre Francais* in Paris, and which had been previously gutted of its most interesting incidents to decorate Miss LEE's Comedy of the *Chapter of Accidents*!—This observation struck Mr. Macklin with such astonishment, that I was convinced he had been imposed upon by some person who had rendered it into English, and given it to him to work upon, as it did not appear to me that he knew the French language, which in truth is not necessary with modern Dramatists, who, generally speaking, have no knowledge at all; and as their ignorance makes them more obedient, they are assuredly more acceptable!

This venerable Histrion is now in his ninety-eighth year, and is a constant visitor at the Theatres, whenever a new Piece or a new Performer are brought forward. He usually sits in the

Bright Fancy, who teem'd with all Harmony's force,
 Scuds aghast and astound, like a stream from its course ;
 Tears up the green sod till she faints as o'ertoil'd,
 And in shrieks and in screams calls on Fate for her child !
 Not the liberal SHIELDS, with all good in alliance—
 Not the classical ARNOLD, that inmate of Science—
 Not PARSONS, who flatters imperial mobs—
 Not CARTER who thinks, or sly HOOKE who ne'er robs—
 Not DIBDIN, so fraught with Vulgarly's wiles,
 Who of all Mummary's saints, thinks the most of *old Giles* !
 Could relieve him on guard—could accomplish his station,
 Or equal his taste in supreme adaptation !

Let COBBE, ROSE, and BIRCH, all the Bellmen, and
 HOARE,

In one dismal accordance of agony roar,
 Hie and snivel, and sob, and go kneel round his tomb,
 For their Saviour's incas'd in Eternity's womb.
 How he dizen'd those crack'd wooden dolls for your
 shops !

How he trimm'd tatter'd jackets, which sold as good slops !
 How he made their harsh accents as smooth as if Tuscan !
 How deck'd Loughboro' jugs, which were class'd as
 Etruscan !

How he sought a void dolt, and cramm'd harmony in him !
 How he sav'd gasping bardlings from death with a minim !
 How Fame, somewhat tipsy, gave strength to their labor,
 Till, like *Esau*, they stole what belong'd to a neighbour !

Then

first row in the Pit. So uniformly will the Spirit hover round
 that spot where the Body flourished !—His recollection is consi-
 derably impaired, but he is, in every other respect, in good health,
 and vigorous even to a proverb !

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Then danc'd through the urb, surreptitiously gay,
 Like Indians when craz'd, or young sweepers in May :
 Some made the *pas seul*, like old ganders self-pleas'd ;
 Others stuck in the mud, and got filth and diseases'd !
 How he propp'd those lame witlings, and cured their rick-
 ets !

How he held them, when hunger'd, to Charity's wickets !
 How he charm'd that base monster—the TOWN—for
 their sakes !

How he smother'd Contempt—how he perfum'd a Jakes !

Miss MILLER.—D. L.

Lo! a transcendant nymph usurps the sight,
 Replete with grace, and pregnant with delight.
 Thus smil'd *Astarte* issuing from the sea,
 Rapture's sweet queen—the intimate of Glee!—
 Thus look'd *Briseis* when *Achilles* sigh'd—
 Thus beam'd ineffably the Spartan bride!

Some dedicate her as divine,

Elate their hearts are caught ;

Her radiance justifies their love,

Her principle their thought !

Her smile arrests the circumambient wind !

She forms a point to agitate mankind !

Embattled nations might demand the prize,

And seek a triumph subject to her eyes!

E'en hoary Winter so supremely glows,

His ardour liquifies his snows ;

And *Rhodope* and *Caucasus* assume

Arcadian vigour and a vernal bloom.

Bring

Bring me the Phrygian lute—I'll sing her praise—
 Though the bright theme's superior to my lays :
 Perturbed Glory urges me to try ;
 Who nobly dares can't ignominious die !—
 Could Jove survey her, flush'd in virgin pride,
 Fresh as the Spring, and liberal as the tide,
 He'd spurn Empyrean and its mean delights,
 Burst through the mists, and touch th' Olympian
 heights :

Alas! seraphic maid, you'd then expire,
 And melt, trans-human, in the vivid fire :
 He'd consecrate thee on the Cyprian fane,
 Thrilling with ecstasies, approaching pain ;
 And give thy honor'd, envied, magic name,
 To babbling Echo and responsive Fame ;
 Temper thy pulses with a Southern breeze—
 Correct the atmosphere—repel disease !
 Cleave, like a tendril, to thy peerless charms,
 And riot in the circle of thy arms ;
 While Passion's regent touch'd each nerve with joy,
 A toil befitting the immortal boy :
 The moral aim that gave the blithe offence,
 Would sink envelop'd in the madd'ning sense !
 Not all thy purity could then avail,
 (Who can oppose when destinies assail ?)
 From thy rich pulpy lips that never falsehood knew,
 He'd fiercely ravish all the honey'd dew ;
 Indent those semi-orbs, by Beauty given,
 Freight thee with wonders in a burning kiss,
 And analyse the elements of bliss,
 And gather you *to heaven* !

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Ah

Ah! where's the nymph now? she is gone, like a vision,

She but peeps and scuds off, like the Fancy's collision!

Come, come, lovely MILLER, from apathy flee,

Thou truant to duty, thou truant to me:

Wake the tender novitiate, and banish her trance;

Bid her succour the Muses, and writhe in the dance.

Seraphic enchantress—inviolatè maid—

Why seem'st thou of ideal rigour afraid?

Had *Dian* but known thee in happier days,

You'd have been *femme de chambre*, and lac'd up her stays;

Attended the huntress, and carried her quiver,

And splash'd by her side as she lav'd in the river;

Borrow'd torches from Phœbus to make the globe light,

And wip'd off the dew from her socks in the night—

You should be more than mortal if I had the power,

But as that is denied take my wish as thy dower:—

May you emanate, gladden, and brighten your hearers,

And o'erlume the rude gazings of insolent flearers:

May the Muse and her inmates thy system control,

And breathe all her pathos, and marshal thy soul;

Give to action new charms, and that gift make thy own,

Till you stand an example uprais'd and alone;

Till Perfection's high test in thy manner is sought,

And the wisest declare you have sated their thought.

Though *Emilia Galotti* is dead and inurn'd,

Yet that bosom still heaves where her sorrows so burn'd;

And shall no peerless Phœnix arise from her ashes?

Shall that eye cease to ope whence Love's lightning
flashes?

Be

Be it envy or listlessness binds the nymph down,
 Let her fetters be burst—let her gladden the Town.
 But perhaps you suppress her, and narrow her deed,
 That some wench, more presuming, may bawl and succeed.

Is it here as 'tis in the big world's mad affairs,
 Where vile Might gulps the grape, while gaunt Virtue
 drinks tears?

Some are out of *the call of the Boatswain*, and some
 Are compell'd to kiss Guilt at the *sound* of the drum:
 Some may sleep when the welfare of all is at stake,
 And some toil, without thanks, till their *vertebra* break.
 Such a thing as GEORGE ROSE has his thousands a-year,
 While men, nearly Gods, lack their beef and their beer!

Mr. MURRAY.—C. G.

NOR young, nor yet old, nor yet little, or great,
 Who's he that so modestly knocks at your gate?
 Woe is me, it is MURRAY!—ridiculous oaf,
 Why would he cease slicing his Somerset loaf?
 There he cut and re-cut at new dainties well treasur'd;
 Here his viands are weigh'd, and his bread will be measur'd!

What should urge him to London to make such a trial?
 Why left he that spot where he met no denial?
 Pr'ythee was he not honor'd? You nod, then you grant it;
 Where a tree's so long grown 'tis unsafe to transplant it.
 Was't a foe, or a friend in disguise, canst thou tell?
 Some have wits so diseas'd they don't know when they're
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Where our habits are form'd we should cleave to that
clime,

And not rush where obliquity constitutes crime :

What was follow'd at Bath may with us be unsought ;

What is moral in Persia, in Christendom's naught !

There's a drawl in his eloquence fatal to speech—

Should he praise, or denunciate, or scorn, or beseech :

His accents hang fire, like Stutterers when fretted,

And seem as the mind's ammunition were wetted.

His limbs to the furth'rance of grace are not prone,

And he oft seems to doubt if *his arms are his own* ;

He enfolds 'em—he kimboes—in proving what's best,

Then tries ev'ry pocket from breeches to vest ;

Till at length, half-enrag'd, and half-sham'd that he feels
'em,

Obtrudes one in each breast, and with cunning conceals 'em !

There are parts where he mars all the Poets have writ,

As *Embolines* danc'd on the ashes of Wit :

There are others in which he scarce ever is out—

Like the Greek *Coryphæi* * he solves ev'ry doubt !

His

* Tragedy was originally a sacred Hymn in honor of Bacchus, which progressively were added *Episodes*, which we call *Acts*, and between each Act was a *Chorus*.—The *Chorus* (not as it was first, when it made the whole Tragedy, but as it was in its more perfect state, in the time of *Sophocles* and *Euripides*) may be defined thus :—It consisted of a troop of Actors, representing the assembly or body of those persons who either were present, or probably might be so, upon that place or scene where the action is supposed to be represented. It appears to me that the Antients relinquished the *Chorus*, in proportion as their Drama approached to the course of natural Action. That it was frequently very absurd cannot be doubted. *Aristophanes* made a *Chorus* of *Clouds*, which *Socrates* is imagined to invoke as his *Sophisms* : and in another Piece he introduces

His *Iago*'s not subtle—he wants the rare art
 To be dulcet, and mask all the ills of his heart.
 In some movements the feat is imperfectly done,
 As he rather seems acting than acted upon :
 The intents of his soul are too mark'd in his rant,
 They should spread and collapse like a sensitive plant ;
 His own habits, too frequent, such villanies soften,
 And he writhes, and o'eracts, and is menial too often :
 'T was not meant that the Knave should so flounder and
 bellow,

He may hood-wink the Audience, but cannot *Othello* !

When the Parent, aggriev'd, yields the points of his woe,
 With a force, aptly charming, his miseries flow ;
 With powers electric, he moans and complains,
 Unstrings ev'ry nerve—stems the tide in our veins ;
 Then at pangs not our own he compels us to start,
 By th' illusions of skill—by usurping the heart !—
 He was knit, as Humanity's agent, to fly
 Through the mediate region of Ambition's sky :
 On the atmosphere's bosom secure wings his way,
 But is dimm'd if he mounts towards the source of the day.

duces a Chorus of *Wasps* in the House of *Philocleon*. It must be observed, in the defence of the Antients, that both *Aristotle* and *Scaliger* have condemned these ridiculous organs of communication. Comedy ceased to have a Chorus even before the age of *Plautus* ; but out of the ashes of the Chorus rose Dancing, Music, and Buffoonery, as more appertaining to the genius of comical Poetry. The Directors of the Chorusses of Tragedy acquired as much fame and honor as even *Æsopus* or *Roscius*. Its due estimation may be ascertained from a knowledge that *Plato*, the Philosopher, pursued it as an employment not unworthy of his powers. This is the brief result of my reading, as relating to the Choruses of the Antient Poets.

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Such are feats which but men half divine can achieve,
 And at those who o'erbalance their vigour we grieve:
 When Presumption was scorch'd with the rage of the Sun,
 How the world laugh'd around while the fool was undone!

Good Sense, most apparent, will on him attend,
 'Tis his Sancho, familiar, his valet, his friend:
 Yet he oft times has seem'd indistinctly to think
 As if his ally was a Good Sense—in drink!
 But perhaps he's o'erworn, and his Oxigene * fled!
 Perhaps the heart's draft's unindors'd by the head!
 Perhaps 'tis a doze in which Wit and Sense leagu'd,
 As Homer would nod when his Soul was fatigu'd.
 Some emerge from defeat but to crow the more loudly,
 As Chiefs in retreat shew their science most proudly:
 Thus the zeal of a bigot's most strong when con-
 founded,

And Soldiers demand the more praise when most wounded.

Yet why should we urge that this staggers our will?
 We should cease to complain who encourage the ill.
 As we never take soundings, or throw out the line,
 When the bark is aground we should surely not whine:
 When the man at the helm takes too much of the flip,
 We should know that e'en we share the fate of the ship!—
 When our *Hawthorns* roar planxties—when heroines belch!
 When *Sabina Rosni* speaks excellent—*Welch*!
 When a whisper *apart*'s like a bell over-rang!
 When R. PALMER's coarse fops tip a bit of the *slang*!

* Every age has its peculiar theories:—Now Oxigene forms all the rage of medical Philosophy; it is a novel discovery, proudly and ardently promulgated; and it is very probable (such is our pride and our weakness), that at the birth of the ensuing century it will be as happily discovered, and as confidently asserted, that there is no such thing!

F

Each

Each defect is our own, as we feed the disaster ;
 When the ulcer would spread we should think of a plaster !
 Who should marvel the world's got more mad since its
 birth ?

Since 't is prov'd that the Moon edges nearer the Earth ?
 Thus Reason each day 'll be more amply defeated,
 As the brains in our skulls are more addled and heated !
 He who err'd at the morn, in the eve becomes bolder,
 And PRESUMPTION gains ground as the Globe becomes
 older.

A WONDERFUL EPISODE * !

—non vincere possit

Flumina, si contra quam rapit unda, natet.

WHAT is all this ? what generates this pöther ?
 Am I myself ? or am I but another ?

* This exclamation was written to resist the lamenting, fulsome, and preposterous articles, with which the journals were recently pestered, upon the presumed threats of Mr. KEMBLE to retire from the Stage. If a Foreigner had perused these absurd paragraphs, he must have imagined that the Drama superseded every other consideration in this Country, and that Mr. KEMBLE was the common God of our Idolatry ; that all the Community were in tears from Portland-place to Limehouse-höle ; and that nothing could be well if he was ill. The Physicians of the day seized upon the event to cover their want of perception, and insisted that the general woe had created a new disease in the system, which they denominated the *Kemble-phobia*. The Pharmacopolists of the Metropolis turned the incident most adroitly to their own advantage, by making it the medium to vend their stale drugs ; and we had, during the *mania*, Kemble-purges, Kemble-vomits, Kemble-anodynes, Kemble-blisters, and Kemble-glysters ! The usual squabbles of Mr. Fox to get into power, and Mr. PITT to retain it, were wholly absorbed in this primary calamity — nay, some of this Gentleman's parasites carried their folly so far, as to hint at the necessity of a general mourning, on an event so highly important and disastrous !

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The Sun's eclips'd—*Luna* vindictive rules—
 Chaos is come, and Plenty suckles fools :
 Portentous flashes o'er the horizon peep,
 And Earth fills up the bason of the deep :
 Fate is o'erthrown—the *Parca*'ve lost their shears—
 The Law its sting—and Equity her ears :
 The Monk pollutes his cowl—the Arts decline,
 And Bacchus mixes water with his wine :
 The Covenant is stolen from the Ark ;
 The Passions knit and solace in the dark ;
 Atoms by adverse atoms are annoy'd,
 And vegetation's radix is destroy'd :
 The IRELANDS blubb'ring o'er their iron chest
 Wash from each MS. sentiment and jest :
 The lustrous gem is dimm'd within the mine,
 And happiness, this week, oh Hell, is thine !
Utopia's had a *lavement* for the bile,
 And thunders all its filth upon our Isle :
 Cæsar demands, from his Tartarean den,
 What has reduc'd his glory among men :
 Astonish'd rivers to their sources roll,
 And ices, melting, liquify the pole :
 Perturbed matrons burn their husbands' breeches,
 EARDLEY abhors his pork, and ROLLE his riches :
 Death and his attributes eschew Disease,
 And Bedfordbury hallows all its fleas :
 Th' Apollo on the roof of Drury starts,
 And calls on Heav'n to give him better parts :
 The North-Wind skulks—Ceres suspends the dews—
 Pride leaves St. James's, and our youth the stews :

Italia's skies are overspread with gloom,
 And even PITT is fearful of his doom :
 The Court of Common Council pinch their guts,
 And all the Governesses maul their sluts :
 Blockheads are jubilant, and Worth decays,
 And PYE prefers a night-cap to the bays :
 The *Bas-bleu* virgins in their conclave shriek ;
 Old Q. bethumbs his manual once—a week :
 Russia's battalions shrink at Mercy's nod,
 And SPENCER'S Dutchess curtsies to her God !
Tumuli yawn—the Serpent's lost its wiles—
 Beauty her loveliness—and Mirth its smiles :
 Each Sense has had a paralytic stroke ;
 Love's in the dumps, and Momus hates his joke :
 Physic is scratching his oppressive head ;
 The harvest's blighted, and sweet Peace is dead :
The Bird befouls his nest—the Senate's mad—
 JOHN WILKES looks straight—and Philomela's glad :
 BURKE foams no more, the Treasury is full,
 And WINDHAM heals the buttocks of JOHN BULL :
 Charity's nipples are, with milking, sore,
 And Britain's daughters hate that fruit they bore :
 Justice has dropt her balance—Virtue's craz'd—
 Fashion's convuls'd, and Apathy's amaz'd :
 Each orbit's fretted by its kindred Star,
 And Mars foregoes the issue of the war :
 Space is contracting—Honor flies his friends—
 The roses wither, and th' Equator bends :
 Neptune ingulphs whole navies in despair ;
 Fish quit the billows, and the fowl the air :

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The Elements commingle in a jig ;
 Envy is blithe, and Fate has burnt his wig :
 Flora beseeches you'd resmell her flowers,
 And Time asks Jove to reproduce his hours :
 The taylor loaths his cabbage—Fraud her lies—
 The Priest his tithe, and JOSEPH BANKS his flies !
 The wearied soul begins to doubt its functions,
 D. LEAKE his pill, and GREGORY his unctions ;
 The beardless Ensign now disdains to swagger,
Melpomene has sold her bowl and dagger ;
Thalia dramatizes SAWNEY BEAN,
 And undertakers' mutes usurp the scene ;
 The mice have bell'd the cat—the bawds increase ;
 The nation's Cabinet are turn'd to—geese ;
 Judges are metamorphos'd into wigs,
 Prelates to owls, and Aldermen to pigs ;
 Hawks feed those chicks whose mothers they have slain,
 And bring them oats and barley from Mark-lane ;
 Batavians wish their provinces undamm'd ;
 Our girls are moody, and our churches cramm'd ;
 Old men forget to prate of earlier times,
 And Barristers (when fee'd) to soften crimes ;
 The Pedagogues in pickle soak their rods,
 The younglings shake, and *Gallia* braves her Gods ;
 Virtue is copper-bottom'd—Truth's with child,
 The kernel of creation's crack'd and spoil'd ;
 The *Horæ* dance the hay—the wise presume,
 Fortune is just, and Sloth is at the loom ;
Spring execrates Favonius and his bands,
 And *Summer*'s banish'd Ceres from her lands ;

Autumn rejects his cider, sheaves, and fruits,
 And *Winter*'s sold his jacket and his boots;
 The *Zodiac*'s all unhing'd—the *Signs* are curst,
 And adverse Fate has made the best the worst;
 The *Crab* belam'd begs alms in every street,
 The *Bull*'s cut up to victual Britain's fleet;
Aquarius hisses loud in Etna's crater,
 The *Scorpion* lurks in BLEWIT's *pia mater*;
 The *Archer*'s hung for killing fallow deer,
 The *Ram* is sheer'd for drinking *Hebe*'s beer;
 The *Fishes* stink on *Kittermaster*'s stall,
 The *Scales* are hid by rogues in Leadenhall;
 The *Twins* have buffeted—the *Goat* is rude,
 The *Lion*'s timid, and the *Virgin*'s lewd!
 E'en nymphs forgive the icy swains who scorn'd 'em,
 And husbands every rakehell who had horn'd 'em;
 The fatting Nile suppresses all its worms,
 And either hemisphere takes other forms;
 The Nuns of Quedlingberg are mann'd and married,
Faith wears new spectacles, and *Hope*'s miscarried!
 The Ether's foggy—STRATHMORE's kill'd her cats!
 And all the Maids of Honor sell—old hats!
 "Oh day and night, but this is wondrous strange!
 "Who sees Oblivion—will the Planets change?
 "Not thus," said Fame, "but tell an iron age
 "That great JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE leaves the stage!
 "Look on Parnassus, 't will exceed belief;
 "Lo, every Muse is tipsey with her grief:
 "Phœbus no more'll illume his adust throngs,
 "He's broke his lantern and he's torn his songs.

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To this the wench could nothing add, but sighs,
And tears, which ran like cat'racts, from her eyes.

MORAL REFLECTION.

If such the woe, as KEMBLE will retire,
What would the world were PUNCH consum'd by fire?

Oh much-injured PUNCH—thou indefinite droll—
Thou monarch of mummers—thou lord of the soul!
Come, come from thy haunts, be the Muse no more grim,
Give a point to our laughter—a tone to our whim:
If 'mong your great grannies, the Dryads, you stray;
If posing the fiddlers on Bart'lemew's day:
If indulging chaste blisses with *Joany* thy spouse,
And bestowing thy joys where you offer'd your vows;
If enfolding her stout heart of oak in your arms,
And begetting young Jokes on her exquisite charms!
Ah think, truant PUNCH, what a wife you have got,
She punts not at Pharo, nor growls at her lot;
When you're burnt, that is, damn'd, this exemplary dame,
Like a Gentoo, will beg to be thrown in the flame;
All the Proctors would scorch her with satanic ire,
And with marriage indentures maintain the hot fire;
No pharmacopœia is search'd 'cause she faints,
As the *nails* and the *worms* make up all her complaints;
In her wooden *fiacre* she cheerful can ride,
Her wheelbarrow's untax'd, and her chuck is her guide:
Though surrounded by *noblesse*, and conj'rors, and quacks,
Who would philter her broth and her morals relax,
Indignant, though dumb, she has parried a host,
And remain'd irresponsive, as deaf as a post;

She

To

She 'd no curious spirit that led her to rue,
But remain'd quite content with that deed you could do:
Would our ladies were thus, and could lead such meek
lives!

How would Hymen rejoice had his vot'ries such wives!
No sarcasms would then chain his heaven-caught powers!
Then our youth would seek women, not merely their
dowers!

All hail wedded Love!—may those ecstasies be
As common to all as to *Joany* and thee!
May civilians decay and our patience increase,
And the sneers at thy statutes and privilege cease.—
If cracking a pun on the bumpkins at fairs;
If shewing thy breech to the world and its cares;
If bruising the Demon with more christian zeal
Than the Dean and the Chapter could practise or feel;
If lain on a shelf in a garret to sleep;
If o'er FLOCKTON's manes you whimper and weep;
If sojourning with JOBSON you make scenic sport;
If tickling the ladies in Solomon's court;
In short, be where you may, blazen forth and instruct us,
And define what is true, and correct and induct us;
Translate, for the use of our primest Tragedians,
Our Protagonists, Larrons, *Fluteurs*, and Comedians,
All the sapient stuff in *Quintilian's* relation,
Of manner, inflection, grace, force, intonation:
Render *Scaliger*, *Lucian*, and *Diodor. Siculus*,
Julius Pollux, and *Pliny*, whom they think ridiculous;
The *Stagyrite*, *Vossius*, and such classic boys,
As agreeably to them as their dammes and noise;

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Bid them quit their vagaries and act up to rule—
 Do this, my good PUNCH, as 'tis you've been at school;
 Mark the precincts, 'yond which none should go with
 a jest,
 And stalk like an aleph preceding the rest.

Miss WALLIS.—C. G.

WHAT elegant spinster exhilarates the sight?
 'Tis my tremulous WALLIS, so dear to delight!
 A calm dignity marks her, like N. POUSSIN's thought!
 A calm radiance, like skies such as CLAUDE LORRAINE
 wrought!

This, this is the nymph whom the good have carest,
 Like a Grace from her toilette, or Virtue well-drest:
 'Tis Simplicity's* self that's rush'd into the mart,
 Though her geer's pinn'd on aptly, accordant with art:

* There are few circumstances, not immediately connected with morality, that create more pain in a reflective mind than the increasing disrespect for the interests of simplicity:—We seem hastening towards a period when a gothic mist will obscure the general vision—when the elegant sciences shall be superseded by the *geogaro* and the *rattle*. How infinitely should that being be honored who would lead us from the depravities of littleness, and restore that dominion to truth which has been progressively arrested from her by surreptitious agents, and debasing art!

Among the minor obligations of life I think the preservation of DELICACY the most considerable:—in the Pagan days of ideal personification, she was not thought sufficiently momentous to be arranged as a *Virtue*; yet, with a proper deference to the discernment of the Ancients, I will affirm, that if she is not an admitted *Virtue*, her approximation is unquestionable. The honors of this Deity (for I will have her deified) are exclusively committed to the custody of the Ladies, and there I hope they will remain as free from pollution as the mysteries of the BONA DEA.

In

In her deed we're less forward to blame than revere it,
And though she's not perfect she's something that's
near it :

She exists an example to meliorate our days,
And impels us to love when we meant but to praise.
Yet th' effects of warm praise prove the givers her foes,
As the fire seduces the thoughtless to doze.
Fulsome vanity spoils the Novitiate's deeds,
As repletion relaxes that vein which it feeds.
When the minions of arrogance rave she must slay 'em,
All may feel vain sensations, but none should display 'em.
When she acts Mrs. OAKLEY she speaks not from will,
Yet pourtrays all the vixen with exquisite skill:
In her scoffing and scolding she proves she *can* feel ;
Her rebukes are well chain'd, and her rage is—genteel ;
Yet she lacks all that arrow-fraught point of the eye
Which illustrates what's seen, and marks more than
we spy ;

And too oft overdoes, what was meant, in wild freaks,
As a cur, in a hurry, o'erruns what it seeks !

'Tis in acting, like sleep—or in art—or our food—

'Tis not *much*, but 't is *what*, makes th' economy good :

Tho' there are, before whom, to be just, would seem ill,
Who are vulgar in habitude, gesture, and will.

In the *Guardian* her *Harriet* will charm, if not true,

'Tis befitting her powers—'t is what *she* can do :

Her confessions are mark'd by such feminine grace,

She's a Dian in thought with a seraphic face ;

Yet, unfolding her passion, methinks, the young creature

Is polish'd too high for the interests of nature ;

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Like some orient linen, sent BENFIELD or BOYD,
 Her sense seems too fine to be truly enjoy'd;
 And if sheet, or if shirt, though permitted to wear it,
 We're afraid to be free lest that freedom should tear it!
 Her nerve seems a nerveling—her act but in part,
 And she's nought which appears as full grown but—her
 heart:

I would she could borrow, that is, for the scene,
La Parisienne's airs and her non-descript mien*;
 'T would

* THE FRENCH DRAMA.

The origin of the Theatre of France was in the year 1200, when the *Troubadours* introduced a sort of irregular Drama in Provence, but it was not until the year 1384 that it assumed any feature of regularity; and the first unquestioned instance of such a performance was in 1398, when the mystery of the Passion was represented at *St. Maur*. In 1313, PHILIP the Fair gave a magnificent feast, to which he invited the King of England; when, among other diversions, the *Comics* represented *the joys of the blessed in Heaven, and the punishments of the damned*. During these exhibitions, the Theatre represented Paradise, Hell, Heaven, and Earth at once; and though the action varied, there was no change in the decorations. After an Actor had performed his part, he retired to a corner of the stage, and sat there in full view of all the Spectators. The Farce Players were then held to be infamous persons, and none were allowed even to bring them before a court of justice!—In 1402, CHARLES VI. granted the Actors Letters Patent, and made them a part of the Royal Household, and they built the Theatre of the Hospital of the Holy Trinity, where they acted, during the space of one hundred and fifty years, pieces of mystery and piety, under the common title of *Moralities*.—In 1518, FRANCIS I. confirmed all their privileges; and they were re-ratified by HENRY II. in 1559, and CHARLES IX. in 1563, when they assumed a fraternal coat of arms (*viz.* an escutcheon supported by two angels, on which were represented a cross, and other instruments of the Passion). Their Drama remained in a barbarous state until PETER CORNEILLE, who was born in 1606. The *Cid*, the *Horace*, and the *Cinna* of that great man awakened the audience to a knowledge of beauty and truth. *Racine* imitated his predecessor, and established the model of good Tragedy in France; but to perfect Comedy a *Moliere* was still

'T would enliven, upraise her, and quicken her action,
As by rubbing the magnet we strengthen attraction.
Some audiences rise from a dramatic treat,
As some *gourmands* feel blest, yet not know what they eat.

One

still wanting, who appeared in Paris in 1658, and by his correct genius restored the dignity of Thalia. LOUIS XIV. in order to repress the indecencies of an audience in a Theatre, ordered that every person who behaved riotously should be kept in prison for a year and a day. The custom of standing in the pit is not very ancient. The first Opera sung in Paris was in 1645, by order of CARDINAL MAZARINE, and the performers were Italians. The first French Opera was acted in 1672. The most popular and chaste author they have had since the death of LOUIS XIV. is VOLTAIRE, who has written so ignorantly, audaciously, and falsely of our immortal SHAKESPEARE. To him succeeded Dramatists of an inferior order, such as DIDEROT, MERCIER, and BEAUMARCHAIS.

Since the late wonderful Revolution, their Theatres, and other places of entertainment, have put on a new character: as their State is more liberal, their flippancy is more unbounded; and, whatever may be the influence of such a mighty change upon humanity in general, we do not think that the morality or economy of their Drama is rendered more perfect.

SPECTACLES OF PARIS IN 1797, and which are open almost every Day.

Le Theatre des Arts, formerly the Opera, Rue de la Loi, formerly Richlieu, at the corner of the Rue de Louvois. The room is new. Concerts are performed at this place, and the principal singer is Rousseau.

L'Odeon, formerly the Hall of the Theatre Francais, in the Fauxbourg de St. Germain, a spectacle projected by Dorfeuille for the purpose of reviving, with the utmost possible splendor, the standard pieces of the old French Stage.

Le Theatre de la Rue Feydeau, formerly les Bouffons Italiens. The performances here are French Comedy and Opera, and Concerts, at which Garat and Madame Scio are singers. Mole, Fleury, Mademoiselle Comtat, Lange, &c. &c. play at this Theatre.

Le Theatre de'Opera Comique National, formerly Les Italiens, Rue Favart. Here are exhibited the Comic Opera and French Pieces as in 1790. Mesdames Duganon and St. Aubin, M. M. Philippe and Michu, are still the principal actors.

Le Theatre de la Republique, formerly Les Variétés Amusantes,

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One would think, like some hordes in Siberia, they
 Were denied their perception one half of the day!
 When on serious occasions her sentiment flows,
 She looks wholly absorb'd by inveterate woes;

And

Rue de Richelieu. The same Actors and Pieces as in 1792 still continue. A division of the Company des Francais still perform here, Talma, Mesdames Vestris, Desgarcins, &c.

Le Theatre Lirique des Ames de la Patrie, formerly Le Theatre de la Rue de Louvois. The Actors of the Theatre Francais, who formerly performed Tragedy there, are about to join the party of this Theatre under the auspices of Mademoiselle Racourt, who continues to direct the undertaking.

Le Theatre du Vaudeville at the Pantheon, Rue de Chartres, continues as in 1792.

Le Theatre de la Citoyenne Montansier, Maison Egalité, formerly le Theatre de Beaujolais in the Palais Royal.

Le Theatre d'Emulation, formerly les Grands Danseurs du Roi, or Theatre de Nicolet, on the Bouvelards of the Temple.

L'Ambigu Comique, or Theatre d'Audinot, on the Bouvelards.

Le Theatre de la Cité Varietés, formerly Theatre d'Henry IV. opposite the old Palais de Justice. At this Theatre is represented l'Interieur des Cometés Revolutionnaires. Upon the 13th of December was exhibited a superb Pantomime in three Acts, called Les Tentations, or Tous les Diables; with a Prologue called the Council of Lucifer.

Le Theatre de la Rue Martin, formerly le Theatre de Moliere; managed by the Representative Boursault.

Le Theatre des Jeunes Artistes, Rue de Bondi.

Le Theatre des Varietés Amusantes, Boulevards of the Temple.

Ombres Chinoises, et Feux Arabesques, by Seraphin, Maison Egalité.

Amphitheatre National; or, Equestrian Exercises, by Francoini, formerly Astley's. A new Pantomime, called Don Quixote, in which horse and foot are introduced, is at present performed.

BALLS.

The following are the principal balls:

At the Maison Richelieu, price three livres each Gentleman, or two Ladies.

At the Maison d'Aligre, Rue Orleans-Honoré, by Ruggierri, price three livres.

G

And seems, as the tears o'er her eyelids are creeping,
Like a willow that grows for the purpose of weeping;
And 'tis sure an offence 'gainst Propriety's laws,
To o'ercharge by extremes such a half-passion'd cause!

Yet

At the Maison des Thuilleries, Rue Honoré, where Krasa performs upon the instrument du Parnasse.

At Lucquet's, Rue Etienne, price two livres each.

At the Maison Mauduit, Rue Poissoniere.

At Loiseau's, Rue des Prouvaires.

At Marechal's, Rue de la Jussienne.

At the Place Vendome, at Guillet's, &c. &c.

Nothing can exceed the blaze of decoration with which their spectacles are now graced. Fashion being relieved from the uniform *coupure* which the influence of Court example constantly enjoined, the inventive imagination takes unbounded scope; and while the men appear with studied negligence of dress, all the repertories of ancient times, the classical as well as the barbarous ages of man, all the countries and climes of the earth, are ransacked to give variety and attraction to female attire. In this pursuit they are restrained by no considerations of decorum, nor abashed by any admonitions of delicacy. Whatever is requisite to the display of the character which a fine woman assumes for the day, the metamorphosis is perfect; and in the latitude of this immorality, decency is outraged by disguises so meretricious.

Accordingly some weeks ago we find that the *chemise* was regarded as an enemy to the true *taille* and *tournure* of the person on account of its plaits, and a *jupon* of taffeta was introduced, which adapting itself to the body, should mark and identify the shape.

At their balls, instead of the stocking and shoe, a silk pantaloon was adopted with toes, and to this the ancient *sock* was tied, being a mere *sole* without any thing on the upper part of the feet: in this dress, "the many-twinkling feet" of the Poet might well be applied, for they wore *diamonds* on their toes.

One of the French Journals thus describes the last Concert at the Theatre Rue Feydeau.

"It is not till towards the middle of the Concert that the retained boxes are filled. Then the *coup d'ail* becomes singular. You see suspended out of the boxes, thousands of arms, uncovered, not merely to the elbow, but *a la naissance de l'épaule* (the shoulder-blade). These arms are ornamented with diamonds, pearls, and gold trinkets.—You see plumes, diadems, and head-dresses so brilliant and rich, that one of them would maintain a hundred creditors of the State for a twelvemonth."

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Yet where can we view what the Muse says should be?

Not in either battalions, with you or with me.

E'en the SIDDONS, who best can th' attention engage,

Will storm the swoln bosom with—ludicrous rage!

Lo, she lifts up her huge-muscled arm in the air,

As if she would drive the couch'd Sense in despair;

It is not enough to make us admire the *arm*, we must judge of all their other attractions. They stand up in the front of the boxes—they display the collars, chains, zones, and ornaments, the riches of which surpass every idea that the imagination can raise. You can mark every lineament of the form, and you see that linen is absolutely proscribed.

All the Journalists in opposition to the Directory at Paris, celebrate, in terms of the most voluptuous eloquence, the luxury that now reigns in the circles of that extraordinary Metropolis. Under the masque of affected censure, and pretending to scandalize the manners of the day, they give daily pictures of the elegance and fancy—the capricious taste—the audacious levity—and the captivating licence which the women give to fashion at the Concerts of the Rue Feydeau, and of the Theatre des Arts. We suspect that it is another *ruse de guerre*; for no expedient could have been invented, in the present state of European society, better calculated to engender an universal desire of the return of peace.—The very scandal of these reports is favourable to their views; for it inflames the giddy of every nation with the desire of visiting this revived Temple of Pleasure; and as to the emigrant French, who over their embers, and even in their most bitter execrations on the authors of their misery, have ever concluded with a shrug, “that France was the first country in the universe”—these reports intoxicate their hearts. They would to a man encounter the peril of the guillotine for the chance of enjoying again, even for a time, the fascinating delights of Paris.

How is it possible to resist such enchanting spectacles?—The Drama and the Concert are neglected, while the men are debating to whom to give the apple as the meed of beauty. The suffrages were recently divided between Mademoiselle Lange and Madame Tallien—the Helen and Phryne of the nation. The first, with a long sleeve that covered her arm, concealed under a large hat of rose colour, a modest face, though too much painted. The other recalled the antiquity of the Republic, founded by Brutus; she was drest like a Roman lady; but not like one of those matrons whose principal attire was their native modesty.—*Jan. 4, 1797.*

Backs her limb o'er her breast as if going to box ;
 Break a perjur'd knight's jaw, or discomfit an ox ;
 And the louder she roars and sweet Reason destroys,
 The more keenly the *beastly Spectator* enjoys ;
 'Till th' illusion's all bliss, like the good when they dream,
 And the heroine's dragg'd off in a screech or a scream !
 What can censors effect 'mid the thunder of fools ?
 Who would pencil an axiom when *Sirius* rules ?
 Modern Tragedy stalks o'er the ashes of Wit,
 Disproportion'd to Truth and for Morals unfit :
 'Tis a lucid exertion of methodiz'd madness ;
 'Tis the issue of Fraud, and the caudle of Sadness ;
 'Tis a monster dependant on Fallacy's skill,
 Which Nature ne'er knew, and 't is hop'd never will ;
 'Tis as hideous to me as th' apocryphal chapter,
 MUN BURKE in a fit, or JOHN WILKES in a rapture !

She may think this is harsh, as alas ! the young ear,
 Shuts up all its caves from the tongue that's sincere.
 Some a principle scorn, who, when wiser, will love it,
 As with some Time's a torment, which dying they'll
 covet.

True Critics, though stern, will eventually bless,
 As the dew aids the flow'ret it seems to depress !

In this region of Folly, Imposture, and Guilt,
 Where Renown on a basis of baeness is built,
 Where men become titled as Honor's vain frogs,
 Whom I'd scarce, if transmuted, admit as my dogs ;
 Where SCOUNDREL REVIEWERS, whom Scoundrels re-
 ward,

All that's noble depress, and sell Fame by the yard :

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Who can marvel that man before Villainy quakes !
 That the mob, like Egyptians, will deify snakes !
 When we prate of admiring such glow-worms on fire,
 Let us argue the state of those things that admire !

Admiration depends not on beauty or truth,
 On prowess, or sapience, or glory, or youth ;
 'Tis a weed, an exotic, that grows in the mind,
 And oft proves the soil is to wisdom unkind ;
 No steady direction its influence owns,
 But shines, like Light's beam, on our Madams and *Joans*.
 PITT's admir'd by WINDHAM, and he by TOM STEELE,
 He by others, if others less gifted can feel :
 E'en CURTIS, when Prætor, and greasing his gills,
 Cits beheld as a God charming denizens' ills.
 When the PIMP from his rais'd Magisterial chair
 (Though I'm pos'd how the de'el he could ever get
 there),

Stamps and bullies the Virtues, and outrages Law,
 There are, who regard the mean miscreant with awe !
 It is Terror adds might to each crawler it sees ;
 Thus a Lobster appears an Almighty to—FLEAS !

Mr. SEDGWICK.—D. L.

WHEN this Island is agoniz'd o'er to know what
 Is achiev'd by the Austrians, and all that—is not ;
 When the breath of the North binds the Elbe and its
 streams,
 And the Packet's lock'd in, full of embryo schemes ;
 Then the Hope of the Realm 'gins to sicken and pout,
 Till by Labor and Art the clogg'd vessel's cut out ;

With intelligence pregnant it breaks the salt tide,
 And we gain that by Toil which cold Nature denied!
 'Tis e'en thus with our Players; we've many who seem
 To have frost-bitten minds, and who rave in a dream!
 All the functions of Reason lie still and unwrought,
 And the animal speaks, independent of thought;
 Let Instruction commence th' intellectual thaw,
 Till the eye of the mind opes and sees Honor's law;
 Then the annats will make the Professor carest,
 Your coffers more priz'd—the Profession more blest!

Behold, chain'd in spirit, and chill'd by his fears,
 Gentle SEDGWICK steals onward to solace our ears.
 Pr'ythee is it not wondrous a frame so well knit,
 Should appear so alarm'd 'fore the Muse and her Wit?
 Let not indistinct sneers or bold laughter confound him;
 He's in truth so abash'd that he cannot look round him:
 To the right or the left, he'll not face it, or venture;
 Like the Ottoman chiefs he'll but war with the centre:
 Like a statue, oracular, mouthing, and local,
 He appears a Soothsayer melodiously vocal;
 Foretelling a wreck, like those hags who live nor'ward,
 While, like TOM SKINNER's deeds, all his lays are strait
 forward;

But the ditty scarce ended, he'll turn tail and hie
 In such haste that he'll scarce bid his compeers good bye!
 How QUIN * would have roar'd at this clangous career!
 How he'd mouth'd that the Muse was so crucified here!
 And, like blust'ring Ornithiæ, brought pain to the ear!

Go

* When QUIN was performing the part of *Balance* in the *Recruiting Officer*, with Mrs. WOFFINGTON, who played the part of

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Go to Nature, and tell her I say she's a gipsey,
 As she fashions one half of her bipeds when tipsy;
 Bid her send me some elements, congruous with merit—
 But, alas! there's no fuel can make a new Spirit!
 Zounds, fetch me a crucible, I'll poze the Dame,
 For I'll bake up some dozens shall bring her to shame.
 But the Sun is too brilliant for weakly-nerv'd eyes,
 And the lowly in heart will feel pain'd when they rise!
 'Tis with men as with timber, some grandly aspire
 To sweep Heaven's blue vault, and be warm'd by Sol's
 fire;
 Court the blast and the tempest, like impious craz'd dolts,
 Until ireful Jove rives their limbs with his bolts;
 Then unmoan'd see those branches decay which they'd
 cherish'd,
 Shew the stump, and vaunt loudly that greatly they'd pe-
 rish'd!
 While others, like underwood, shrink in the vale,
 And, though prostrate, are glad they e'en thus 'scape the
 gale:
 No disgust shakes their fibres—Despair never wrung 'em,
 Though efts, toads, and fungi, engender among 'em!

Miss MELLON.—D. L.

WHEN a *Teniers* is copied, and brought to a sale,
 All th' Original's fame makes but sick'ning prevail:

of his Daughter—being inebriate, he addressed her thus:—"Sylvia,
 how old were you when your Mother was *married*?"—"What,
 Sir?" said the Actress tittering.—"Pshaw!" said he, "I mean how
 old were you when your Mother was *born*?"—"I regret, Sir,
 that I cannot answer you precisely upon either of those questions,
 but I can tell you, if that is necessary, how old I was when my
 Mother *died*!"

Though

As unfinish'd animals, cramp't will appear ;
 Like the weak beldam's pride, who 'd a sow with one ear ;
 Like the Paduan medals such efforts are priz'd,
 Till the cause has been seen, then such things are despis'd.
 They are immature feats scarce deserving a stipend ;
 She's been pluck'd for our use ere the fruit has been ripen'd :

She's too fond of the Prompter, to manage her part,
 And inclines to P. S. with a tremulous heart ;
 As old cits will believe, in the blaze of the Sun,
 When they 've got out of sight of St. Paul's they 're undone !

Not the jubilant kidling on Cambria's cragg'd hills
 Sarabands more adroit than this deft when she wills ;
 How skittsih, altivolant, cranky, and fleet !
 Is she still in her sleep ? don't she leap in the sheet ?
 She appears as a lass with conceit overweening ;
 She's too dashing and daring for conquest or meaning.
 Who would give him a match to discharge heavy guns,
 Who knew engineering as little as Huns ?
 Those know who enact, without giving offence,
 That the flirtings of nymphs are dependent on sense :
 That to wriggle and giggle, and twist like a screw,
 Will the sentiment mar, and sweet Nature undo.
 Those gay emanations but move us to praise,
 When the deeds are an issue from Wit's polish'd lays.

Could Prettiness do all she wishes, alone,
 She might sit as incumbent on Fame's glassy throne :
 Her rapture is magic—Care's torrent she stems,
 Like the mask of young Laughter reliev'd from rich gems.

Or

As

Or delectable GOOCH *, who Elysium imparts,
 Whose wit shakes presumption, who chains human hearts ;
 Who breathes all the sweets of the East in a kiss,
 Who 's so high charg'd with joy she can agonize bliss :

Her

* ELIZA GOOCH is the only surviving branch of the very respectable family of the VILLA REALS, who were nearly allied by consanguinity to the noble house of MONCKTON. As she ripened to an adult her beauty became proverbial, and her graces the point of admiration.

When the too sensible heart of this elegant victim became first agitated by passion, her virgin predilections taught her to look on a young and gallant Scotchman with a partial eye. The powerful contagion of love was communicated to both parties, by those undescribable agents of Sympathy who electrically convey a mutual desire through the medium of feeling. The enamoured twain met, and vowed eternal affection ; but each assignation was stolen, while the vigilance of an obdurate mother slept.

Not the *Cilician* saffron, or the Arabian incense, were so grateful to the olfactory nerves of the Roman immolator, as the vow of constancy from fraudulent youth to the wide ear of the believing maid :—the delicious poison insinuates itself through every part of her system ; and all her passions and senses are held in bondage by Love !—She thinks all true that seems so, and flattery more amiable than discretion. The weak, fluttering, captive spinster gazes and gazes, until the object of her admiration becomes a demi-god ; she thinks him more than human—he walks before her eyes like another *Anthony* in his *Melibæan* purple ; she wishes for an empire only to give it him who has shaken the peace of her bosom—and even disregards the obsequies of Honor, while the ideal chain is unbroken which attaches her to the author of her woes !

What is not to be, will not ; their venial stratagems were discovered, and the luxuriant commerce was terminated for ever. With a watery eye and a heavy heart, the wounded nymph was rapidly conveyed from the hospitable mansion of her fathers, to Bath.—In vain did the favoring Sylphs labor to oppose the sentiment of her enraged parent—In vain did they remove the trinkets necessary to ostentation, and the drapery necessary to personal comfort !—all could not avail.

Among the myriad who prostrated themselves at the feet of the accomplished VILLA REAL, was a gentleman of the name of GOOCH—he had rank and fortune to recommend him to the mother ; his recommendations to the daughter were too limited to

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Her bright hazel orbs irresistibly roll ;
 Their pure lambent beams pierce the core of the soul !
 Ah me ! shall rude Time all the Pleasures oppose ?
 Dare he sweep from her cheek Beauty's loveliest rose ?
 Will Fate seize the banquet that gluts every sense ?
 Will the urchin of Cyprus permit the offence ?
 Shall the issue of Heaven, in common, decay,
 And her sweets close in night like a frail Summer's day ?

Mr. *BRAHAM*.—D. L.

FROM chanting hosannahs to Israel's God ;
 From the Rabbi's reproach and Levitical rod ;
 From the daughters of Salem, their wiles and their gibes ;
 From the gallows of Haman that frightens the tribes ;
 From th' ingenious venders of wax that ne'er seals ;
 From *depots* of stray goods which the holder ne'er steals ;
 From merchants in wine that's eternally sour ;
 From dealers in Watches that ne'er kept an hour ;

be noticeable ; it was a fixed circumstance that she *must* be immediately married, and considering the event as a sacrifice, she was careless as to the object ; her antipathies towards Mr. GOOCH were not *then* greater than any she felt towards his Bath rivals, and, with this negative preference, she consented to kneel before the Communion Table, and, in the intervention of her sighs, mutter *love, honor, and obey*.

From such an union of two bodies, with two minds estranged, what could be expected but what occurred ? So great an infringement of all those delicate *rights of the heart* (which will remain, let tyrant Prescription do what it may), was productive of that species of torment which insensibly gnaws the frame without the disorder being manifest.

This polished inconstant has now passed the *Rubicon* of juvenility ; and may the shattered remnant of her being placidly decay, with Hope on her right hand, and Resignation on her left !

From

He's a vocal unique—the suspender of pain,
The envy of rascals, their food and their bane;
 When he breathes his divisions and liquidly soars,
 Frigid Science first hears, then bows low and adores!
 E'en the dust of our fathers embodies to peep,
 And the Sepulchre's tenantry shake off their sleep;
 The tigress, though famish'd, abandons her prey,
 And Sol stops, and gives Britain additional day!

Inconsiderate wight, shun the minion of Vice,
 Bid thy ~~roe~~ view thy bosom, then let you speak twice;
 Thou 'st fill'd not thy coffers with prostitutes' coin,
 Nor arrested the victim he 'd liv'd to purloin;
 Thou hast gull'd no loose friend, ta'en in drink, with
 dice cogg'd,

No poor infants will curse thee—thy soul is unclogg'd;
 Thou hast given no wife to the tooth of Disease;
 Thou hast liv'd not in state on a courtesan's fees;
 Nor denied, when implor'd by the sick-plunder'd ninny,
 To smooth her death-bed with the loan of a guinea;

Castle of Andalusia, which was then called *The Banditti*, the favorite air of *The Hardy Sailor* was struck out by the Manager; which the late meritorious Mrs. KENNEDY hearing, who was the original *Alphonso*, she complained bitterly to Mr. HARRIS, who reluctantly restored it for trial in compliment to her entreaty; and on the first night's representation it was loudly encored by the audience with particular zeal, and saved the Opera. Mr. Cumberland, who was behind the scenes during the representation, was so enraptured with it, that he declared to Mr. Davies, if the composer, Dr. ARNOLD, had never done any thing else, that air, in his judgment, was sufficient to ensure the immortality of his fame as a Musical Composer. This anecdote is inserted to prove, among many other instances, how very cautious a Manager should be ere he exercises the pruning-knife upon an untried Drama.

H

You'll

You'll not, dying, cry out, as hell's BEAUFORT once cried,
For that mercy and justice as man he denied;
You've seduc'd no poor nymphs from their home and de-
light,

Then left them to rot on a threshold at night;
You have not dishonor'd *your* country by deeds
At which manhood recoils—at which Dignity bleeds;
The good will not stamp on *your* ashes when dead;
The Cyclops are forging no bolts for *your* head;
You have trod on no wretch by Calamity rent;
You have bravo'd no servant who dare not resent:
'Tis the vapouring alone who desert Honor's need,
As the valiant in heart are the meekest in deed!
If the miscreant breathes, let all mankind rise up,
And throw chains round his act and embitter his cup;
Mark him out when he steals through the world to trepan,
And in audible accents roar, THOU ART THE MAN!!!
Go tell the mean vermin who toil to defame thee,
Who'd ensnare thee, and hough thee, and blight thee,
and maim thee,

That they cannot, they shall not accel'rate thy fall:
Be but true to yourself, you're superior to all!

While a knave is preparing to poison his neighbour,
The just Gods, in revenge, twist the course of his labor;
Make his cunning his curse—till egregiously led,
All that shame he would give is recoil'd on his head:
As some dream they are wetting all those whom they
list,

But, on waking to truth, feel themselves as bep—st.

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Miss GOUGH.—C. G.

WHEN the radii of Phœbus insinuate morn,
 And the slumbers of Echo are burst by the horn ;
 When a southerly breeze and a warm smoky fog
 Give the slot of the buck to the nerve of the dog ;
 Though begirt on a steed of high blood, bone, and fire,
 Fair SAL'SBURY dashes through copse, brake, and mire :
 Yells deep *tally-ho* till her note skims the vales,
 And seuds neck and neck with the fleetest of gales ;
 Spurns the turf, and the dirt, and the pebbles around her,
 Till Calamity doubts if *her* hate can confound her :
 Leaps the fence, scours the upland, and clears the brook's
 bed,

As Dian looks down from her orbit with dread :
 Yet nymphs lesser fibred, in doubt of *their* skill,
 Will tremble and gaze at the base of the hill ;
 And the end of their hope is to ward Ruin's blow,
 And confront the worn deer in the meadows below !
 But your wenches who hunt in the Drama for fame,
 Will *all* fly undaunted at *all* kinds of game ;
 And with fitness or not they all make the assault,
 And are ever presuming, and ever—at fault !

Full of loveliness, elegant, gorgeous, and gay,
 Wand'ring GOUGH cheers our isle like beneficent May :
 Her smile draws a fang from the jaw of my rigor—
 She is nearly as charming as TWISELTON's figure ;
 Yet those smiles I'll forget while fulfilling my trust :
 Though it's meet to be kind, yet it's great to be just.

In *Alicia* her phrenzy was ably sustain'd;
 But where she's not mad she declaim'd and she pain'd:
 Ah, how unlike CRAWFORD, the first on Fame's lists!
 Ah, how unlike POWELL—the best who exists!
 Though bald JEPHSON has cramm'd her with praise till
 she cloy'd,
 Her *Calista* was rather endur'd than enjoy'd;
 Yet the elogy only could moilder her head,
 The world heeds not such bardlings—such rhimes are
 unread:
 Such works are like canvass by daubers disgrac'd;
 We value the casing much more than th' incas'd.
 Those are sure not oblig'd by the impelling power,
 Who are led to a height to be thrown but the lower:
 When a blunderer prattles we question and sneer,
 When Wit lauds we ope wide every tube in the ear!
 Though thus she enacted—though thus she has fail'd,
 In ardent Ierne the slut was all hail'd;
 'Twas that minx yclep'd Fashion enforc'd the offence;
 Yet how futile is *Fashion* compar'd with GOOD SENSE!
 Each regenerate day brings new liliths to fright;
 Each regenerate hour gives wonders to sight;
 Though they know the attempt, not the deed, will con-
 found us,
 Yet they'll stick to our skirts, and assail and surround us;
 And, fed by Hope's pap, think, as thus they're permitted,
 That their claims, in the issue, will all be admitted;
 So impudent mendicants teaze while we're leaking,
 Till we throw them some pence to prevent them from
 speaking.

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Alas, how presumptuous is Folly's assumption?

Alas, how will Fortune sustain that presumption?

It appears that the aim to be perfect is vile,

If we judge from those monsters which breathe in this isle;

Some gutturals mouth, with a raging delight,

As Northumbrians cross-buttock their vowels in spite.

Some think driving a gig is the height of ambition,

And some demi-blindness a mark of condition;

Some imagine that nymphs are most beauteous when bulky,

And some think they're grand only when they seem sulky;

But the toil would be endless to scoff or relate

Those egregious points which reduce our estate:

But retrograde Fate damns his pristine designs,

Tears the antique behest, and blots out his own lines;

In each niche meant for Worth thrusts the Drab or the

Ninny,

Like a Birmingham rap in the mould of a guinea!

Mr. C. KEMBLE.—D. L.

WHEN a *Traiteur* demands a full crown for a dinner,

If his fowl and pig stink, you indite him a sinner;

And though ere you eat he may pocket the pence,

When his trash is gulp'd down you enrol the offence;

Thus it is with bold caitiffs who rate themselves high,

Though on trial they give all their vauntings the lie!

What stripling is this, with a Major's command?

How battalions obey when he holds up his hand!

He struts vainly charg'd as Fame ask'd for and miss'd him,

Or Endymion who'd dream'd that Diana had kiss'd him!

H 3

Oh

Alas,

Oh heavens and earth, 'tis a junior KEMBLE!
 What's the matter, dear sister, you're silent, but tremble?
 What a polypus family 'tis—how they swim,
 Like tadpoles assuming a stagnant pool's brim!
 To divide them is nought—they're so gifted 'tis plain,
 Like *vis-argent* stamp't on they'll mingle again!
 Yet Candour must own that, like mercury pills,
 If they're given with art they may qualify ill.
 But pr'ythee don't let them secrete in your system,
 If you do neither priest nor M. D. can resist 'em;
 You may purge and may puke, and may bathe and may
 sweat,
 And implore and blaspheme, and sigh, writhe, foam,
 and fret,
 Yet you'll ne'er shake them out the anatomy's net;
 There they'll nestle and sneak, and engender, and rage,
 Agonize all your joints, and embitter your age*.
 Sure his race hope to transfer those wreaths they've well
 won,
 As the Switzer's old vest goes from sire to son!
 Yet no art, no inducement, can suborn the Muse,
 And a dolt's but a dolt should he wear MOIRA's shoes;
 Disproportionate patronage clogs such weak elves,
 As some soldiers bear arms more immense than themselves.
 He's emerg'd into sight with the family phlegm,
 Like a sucker drawn forth from a parental stem;

* Vide an excellent pamphlet entitled MERCURY STARK NAKED, which has been lately published on the complicated evils of this very destructive mineral, which, under the pretence of curing a particular infection, introduces endless debility, and not unfrequently the cause of madness,

His outside's his worst part, like our fresh begrim'd eggs,
 And Fate's laid an embargo on each of his legs;
 Which denies him the deed to enforce what he feels,
 And the imposts are heaviest nearest the heels:
 Yet in parts where ingenuous youth fills the stage,
 Where the son deals around him a filial rage;
 There we cease to demand any one in his stead,
 And the attention's transferr'd from his heels to his head.
 His *BARNWELL*'s a portrait that honors his youth;
 Though not perfect 'tis something approaching to truth.

In ordinary life when a question arises,
 Between *honor* and *impulse*, as two ductile prizes,
 The party'll retire to prove which is best,
 And, comparing the *ends*, holds but *one* in request;
 Yet 'mong Actors so strange, so perverse is the mind,
 They'll stick fast to the *cause*—the *result* throw behind!
 Yet we're limited all, and 'mong even the worst,
 There are goals beyond which we cannot be accurst;
 When he's rid to that post in the rage of his calling,
 The good sense of his kindred shall keep him from falling.
 Folly flies Common Sense as a comet the sun,
 Till its weaken'd by flight and its powers thrice run;
 Then, ere wholly exhausted, it turns towards its source,
 And, from mere inability, can't become worse.

Some have said he can act, and those some will not
 yield,

Though the whole *Aristarchi* had taken the field:
 Should a medalist offer *BURKE*'s head for a tiger,
 A *Mammaa* of brass for *Pescennius Niger*;

A ham.

His

A hammer-struck *Otho* for *Claudius*' own brother ;
 Or British *BET*'s head for *Faustina the mother* ;
 How the Critic's fierce eye would scowl round on the
 cheat,
 How his bosom would swell, how his heart's pulse would
 beat !
 And yet most would he feel in opinion aggriev'd,
 To know others could think him so easy deceiv'd.
 Men are robb'd of their wealth, yet those men have not
 sigh'd,
 But none give up with temper one point of their pride.

Miss *MANSELL*.—C. G.

WITH a warm, merry heart, and a fair rotund face,
 Unsophisticate *MANSELL* stands up in her place ;
 She bounds brisk o'er the stage like a nymph of her train;
 When *Dian* rejoic'd that the savage was slain ;
 She is buxom and blandishing, blithe, beneficial,
 She is Nature's own wench, but too inartificial.
 In *Julia* her sentiment oft was undone ;
 In *Dorinda* her manners are loosely put on ;
 Though that spinster is rural in compassing marriage,
 She at least should be demi-genteel in her carriage.
 There are parts that would fit her to conquer or please,
 Where she'd edge in and dove-tail with profit and ease ;
 When the context would make her both wiser and
 stronger,
 Then her fame would mount higher—her name would
 last longer.

Bid

Bid her quit these fine ladies and burn Fashion's net,
 Let her try what she'd do in a laughing soubrette.
 Can every slut as a Countess prevail
 'Cause she's plumes on her head and silk rags at her tail?
 She was born not to fidget—she's lib'ral, she's gay,
 Her nerve has due tone, and her soul sees its way:
 I approve her because she has less of that trick
 Which young minxes put on to make Honesty sick.
 It is marv'llous as Stageists, but nine out of ten
 Of the women have less *mauvaise honte* than the men:
 It is true they've more latitude given to skill,
 They can shift and re-shift, and be e'en what they will—
 Affect to the acme of woe 'fore the Town,
 Faint precisely *half way*, but, thank God, ne'er fall
 down.

Mr. COOPER.—C. G.

WHEN a dolt takes the helm of a vessel, who knows
 Not to box the round compass, or state where it flows;
 To whom charts are confusion, and soundings mere form,
 Who is jocund 'mid breakers, and sleeps in a storm—
 The observant laugh loud, the crew hurl him from deck,
 And the bark is preserv'd from an imminent wreck.
 But, alas! with the Stage 't is presumption alone
 Can secure Pride's beast on his high mimic throne;
 Thence they issue the fiat, unsmote, though untaught:
 To be there seems the same as to be—what they ought!

Where, where is young COOPER, that Tyro so vain,
 Who *Hamlet* re-kills, who's so often been slain?

But

But my memory urges, he'll vex us no more,
 As he's sought with a troop the trans-atlantic shore :
 Sure our mummers believe, like some wine (what a no-
 tion !)

They'll be more in request by their crossing the ocean!

Oh! happy AMERICA, Liberty's land—

Complacent, yet potent—pacific, yet grand :—

All thy children concentrate to feed human good—

All thy children the tyrants of man have withstood !

Pallid Luxury has not unstrung thee with wiles ;

Thy law, like *Confucius'* plain code, ne'er beguiles ;

'Thy statutes protect or the mighty or mean—

View the smiter and smote, but no demon be-
 tween :—

Young generous Nature with lustihood blooms ;

Flower'd shrubs charge the breeze you inhale with per-
 fumes :

No baneful delusions crawl o'er your wide breast ;

Every serpent you see is a reptile confest :

Thy monsters but howl in your wilds or your plains—

They usurp not the mart—they defile not your fanes !

Long, long may thy states to Accordance be known—

Long, long may those blisses you feel be your own—

May the Deep, as he lashes your bold ample sides,

Waft the gems of the world on his feculent tides—

Bear the treasures of Europe 'fore each Southern wind,

But leave all its sophisms and horrors behind.

When *Rafaele* pourtray'd any character new,

He first ponder'd on grace, then the *contour* he drew :

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Next thought in what part of the *group* he should place
it—

Then arrang'd *light* and *shade*—then view'd what might
debase it;

Then by *delicate tints* brought the whole into *keeping*,
Till the gazer admires it laughing or weeping.

But our Theatric whipsters assume a new part,

Without any appeal to the *mind* or the *heart*:

Embrazon'd they strut on the Stage in new feathers,

With, By G—d here I am, boys, prepar'd for all wea-
thers;

Every passion comes forth at my nod to amuse me,

And those Critics who *question* my powers * ABUSE ME.

I hate a vile sonorous blockhead, whose claim

Upon partial attention and general fame,

Is confin'd to the mouthing of incomplete sounds,

Which tear up ideas, as game's torn by hounds:

With such can no delicate attributes dwell;

All the Nine hear the din, like a premature knell:

Such ninnies would dance in a pestilent noon—

Scorn the laws of the Rhythmus, and spit at—the moon.

Yet to goad them is useless—who'd question a cur?

The presuming are often unconscious they err;

They'd whistle in alt, and not dream of offence,

While Phœbus was breathing o'er Pythia's Sense—

Roast nuts 'mid the Cyclops, illum'd by Hell's flashes,

And not cease to obtrude till their muscles were ashes!

* It may be necessary to remark, that whenever a candid criticism appears in any of the daily papers upon theatrical performers, which does not agree with their *excessive* vanity, they vulgarly characterize it as abuse.

Ev'ry man is a tyrant, or greater or lesser,
 From *Phalaris* down to the cook at his dresser;
 And when no other object approaches his reach,
 He will torture the parts and the idiom of speech:
 Hence COOPERS arise to transform what was right,
 And decline and express their verbs wrongly in spite*.
 As idiots, from singular motives, will goad
 Their steeds to offend all who journey the road—
 Though the dolt knows his fault, yet his hope's to
 amaze,
 And be noted for error, despairing of praise!
 To be star'd at, or govern, forms all their ambition,
 And but few think that Folly gives birth to Contrition.

MISS ALLINGHAM.—C. G.

YEARSLEY, ROBINSON, SEWARD, SMITH, COWLEY,
 and MORE,
 Sought the fane of old Delphos, the aid to implore
 Of the laurell'd and luminous Phœbus:
 Thus the God told the Nymphs on their clamorous askings:
 Go back and be useful, mend Wit's galligaskins,
 And abjure the rhyme and the rebus!

* Many of our tragic actors, and particularly Mr. KEMBLE, are preposterously eager to introduce some novel absurdity to engage the attention of an audience, which they proudly and affectedly call *new readings*! and in the rage to accomplish this, they are eternally misplacing the emphasis, that cannot be enforced without a due knowledge of *intonation and inflexion*, which they understand so imperfectly, and render so abruptly, as to be only whispering or raving.

I believe that the *varie lectiones* is generally used as significant of the pride of singularity, and very rarely as the result of conviction; and, when that is the case, it must proceed from a most pitiable emotion of the mind!

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Thus would I with those stage-stricken, ill-fated
minxes,
Who will all put on buskins, and gabble like sphinxes;
Teaze the Public, the Muse, and themselves, and
Apollo,
And muddle that bev'rage Health gave them to swallow!

Without such a figure as heroines should seem—
Without such an eye as should flash terror's gleam—
Without such address as enslaves us through skill—
With but little pretension, save beauty and will—
Gentle ALLINGHAM woos us to yield her applause,
And demands an *effect* without shewing a *cause*!

How wondrous it is that so many engage,
In despite of its perils, to rush on the Stage!
It appears no discomfiture makes them distress,
As they sink in esteem they're ideally blest:
When they're bit, and the poison has rush'd through
their veins,

They'll defy hisses, penalties, famine, and pains.
Would you, urg'd by Philanthropy, bid them return,
And no more for inadequate mummeries burn,
Bid them seek dad and mam, and be useful and clever,
That their good might not be out at elbows for ever;
Darn a vest for an aunt—dust the drawing-room chairs,
And go clean, like sweet Nymphs, on a Sunday to
prayers—

They would call you a monster, rude, vulgar, and low—
They would scorch your best wig—they would stamp on
your toe—

I

Put

Put Cayenne in your snuff—spill hot broth in your shoe—

Till, fatigued with their follies, you bade them adieu!

As well might you bid the wild ocean be flat,

Make a bookseller noble, or grateful a cat,

Dr. VINCENT in school-hours burn his own rod,

Or the priest give his tithe as an offering to God.

For your premier heroines you've none who should dress,

For if WALLIS is *little*, this lady is *less*.

I regret that I cannot praise more than I do;

Yet what reason, what object should make me untrue?

I would cherish her deed, I would gladden her eye,

I would buttress her name, but the wall's built too high;

Much approving would sink her, her hull is too fine,

Like a galliot when rigg'd as a ship of the line:

Furl her canvass, d'ye hear—such a swell will oppress her,

And let her play parts where the force won't distress her;—

Make her humour the wind—gather in half her sail—

In the storm of the scene she can't ride out the gale;

If not, she'll but strut out her year and no more,

Then be cast in the gutter to seek Ruin's shore;

Trudge from circuit to circuit, from stable to stable,

Till her robes are all tatter'd, and Peace cuts her cable:

Then the heart that once fed her to meet Fiction's woes,

Shall be bruise'd and re-bruise'd by Calamity's blows:

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All her prospects of happiness fade in her sight,
Like Arcadia progressively wrapt into night;
And that witch, gulling Hope, be of wheedling bereft,
And nought but her skeleton then will be left:
So unmuscle, so grim, so abhorrent, so spiteful,
That her smile in the Sun to coax man shall be frightful:
Then Madness and Vanity 'll league as relations,
And she 'll drown Retrospection in burning potations;
List to DALY's allurements, seek Dublin, half willing,
And rot in a stew without fame or a shilling!—
Shut the door 'gainst those ills—hapless wench, make her
wise,

Lop an inch of her altitude—open her eyes.
How piteous, how varied, 's the lot of mankind—
Some have more eyes than two, while we 've some who're
stark blind!

Some will gather offence though they sleep amid roses;
Some will not 'mid filth, e'en as if they 'd not noses;
Some will amble o'er ploughshares, and yet never trip;
Some will pad o'er a lawn, and for evermore slip:
Some incautiously rush where the Fates are at labor,
And laugh safe while the hags cut the thread of a neighbour:
bour:

While some are pre-curst by high Jove in his ire,
And eternally fried, like beef-steaks on DOLL's fire:
There they're turn'd and re-turn'd as that cook Folly
wills,

And the increase of Time but increases their ills;
Till that vast gourmand, Death, takes the prey in his jaw,
And grinds it in dust to fill up Ruin's maw!

Mr. DOWTON.—D. L.

From *Cantia's* gay plains, and her hop-circled towns,
Where Actors, though little, seem large among clowns,
Adust CUMBERLAND dragg'd him, to Folly's vast
mart,

And laid high on his head ere the racer could start.

We were told that his atoms were Hebrew—his tongue

More persuasive in speech than when Solomon sung :

But, alas ! when he came to compare with your train,

'Twas a circumcis'd Pole hatch'd in Rosemary-lane.

Yet let me not walk towards a verge that's untrue,

Or dishonor myself in a zeal to undo :

My objection is partial as far as I've seen,

And I think he may be what he has not yet been :

His dread made the mirror of action less clear,

And the fear to do ill makes us do what we fear.

His *Grave-digger* proves him adroit at low wit,

And his *Scrub* shews his faculties pliant and fit :

In that cast he's at home, like a flatterer in place,

There he stands on a ground firm as Liberty's base.

Though he's been overpuff'd, overstrain'd, and run
hard,

He's a natural claimant on Laughter's reward.

That he'll flourish is certain as *David* lov'd kisses,

'Tis as sure as Benevolence makes her own blisses :

Not like those who shoot up 'mid a party-rais'd din,

Like Lombardy poplars, tall, gawky, and thin ;

He shall root as the elm, if he can't like the oak,

And shelter the Muse with a wide-spreading cloak.

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It is urg'd he's too dry and too costive—Admitted;
 Yet this failing shall make him in future more fitted;
 To underdo aught in an early attempt,
 Speaks a modest advance which suspends my contempt.
 He's been pluck'd from the provincial tree immature,
 Yet the fruit is both wholesome, sound, *piquant*, and
 pure:

E'en the vulgar've not torn the coarse rind it once bore,
 Nor has Vanity's worm gnaw'd its way to the core:
 In the ray of our favor he'll ripe in request,
 And, like mellow pearmain, be arrang'd with the best.
 In a state where Buffoonery's gain'd so much pow'r,
 His merit's offence, he's too chaste for the hour:
 Now each dish is o'erdress'd, every palate's so vicious,
 And all that is wholesome is held undelicious.
 In a few Winters more they'll contend for this knack,
 And our Players will jump over each other's back:
 Then they'll kick, and they'll sprawl, and they'll leap
 unconfin'd,

And the *heels* shall remove all the claims of the *mind*!
 Behold your intruders—see Mumm'ry go win 'em,
 Why you've none who've a knowledge of *harmony* in
 'em!

When the floor's tessellated, the gazer well knows
 That various colours should fill varied rows:
 And when black, white, or red strike the radii of sight,
 Though the object is partial, the end is delight:
 One colour will harmonize that which is next it,
 As Virtue draws strength from the Vice that perplex'd it.

Half your soldiers, commission'd or non, I'd not own,
They are crush'd in their shooting, or crook'd, or half
grown :

They seem stunted in height and extension, like trees
That are planted by oafs on the margins of seas—
Or the foot of a belle 'mong the tonish of Pekin,
Or youth drawn from sheets where their grannies lie
reeking :

Yet thus tender, thus stunted, you place them on high,
And dread not the storms of a critical sky.
There are barks in a breeze will securely sail,
But are strain'd if that breeze should increase to a gale.
[This may seem odd FROM ME to point trash on my
shelf,

But I'm urg'd to the truth, though that truth's 'gainst
myself :

Alas ! I've nought left but my sighs for my dower,
As, like Kings in some States, I've the name, not the
power !]

Thus hobbling, these Insects will daringly go
Up the Andes vast sides through a region of snow—
Meet th'intolerant Phœbus, all glaring, at One,
Till they shrink from his blazes, and own they're un-
done :

While the air, too sublim'd for their pect'ral machine,
Makes their lungs vomit blood, and they gasp and look
lean ;

They would pray, had not anguish denied what they
mean :

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Thus exhausted they're dragg'd to the vallies below,
And consume and expire in eminent woe!—
Our Tragedians are wriggling, or dancing a jig,
And half SUETT's comedy lies in—his wig:
E'en JOHN BANNISTER's cap'rings are *extra-natura*,
And his characters sink into caricatura:
Nimble FAWCET by dashing, and splashing, and noise,
And o'ercharging his lungs, draws down peals of ap-
plause;
He spits out heroics and dramatiz'd fibs,
As if he'd been gorg'd but with *crackers and squibs*.
As daubers can trace but coarse palpable hints,
But cannot insert the aerial tints;
So he copies gay LEWIS's fidgets and struts,
And will steal all the husks though he can't split the
nuts:
Though he can't catch his graces he'll blandish the grin,
And exhibits with pride the—*original sin*!
He boldly retails what he's stole 'fore his donors,
As thieves in Chick-lane sell kerchiefs to their owners;
Yet there's strength in the soil, could his wit give it
birth,
But the stones of conceit hide the fat of the earth:
While Wisdom looks on with a piteous stare,
Not to see men do well, but to see *what they dare*.
Pr'ythee where is LEE LEWES, that friend of the Muse?
What ninnies and blockheads you've put in his shoes!
He was mightier than all—he'd a soul in his lay—
What banish'd him hence?—Zounds! who drove him
away?

Will

Will you strangle each babe that has grace, in the birth?
 Have you taken an oath to repudiate Worth?
 Are we doom'd but to listen to Smithfield-born quirks?
 Have a *Charlatan's* promise and *Scaramouch* jerks?
 Now BADDELEY *, PARSONS, and WILSON, and DODD,
 Are arrested and thrust 'neath Eternity's sod:
 Why send not your heralds *ohyessing* about,
 To arouse him if dormant—to find the Chief out?
 Sure you'll crush not what's great, as the Russ did the
 Poles,

Till regret and distress wear the pile from their souls;
 Till the cave of the mind becomes foetid and damp;
 Till neglect has dried up all the oil of the lamp:
 Forbid it, ye liberal—forbid it, ye good—
 You must pardon these tears—I am not made of wood!

When KING and when QUICK, in next cent'ry, decay,
 And Renown sees her purest disciples in clay—
 Sober MUNDEN shall take the baton in his hand,
 While *Thalia* applauds as he goes to command.

* The acting of the late Mr. BADDELEY, as it seldom excited any enthusiastic bursts of applause, so it less frequently incurred censure. Whatever part Mr. B. accepted, he always studied it with attention, and never came forward in it less perfect than it appeared after long repetition; meanwhile, like many of his brethren, he was strongly tinctured with *manner*: this in him was rather coarse. His *Frenchman* wanted all the levity of the character, which is so charmingly managed by WEWITZER, who is the only actor thoroughly acquainted with the idiom. His *chef d'œuvre* was the German Jew of the theatrical tribe, of which *Moses*, in the *School for Scandal*, is the chief.—Peevish old men in comedy suited him well; but where the colouring of the author was very strong, he was deficient in giving the necessary touches. He was, however, a most useful actor, and will be missed for some time.

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Had he half his deserts he'd be now what he's not ;
 But as Truth's out of date, he must bend to his lot :
 He's been mending for years in expression and mien,
 Like a man between hills he moves onward unseen.
 But how is he us'd, who thus sweetens your days ?
 While he mounts the breach, some vile loon steals the
 praise.

So in armies, while heroes through blood wade and fight,
 Scale the fortress, and take it in Horror's despite,
 Some illustrious dolt a league off views the game,
 Then does them the honor to take—all the fame !
 He's no paper to write on but's smear'd o'er with blots ;
 Ev'ry board he must plane is immingled with knots :
 While others steer ships, he must trim only rafts ;
 Be the team what it may, he's the horse in the shafts :
 He is always *up bill*—he's the cur in the wheel ;
 He's the theatric Sisyphus, curs'd in his zeal :
 He's continually should'ring up stones 'fore the Town,
 Yet his skill's so confess'd that they seldom roll down.
 When Death is upbraided for seizing so often
 Those Comedians Fate strung human mis'ry to soften,
 He shall prate of our MUNDEN with hell-temper'd voice—
 Shake his dart *in terrorem*, and bid us rejoice !

Mrs. LEE.—C. G.

How oft it occurs that the wolsey-clad maid,
 Who of the circuitous breeze seem'd afraid ;
 Who peep'd, like a rose-bud, to gladden the sense ;
 Who felt not the arts, nor the sting of offence ;

Who

Who sang her rude ditties while milking the kine ;
 Who, knowing no guile, had a mien most divine—
 Will learn from the tales of the village, that many
 A Nymph flaunts in town who before lack'd a penny.
 Her ear drinks the wonder—her pulse but betrays—
 And she mounts in the waggon that *flies*—in nine days!
 Descends 'mid the filth and the tumult of Pride—
 Drinks her noggin with Guilt, is diseas'd and decried ;
 Coils on steps in the night, though once fashion'd to
 please us,

And rots undeplor'd 'mid—the followers of Jesus !

'Tis thus with the spinsters who flirt in this age—
 They spurn sampler and pray'r-book, and pant for the
 stage :

Like demoniacs, all slip-shod they madden and spout,
 While the spider's unbrush'd, and the pudding runs
 out ;—

Seize the dagger and bowl, to infirmity blind,
 And become but the scorn or the jest of mankind !

Be Asperity dumb—lo ! a Nymph moves along—
 Meritorious LEE, who's suppress'd in her song.
 Sure the finger of Malady's smote her fine form—
 She looks bruise'd, like a reed roughly us'd by the storm.
 When Hygeia re-strings her, and fills her, and streaks,
 Like a ripened juic'd apple, her wan, roseless cheeks ;
 Then we'll bring her to judgment—as yet she's unfit
 To be true to herself, or enforce what is writ.
 Yet amidst this suspension of vigor, I see
 Many valuable points dear to you or to me :

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She's exceedingly graceful, though weak 'mid that grace,
And her smile has its charms, though the bloom's left
her face :

Let Hope bring her cordials to prop her, and try 'em—
As that flatt'rer's officious she'll sure not deny 'em!

The *THING*.—D. L.

Qui capit ille facit.

CAN this be a man, while Disdain so pursues him?
How Modesty sweats as she wonders and views him!
Pert, wriggling, and vain—bragging, trembling, and
mean,
How he hangs, like your filth, on the edge of each scene!
This contemptible *Skip-Dick* was sent to benight us;
Lo! he jumps round the Stage as if bit by Saint Vitus!
The *dust-licking vagabond* hallows the GRUBS,
And feeds on their spittle, and swallows their snubs.
Were he kick'd and re-kick'd, won't he pocket the
knocks,
And re-mount, his own man, like a Jack in a box?
See he crawls, and is bor'd like a plate 'neath the burin;
He's a niche in the dark where we all go and urine.
Have you no mask * of metal to cover that same
Ign'rant vagrant's thick forehead that never knew shame?
How

* *Of the MASKS of the ancient COMEDIANS.*

The use of MASKS was first introduced into Greece by Æschylus;
but Diomedes tells us, that it was one Roscius Gallus who first
wore a Mask on the Roman Stage, to conceal the defect of his
squinting; though he doth not let us know when this Roscius
lived.

How hard *he begs alms*, to uphold his vile state,
 Then displaying your ducats, struts wide at your gate :
 Scorn sticks, like a bur, to a gift, when they mump it,
 Or Jove's scalding curse to the breech of a strumpet.

Would

lived. This custom has been preserved in part on some modern Stages; for a great many Personages of the Italian Comedy are masked. Though we have never obliged our Actors to imitate this practice of the Ancients, yet it is not a long while since Masks were frequently used on the French Stage in the representation of Comedies. They have also been used even in Tragic Representations; and though they have been since banished from thence, yet they are not entirely expelled the French Comedies. The ancient Players were all masked when they acted, and each kind of dramatic Poetry had its particular Mask. In a Treatise written by Lucian, and intitled *The Gymnasium*, which is by way of dialogue between Solon and Anacharsis the Scythian, the latter says to Solon, who had been speaking to him of the utility of Tragedies and Comedies, "I have seen some of them at the Bacchanalian Entertainments. In Tragedy the Actors are mounted on a kind of stilts, and wear Masks, the mouths of which gape enormously wide. The words that are uttered from them with a great noise, are grave and sententious. In Comedy the Actors, who are shod and dressed as people in common life, do not bawl out so loud, but their Masks are much more ridiculous than those of the former."

True it is that by means of these Masks the Actor appeared as conformable as he pleased to the Character he assumed. The ancient Players, as well in Tragedy as Comedy, had several sorts of Masks which they frequently changed. For the people belonging to the Stage were so strongly of opinion in those times, that a particular physiognomy was essential to the Character of a Personage, as to think it necessary to give the figure of the Mask proper for the representation, in order to communicate a complete knowledge of the Character of the Personage. After the description, therefore, of each Person, such as they used to prefix to their Theatrical Pieces under the title of *Dramatis Personæ*, it was customary for them to give the figure of the Masks; which appeared to them a necessary instruction.

In effect, those Masks represented not only the face, but likewise the head entire, whether narrow or broad, bald or covered with hair, round or pointed.

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Would you ask what it is, you'd be answer'd, None
know—

Is't a bug? is't an ass? is't a viper or crow?

So the cuttle, pursued, spits a slime from its lungs,

Foul and black as Hell's chimnies, or fish-women's
tongues:

Self-

The use therefore of Masks prevented people from seeing an Actor advanced in years play the part of a young Lover. Hippolitus, Hercules, and Nestor, appeared always upon the Stage with their heads distinguishable by being suited to their known Character. The Vizard under which the Actor appeared was always agreeable to his Character; and there was no such thing to be seen as a Player acting the part of a Man of Honor with the physiognomy of an accomplished Villain. "When the composers of Declamation (says Quintilian) introduce a Piece upon the Stage, they know how to draw the Pathetic even from the very Masks. In Tragedies Niobe appears with a sorrowful Countenance, and Medea announces her Character by the fierce air of her physiognomy. Strength and valour are painted on Hercules's Mask; while that of Ajax proclaims his transport and fury. In Comedies the Masks of Slaves, Pimps, Parasites, Peasants, Soldiers, old Women, Courtezans, and She-Slaves, have each their particular Character. By the Masks we distinguish the cross old Fellow from the good-natured old Gentleman; the sober Youth from the debauched Rake; and the young Damsel from the Lady of Quality. If the Father, who acts the principal character of the Comedy, is to be sometimes pleased and sometimes vexed, he must have one of the brows of the Mask knit, and the other smooth; and he has a particular attention to shew that side of his Mask to his spectators, which agrees with his present Character." 'Tis thus Mr. Boinden explains the last lines of the passage of Quintilian, by supposing that the Comedian who wore the Mask turned himself sometimes one way, and sometimes another, to shew always that side of his face which suited his present situation, when he acted Parts where he was allowed to shew a change of passion without being obliged to go behind the Scenes to change his Mask. For example, if this Father was pleased upon the Stage, he presented immediately that side of his Mask which had a smooth brow; and when his temper was altered, he walked on the Stage, and managed so as to shew that side of the Mask which had the knit brow, taking care in both situations to appear always in profile. "The Roman Comedians

K

(continues)

Self-envelop'd it steals from the ken of its foes,
 And is safe in repulsion wherever it goes!—
 Let the wretch have his crust—can Contempt make him
 less?
 I may war with a Reptile, but not with *Distress!*

All

(continues Quintilian) had a particular attention to this part of their art." We meet with something in Julius Pollux, which seems to confirm this ingenious and judicious conjecture. This author, speaking of the characterized Masks, says that an old Man's Mask, who acts the principal part in a Comedy, ought to be sour and ruffled on one side, and pleasant and serene on the other. The same author says, in regard to the Masks of Tragedies which ought to be characterized, that the Mask of Thamyris, that rash musician whom the Muses deprived of his sight for having been so insolent as to challenge them, ought to have one eye blue and the other black.

The Masks of the Ancients produced likewise a great probability in those excellent Plays where the intricacy arises from the mistake by which some of the Actors take one Personage for the other. The spectator, who found himself mistaken upon attempting to distinguish between two Actors, whose Masks were as like as possible, might easily conceive that the Actors themselves were deceived. Thus he was soon imposed upon by the supposition on which the incidents of the Piece are founded; whereas this supposition is so very improbable with us, that 'tis with great difficulty we give way to it. 'Tis owing therefore to the habit we have of humoring all the suppositions which custom has established on the Stage, that we fall in with those which constitute the intricacy of the Amphitryon; and I should be far from advising any body to compose a new Comedy, the intrigue of which should consist in the like perplexity.

Besides, the Masks furnished the Ancients with the opportunity of making men act those female Personages, whose declamation required robuster lungs than women generally have, especially when they were to make themselves heard in such spacious places as the Roman Theatres. In fact, several passages of the Ancients, and among the rest a recital which Aulus Gellius (vii. 5.) gives of the adventure that happened to a Comedian whose name was Polus, who acted the Personage of Electra, inform us that it was customary for the Ancients to make men act female Characters. (See p. 187, col. 1.)

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All hail, mighty IMPUDENCE, bloated and grand,
 Thou bully of Fortune—thou type of the land ;
 To thee all distinction, all matter is vain,
 The thesis of schools, or the toil of the brain ;

You

By means of those Masks they introduced all sorts of foreign nations on the Stage with their own peculiar Physiognomy. The Mask of a red-haired Batavian, says Martial, which raises your laughter, is a bug-bear to children,

— rufi persona Batavi—

Quem tu derides ; hæc timet ora puer.

Those Masks furnished even Lovers with an opportunity of paying a compliment to their Mistresses. Suetonius informs us, that when Nero mounted the Stage in order to represent a God or a Hero, he wore a Mask made after his own visage ; but when he acted the part of some Goddess or Heroine, he then wore a Mask which resembled the woman he actually loved.

Julius Pollux (Onomast. iv. 18.), who composed his Work for the Emperor Commodus, assures us that in the ancient Greek Comedy, which had assumed the liberty of characterizing and acting living-citizens, the Actors wore a Mask which resembled the person they represented in the Play. Thus Socrates might have seen on the Athenian Stage an Actor who wore a Mask that was like him, when Aristophanes represented him under the name of Socrates, in the Comedy of *the Clouds*. This same Pollux gives us, in the above-cited chapter, a very long and curious detail concerning the different Characters of Masks which were used in Comic and Tragic representations.

But on the other hand, the Masks deprived the Spectators of the pleasure of seeing the passions rise, and of discerning their different symptoms on the countenance of the Actors. All the expressions of the human passions affect us ; but those Masks which are painted on the visage make a far greater impression, as Quintilian observes (*dominatur autem maxime vultus*, xi. 3.) than such as shew themselves only by the gesture and voice.

And yet the ancient Comedians could not display the signs of the passions on the countenance, for they very seldom laid aside the Mask, and even some Comedians never put it off at all. It is true indeed, we suffer our Comedians to conceal one half of such marks of the passions as may be expressed on the countenance. These marks consist as much in the changes that happen in the colour of

You can fearlessly dash out the records of ages,
 Clip the pinions of Time, and throw dirt at the Sages ;
 Who stalks over virtue and braves in the van ;
 Contemner of elements, morals, and man ;

Not

the face, as in those which are made of the features. Now the red paint, with which it hath been customary within these few years even for men to daub themselves before they appear on the Stage, hinders us from perceiving the changes of colour which make so great and natural an impression. But the Masks of the ancient Comedians concealed also the alteration of the features, which the paint does not.

This indeed may be said in defence of the Mask, that it does not conceal the eyes of the Comedians from the Spectator. Now if it be true that the passions are more discernible by the alterations which happen in our countenance than by those which appear in our gesture, attitude, and tone of voice, 'tis likewise true that these passions are still more distinguishable by the changes that happen in our eyes, than by what appears in the other parts of the face. Our eyes alone are capable of representing distinctly what passes in the countenance, and render it, if I may say so, entirely visible, notwithstanding the Mask. The imagination supplies what lies concealed ; and when we behold the eye fired with rage, we imagine we see the rest of the countenance inflamed. Several passages of Cicero and Quintilian shew, that the ancient Actors expressed perfectly all the signs of the passions by the motion of their eyes, assisted by the attitude and gestures. The same may be said of those Italian Comedians who use Masks upon the Stage. "The soul (as Quintilian observes, *Inst. xi. 3.*) is painted on the countenance ; and the eyes are, of all parts of the face, that which speaks to us, as it were, most intelligibly."

I shall adhere, nevertheless, to the simplest opinion ; for I really think it impossible for a masked Actor to express so well as he who uses no Mask, the greatest part of the passions, and especially those of the tender kind. The Comedian who acts without a Mask may employ all the methods of expressing the passions which the masked Player uses, and he is capable also of shewing passions which are not in the other's power. I fancy, therefore, that the Ancients, who had so great a relish for the representation of theatrical pieces, would have made their Comedians lay aside their Masks, had it not been for one reason ; which was, that as their Theatres were very large, and without a roof for solid covering, the Mask was of great use to the Comedian, inasmuch as it enabled him to make himself heard by all the Spectators ; whilst, on the other

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Not withheld by compunction to stop at half measures,
 You plunge through all filth and uphold bestial pleasures;
 Or mortal, or sacred, you spurn each behest,
 And rush on to the issue to die or be blest :

How

other hand, it deprived the latter of no great advantage. In fact, it was impossible that the alterations of the countenance, which the Mask conceals, should be distinctly perceived by the Spectators, a great number of whom were upwards of twelve fathoms distant from the Player. Let us explain the reason which I have here alleged.

Gellius, who wrote under the Emperor Adrian, commends the etymology which Caius Bassus gave of the Latin word *persona*, which signifies a Mask, by making this term come from the verb *personare*, which implies to resound.

"In fact (says he) the face and the whole head being inclosed under the cover of the Mask, insomuch that the voice cannot make its way but by one narrow passage, it follows that this constraint of the voice must produce a stronger and clearer sound. Hence the Latins have given the name of *persona* to Masks which render the voice of those who wear them more distinct and sonorous." (Noct. Att. v. 7.) Whether Bassus was right or not in his etymology, is nothing at all to our purpose. 'Tis sufficient for us that Gellius would neither have commended nor adopted it, had not the Masks in his days been a kind of echoes. Boëtius confirms his opinion by saying, that the concavity of the Mask augments the force of the voice.

Nobody can pretend to question, after having read these passages of Gellius and Boëtius, who wrote what they were eye-witnesses of every day, that the Ancients made use of Masks to increase the sound of the voice. I fancy they fastened to the mouth an incrustation which formed a kind of horn.

We find by the figures of Masks in ancient manuscripts, as also by those engraved stones and medals, and in the ruins of the Theatre of Marcellus, and several other monuments, that the opening at the mouth was very wide, being a kind of gaping mouth which frightened children.

The Ancients, in all probability, would not have suffered this deformity in their Masks, if they had not reaped some benefit from it; and I cannot see in what this benefit could consist, unless it were in the conveniency of being better able to fasten the horns proper for rendering the voice of the Actors more sonorous.

We see, moreover, by a passage of Quintilian, that the mouth of the Mask made so great an alteration in the laughter of the Actor,

How you deal stars and garters, and baubles and feathers,
 And all the insignia for oafs in all weathers;
 How an army of worshippers leap o'er your pales,
 Crawl in at the windows and over the rails:

M. D.'s

tor, as to render it a very disagreeable noise. This Author, advising Orators to examine well their natural talents, in order to imbibe a taste of declamation agreeable to those talents, says, it is possible to please with different qualities. He adds, that he has seen two famous Comedians equally applauded, though their manner of declaiming was very different; but each had consulted his inclination and talents in that manner of acting which he had pitched upon. Demetrius, one of those Comedians whom Juvenal ranks among the best of his time, and who had a very agreeable voice, chose for his part the personages of Divinities, Ladies of Distinction, indulgent Fathers, and fond Lovers. Stratocles, the other Comedian, who is mentioned also by Juvenal, had a rough voice. He applied himself, therefore, entirely to act the characters of austere Fathers, Parasites, roguish Servants, and in short of all those personages which require a great deal of action. His gesture was lively, his motions animated, and he ventured to do several things capable of drawing the hisses of the House upon any other Actor but himself. One of those bold things which Stratocles ventured to do, was to laugh, "though he was very sensible (says Quintilian) of the reasons why laughing produces a disagreeable effect in a Mask." Laughter is not a disagreeable thing of itself in a comic scene. A great fit of laughing must have echoed therefore in such a manner in the mouth of the Masks, as to produce a very disagreeable sound. This could not have happened if the mouth and neighbouring parts of the inside of the Mask had not been covered with a hard sonorous body, which made some alteration in the natural sound of the voice.

I shall venture to give here a conjecture entirely new, which may clear up a passage of Pliny that has been hitherto misunderstood: This is, that the Ancients, after having made use of brass to incrustate the Masks, employed afterwards for the same purpose very thin plates of marble. Pliny, speaking of curious stones, says, that the stone called *calcafonos*, or *brass-sounding*, is black, and that, according to the etymology of its name, it produced, upon being touched, a sound like that of the metal. "Wherefore (continues he, xxxvii. 10.) the Comedians are advised to make use of it." Now what use could the Comedians have made of a stone with this property, were it not to incrustate a part of the mouth of their Masks, after it had been sawed into very thin plates? Those

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M. D.'s—L. L. D.'s—D. D.'s—F. R. S.'s,
 With their perukes immense, and fools' jackets and dresses,
 How, aided by you, they can triumph and lie,
 And raise up a mist 'fore the Region's broad eye ;
 How

Masks which were of wood, as we learn from a poem of Prudentius against Symmachus, were very proper for receiving this incrustation. "Those who recite in Tragedies (says our poet) cover their heads with a wooden Mask, and by the contrivance of the opening they pour forth their turgid declamation :"

Ut tragicus cantor ligno tegit ora cavato,
 Grande aliquid cujus per hiatum carmen anhelet.

Solinus, who wrote some time after Pliny, seems to inform us of the reason why the use of this stone was preferable to brass in the inward incrustation of a part of the Mask. It is, that in the repercussion of the voice it does not alter the clearness of the sound, whereas the resounding of the brass throws always some confusion in the sound it reverberates. After observing that the brass sounding stone resounds like this metal, he adds, that it does not obstruct the clearness of the voice when it is used with discretion.

We are able to judge of the attention the Ancients had to whatever they thought capable of adding either ornament or ease to the execution of their theatrical pieces, by what Vitruvius tells us (v. 5.) concerning the manner of placing the *echææ*, or brazen vessels proper for the echoes. This author, speaking of the architecture of the Theatres, enters into a very long and methodical detail in relation to the form of those vessels (which, in all probability, were nothing more than round concave plates of brass), as well as to the places where they were to be fixt, that the voice of the Actor might have a clearer and more tunable echo. He tells us that all those vessels ought to be of different tones ; whereby he plainly indicates that the opening and the other dimensions ought not to be the same ; and as those vessels were placed at different distances from the Actor, they must have been more or less easy to vibrate, in order to answer in concert. The same Author complains that the Romans in his time neglected to place those *echææ* in their Theatres, in imitation of the Greeks, who were very exact in this point. Very likely the Romans followed afterwards Vitruvius's advice, for Pliny complains (xi. 52.) that the vessels and vaults in which they were placed absorbed the Actor's voice. He pretends that they had as bad an effect as the *arena* of the Orchestra, that is, of the space between the Stage and the foremost row of the spectators. On the other hand, Cassiodorus observes (i. 51.) that the voice

How they paint their delusions, and trim up their shops!
 How they feed callow mungrels with bitters and sops!
 How JOHN BULL's ramm'd and cramm'd, till his sto-
 mach turns from it;

How he pukes, then goes back, like a dog to his vomit!

While

voice of those who acted in Tragedies being strengthened by the cavities, produced such a sound as one would scarce imagine could come from a human breast. Those concavities could be nothing else but the *echaa* and the horn of the Mask. We may judge by the attention the Ancients had to these things, whether they neglected to search for every kind of invention that might enable the theatrical Masks to produce the effect, which, according to Gellius, had given them the name of *persona*.

If the ancient writers could have foreseen that future generations would have been so much at a loss to explain things which were so easy to them by reason they saw them every day, or because every body had books that gave methodical accounts of them, they would have been more circumstantial in their narrations; but they imagined that posterity would be always in the way of being informed of the subject they spoke of; for which reason they seldom mentioned any more concerning it than was necessary to support an argument, to ground a comparison, to explain a circumstance, or to give a reason of an etymology. Even those who have wrote methodically on Poetry, Architecture, and several other arts, judging it would be unnecessary to commence their reasonings and instructions with a previous description of what was visible to all the world, fall directly into precepts and discussions which their contemporaries found very clear, but are a kind of ænigma to posterity, because the torch which gave light to their cotemporaries is extinguished. For example: as the Ancients have not left us a description of the inside of the Coliseum, Architects are still in doubt concerning the nature of the inward distribution of the third floor, though the two first are yet almost entire. For the very same reason Antiquarians are at a loss how to explain a great many things in relation to the Masks, which would not be the case, perhaps, had we not lost the books that Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Rufus, and several other ancient writers, wrote concerning the Theatres and scenic representations. They would at least have instructed us in respect to several things that have escaped our knowledge, though they happened not to give us a thorough insight into every thing. The reader will find a catalogue of those writers whose books have perished, in the fourth chapter of the first part of a Treatise concerning the Theatres of the Ancients, written by Boulanger the Jesuit.

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While Virtue lies couchant and shrinks as they pass,
 And so hunger'd she begs from each confident ass;
 But if any throw aught, what they throw is mere brass. }
 THY EGREGIOUS SON, nine times brazen'd, is blest;
 He can mangle each portrait and stifle each jest;
 He would burst in Jove's presence when knitting the
 Seasons,
 And question his powers, and ask him for reasons;
 Pick his teeth with his bolts, bid the Furies lie quiet,
 And clean his posteriors with Heaven's last fiat;
 He'd sully the Thund'rer, then listlessly wipe him,
 And give Eolus crabs to inflate him and gripe him;

But we know enough to conceive that the Ancients found the Masks of great use, by rendering the Players capable of making themselves heard in Theatres which had no solid covering, and where there were several spectators at twelve fathoms distance from the Stage. Besides, as we have already observed, the Masks deprived the Spectators of no great advantage; for near two thirds of them were at too great a distance to perceive the effect of the passions on the countenance of the Players, at least distinctly enough to behold them with pleasure. It is impossible to distinguish those expressions at a particular distance, at which one may be capable nevertheless of discerning the age and other remarkable traits of the character of a Mask. An expression must have been made with very frightful grimaces to be rendered discernible to the Spectators at above five or six fathom distance from the Stage. I shall only add, that the ancient Players did not act like ours, by the help of artificial lights, which illuminated the Theatre on all sides, but by the assistance of day-light; which must have left a great many shades upon the Stage, as the light came in chiefly from the top. Now the justness and accuracy of declamation frequently requires the alteration of the traits, in which the expression consists, to be hardly visible. This is what happens in particular circumstances, when the Actor breaks out involuntarily into some external demonstration of his passion. Considering the immensity of the London Theatres, I recommend the revival of Masks, at least for the benefit of Spectators in the Galleries.

He

He would raise amid Gods his presumptuous head,
 While the whole Areopagus trembled with dread;
 Stalk to Jove's inmost chamber and lift up the latch,
 And bid the skies Lord make a *bass* in a catch;
 He would transcribe the day-book of Fate (could he write),
 Seize Juno, and ask for immortal delight;
 Snatch Hebe's rich cup—mouth her bosom of snow,
 Then bear the bold theft to some harlot below.
 Surely Nature so kneads the vile heart we deplore,
 That the sweet milk of kindness can't traverse the core;
 And in the sharp acids of Rancour will steep it,
 As Germans besour their cabbage to keep it!
 Presumption alone seems to govern on earth,
 For the *Icari* brave us to death from our birth;
 Their mind, as they phrase it, they saucily tell us,
 Thus Philip was greeted by base Donatellus:
 No thought of their own vile unworthiness seems
 To correct them awake, or admonish in dreams!
 Headlong they rush forward in Infamy's snare,
 And do, like the bully, these things 'cause—they dare!
 Ah, would they were *bifrons* in Nature's despite,
 To speak fair to the sense, but blaspheme out of sight;
 For the beast rules the man, it were piteous to blend 'em,
 Yet the dogmas of great Possidonius can't mend 'em.
 Some Students rush into a circle proposing
 A theme, over which they've been dreaming and dozing,
 They'll evince a hot brain, as if madness were in it,
 And with ardor display what they've known—but a mi-
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Take th' advantage of Wisdom, ere Thought 'sumes his place,

And, with pertness, press on their superiors' disgrace :

They'll swear 'tis Phlogiston that pillars all life,

Or insist there is none with a similar strife :

Were e'en Fate in the council, they'd prate without dread,

While Pallas, in deference, hung down her head :

Though 'tis prov'd in the issue such swell'd, smoaking
fools,

Are the scoff of th' observant—the rubbish of schools ;

Yet without an examen, each pig and his bristles,

Would pass as sublime, not an ass chewing thistles.

When such brazen oafings promote an inquiry,

There are few who 'll be satisfied viewing their diary :

As Priests in their dread of Religion's destruction,

Prate themselves into doubts for the Atheist's instruction ;

And when they have made for their backs a new rod,

The fat Prelacy call it—defending their God.

Pr'ythee growl not another's more splendid than thee,

As all that they are you may rapidly be :

In those folds of the drapery accident made,

We see much meet the light, and much more in the shade ;

Yet the texture is equal in all, 'tis confest,

Though the beauty of some is thus partial supprest ;

But the cause ever varying we soon shall behold

The reverse of what is in each undulate fold ;

And e'en thus will it be till that Ruin we dread

Tears the web with her fangs and unravels each thread.

Be calm, beating heart, with thy sorrows grow cold,

That the altar's prophan'd and God's mandates are sold ;

That

That the Fool and his folly—that Guilt and his lie,
 Can extract the big tear from Propriety's eye;
 That Pimps and that Parasites, Poltroons and Sots,
 May stamp on that turf where past Excellence rots;
 That the gale which flits by does not sicken their breath,
 Arrest all their functions, and give them to death.
 Should his Grace stab a parish, who'd punish his Grace?
 All the Statutes would change to new-model *his* case;
 'T would be prov'd the plebeians deserv'd such a death;
 Besides, who would presume to rob Dukes of their breath?
 Don't the Judge menace trespassing matrons who're poor,
 While we've *chairs* and *bouquets* for a *murderous whore*!
 That dolt's hung who steals geese from a heath for his use,
 Yet those laugh who steal common and all from the goose!
 What an æra of bliss! what a lovely domain!
 How Samaritans mingle to overwhelm Pain!
 Oh happy delusion of exquisite dulness,
 Lo, the dolts of the realm are all mark'd by their fulness!
 Bid the mandrake kiss Phœbus and live as his *Co*,
 For the owl is our symbol, and Monks gild our woe;
 Philosophy's stak'd to be burnt on BURKE's spit,
 And old women in judgment expatriate Wit.
 That epocha is come which their fathers foretold,
 When honor and fame should be barter'd for gold;
 When Saturn should freeze all the organs of sense;
 When a satire on fraud should be deem'd an offence;
 When his iron dominion should horror impart,
 And burst every nerve in Integrity's heart:
 Lay waste all Parnassus, abridge Glory's force,
 And poison each stream from the Pierian source:

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Benumb, with a mildew, the flowrets of Worth;
 Infuse Faith to be gull'd, and give Infamy birth;
 Array Vice as an angel—each Muse as a trull—
 And bind with wreath'd poppies the National Scull:
 Extinguish the flame and the ardor of Youth—
 And envelope in night all the beauties of Truth:
 Chain the Arts as vile felons—yield Folly a feast—
 And give them to bleed by the knife of the Priest
 Enforce a lewd banquet to stun ev'ry sigh—
 And glut garrulous Echo with songs as they die.

Mrs. GOODALL.—D. L.

WAS not that?—Yes it was, lowly GOODALL who
 crost!

She looks like Aphrodite bit by a frost:
 Yet we'll tenderly note any error she's wrought,
 As she really thinks less of herself than she ought;
 And that is a failing so rare in this age,
 In any department, as well as the Stage,
 That all should endeavour to strengthen her state,
 And make her more confident, firm, and elate;
 Forefend her by Art against weak'ning Disdain,
 As Surgeons force blood into Malady's vein.
 Yet we will not be *partial* in probing the lady,
 Or copy the Scots * in their *Encyclopédie*:

Oh!

* *The SCOTTISH STAGE.*

The theatrical representations of Scotland, in common with the rest of Britain, originated in the Church. At the restoration of Charles II. the Stage first laid claim to popular attention. The union of the sister kingdoms under Queen Anne, and the rebellion

L

lion

Oh! thrice happy realm for a native's probation,
Where the sageling or sage is upheld *by a nation!*

She's a contradistinction, like Mars when defeated,
And, from having too little, appears too conceited.

As

lion of 1715, caused a general commotion, during which the Drama was entirely neglected. Shortly after that period Signora Violante, an Italian lady, notorious for her feats of agility, came with her troop from Dublin, and opened a house in Corruber's-close, Edinburgh. In the year 1727 the magistracy of the capital, excited by the clamours of a fanatic priesthood, prohibited them from acting within the limits of their jurisdiction. A few succeeding years after this, an itinerant Company ventured to perform at the Taylors'-hall, in the Cow-gate; the price of admission then was two shillings and six-pence for the Boxes, and eighteen-pence for the Gallery. In 1746 the foundation-stone of a new Theatre, to the west of St. John's-street, Canon-gate, was laid by Mr. John Ryan, of Covent-Garden Theatre. In 1752 this concern was sold to Mr. Lee; to whom Mr. Digges succeeded. At this interval the Performers became disunited, and the Public dissatisfied; in consequence of which a riot ensued, and the Canon-gate Theatre was totally destroyed. When a Bill was presented to Parliament for an extension of the Royalty of the City, a clause was added to it, enabling his Majesty to license a new Theatre in Edinburgh, of which Mr. Ross became Patentee. This House was opened in 1769. The expence of the building, wardrobe, and scenery, amounted to 5000*l*. Here the price of admission was raised to three shillings for the Boxes and Pit, two shillings the first Gallery, and one shilling the upper Gallery. At these rates the House holds about 1401.

On the falling of the New Bridge Mr. Ross became dispirited, and let his Theatre for three years to Mr. Foote, at an annual rent of 500 guineas—who disposed of his lease to Messrs. Digges and Bland, who renewed it with Mr. Ross for five years more.—The Theatre was afterwards rented by Mr. Corri—then by Mr. Wilkinson, of the York Company;—but in 1781 it was purchased of the Patentee, Mr. Ross, by Mr. Jackson. Mrs. Bennet and Mrs. Esten rented it of Mr. Jackson; and Mr. Stephen Kemble took the lease from them, subject to the control of Mr. Jackson. It remains in Mr. Stephen Kemble's management—who includes in his annual circuit the towns of Glasgow, Newcastle upon Tyne, and Lancaster. There are Theatres at Aberdeen, Dundee, and Dumfries, which are tenanted in the Summer months, and like-

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As our youngsters perk up to the teeth of Good Sense—
To avoid busy Shame they leap over the fence :
Our Natures give Grace, though 't is Taste gives the
clue,

As vassals bring tea, but leave sweetening to you :
But if Fear lurks within, you are check'd in your bound-
ings,

As subaqueous eddies will baffle your soundings.
Off the Stage she exhibits no symptom of dread ;
But the sick can oft sleep any where but in bed.
She is super-ex-current in some of her aims,
Yet less proud than she ought where she's natural claims :
She twists and re-twists, and grows spiral to view,
As if her anatomy turn'd on a screw.

wise the property of Mr Jackson—to whom that part of the Scotch people who are fond of theatrical entertainments are highly indebted. for his spirit and skill in giving their Theatres importance. Though none have a higher opinion of the integrity of the Scotch, as a nation, than myself, yet I think they have manifested a narrowness of opinion, as appertaining to the Drama, which is unworthy of themselves. The unqualified and illiberal language that was used by the Presbytery against Mr. HOME, the Author of the Tragedy of *Douglas*, will be a lasting memorial of that vile leaven of uncharitableness, which is usually generated by Ignorance and Falsehood in the little heart of a canting Priest. They affect to have no idea of meritoriousness that is not connected with fanaticism—and to deal out their fulminations towards all who represent the Omnipotent as a Common Protector; and particularly towards him who has had the singular hardihood to remove a fetter from the human mind!—Mr. Home was cited to appear before his *pious* brethren, for being guilty of the heinous crime of writing an excellent Play, abounding with incitements to the practice of virtue—but chose to resign his pastoral office, rather than meet the insolence of such an irritable convocation. I am informed that the King, at the recommendation of the late Lord Bute, settled an annuity on Mr. Home, to recompense the persecution—a circumstance that reflects much honor on all parties. I believe Home had the sinecure office of Conservator of Scottish Privileges at Campveer in Holland.

She is to MISS FARREN what GREY is to PITT—
 Each would copy the whole, yet can shew but a bit :
 This vile imitation daubs Reason's best coat ;
 This, this, is a fish-bone 'cross Vanity's throat !

See how boldly the hussey that 's next her rehearses,
 Imperfect, but pompous, like Leonine verses.
 Pr'ythee what can thus make us untrue to one's-self ?
 Should a fox suckle dogs, would it sharpen the whelp ?
 Some force, not immediate, must order all this—
 As 't is urg'd in romances that Genii move bliss !
 Sure some Sylphs are incessantly buoyant, and aim
 By envious praises to murder their fame ;
 Pour the flattering tale on the nerve of the ear,
 Till it coils from the dogma that 's wise and sincere ;
 Breathes the opiate through caves on the eye of the mind,
 Till it winks, is befilm'd, and ends totally blind :
 Then the Judgment gets tipsy, the Fancy grows vain,
 And the phrenzy of Pride desolates the worn brain.
 Now our Dramatists toil, not that Sophs should peruse,
 But to strengthen that weakness which vitiates the Muse :
 With *larmoyant* sentiment how they have writ—
Equivoque nine times hash'd, and mere syllabub wit !
 To give Folly new latitude—Pride a new plan—
 Thus Authors make Actors, though God weaves the
 man !

By causes collateral Custom will try us ;
 When the matin-bell rings all the good feel more pious :
 When Hymen 's conjoining, Youth knows added fires ;
 'Fore the flagon the Drunkard unmasks his desires :

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From the impulse of shame many hie to their prayers ;
 And Fortune oft kicks a vile loon up the stairs !
 In the zenith of being no vapours annoy—
 All our prospects are bright—all our senses wake joy :
 Then our hope, like the horizon, 's always in sight,
 Though it mocks our approach, like th' expected delight :
 Thus our evils increase as our bodies decay ;
 Thus our shades are more black at the death of the day !

Mr. CLAREMONT.—C. G.

WHEN the IRELANDS scud through each pot-house in
 town,
 To scrub off a reproach, and new-prop their renown ;
 Vaunt, vouch, and prate loudly, their ign'rance to smother,
 And prove (*risum ten.*) that each is not the other ;
 How Perception looks down on such rivals with scorn !
 How we ask laughing Jove why such *Fungi* were born !
 If we look at our Players, we 've many among 'em,
 Make us think from what heap merry Fortune has flung
 em !

What *article's* this in the Drama's full moon,
 As neat as a bridegroom, but dull as a loon—
 Like a yard and three-eighths perpendicular moving,
 Who thinks he 's belov'd, but eternally loving ?
 'Tis CLAREMONT you say, and a very good lad ;
 How piteous a youth of such worth should be mad !
 For madness it certainly is to pursue
 Avocations that beckon to please, but undo :

Yet I would not extinguish the Epheby quite ;
 But by snuffing the taper give strength to the light ;
 Though he cannot enact or declaim as I wish,
 I would rather add solder than melt down his dish.
 If t' excel deserves wreaths, give him one, as I trow
 He has carried bad acting as far as 't will go :
 How he tortures hard words *—how adroitly he'll mar !
 How he jumbles the V, and cross-buttocks the R !
 Bid him fly his indentures ; if lame, let him hop ;
 Bid him buy his tobacco at some other shop.
 Oh, God of my fathers ! that beings should be
 Thus denied or to think, or to feel, or to see !
 Crush the seed in the womb—be fecundity spoil'd ;
 Let the matron be mulcted who fosters a child :
 Why bring you, with ardor, such congeons forth ?
 Sure you search in the South for what grows in the
 North !

I will not sit in court or be anger'd with him :
 That would be to waste rage—to support him a whim !
 When the huge clarion bellows at Death's final day,
 And matchless JAMES SARJEANT is ta'en into pay ;
 When the atoms of ages, which made marle and dung,
 Shall, like queer *Fantoccini*, be work'd and re-strung ;
 When the bones of antiquity clatter and dance,
 And the hero and knight claim the hawberk and lance ;

* The late Mr. DUNSTALL, of Covent-Garden Theatre, was remarkable for his affectation of grecisms, and words of many syllables—inso much, that when he was missing at a Rehearsal, NED SHUTER told the elder COLMAN, who was acting Manager, that DUNSTALL had found out another hard word, and was gone to Whitechapel with it.

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When the Turk, and the Bramin, and Indian, and Jew,
 Shall all seek the same Jove by a varying clew ;
 Ascend with mix'd faiths, and be stunn'd with mix'd
 pray'rs,
 Though, like mobs in a Play-house, up different stairs ;
 When the good, of all sects, shall be hail'd and re-
 hail'd,
 And e'en Priests shall blush deep that their feuds had pre-
 vail'd ;
 When that MISCREANT shall shudder who propp'd Ruin's
 cause,
 And brav'd Goodness with rigor *beyond human laws !*
 When foul MUN shall be hurl'd from that cloud which is
 high'st,
 Who would blast all mankind with—*his mouth full of*
 Christ !
 When the veil will be torn 'twixt the guilt that's re-
 warded—
 That blanch'd by a gibbet, and what is recorded ;
 When the infamous Lordling, and Jezabel sattin'd,
 Shall find no more grace than meek Virtue, who's pat-
 ten'd ;
 When e'en Kings shall be damn'd amid thunders em-
 phatic ;
 (How piteous that Fate won't be aristocratic !)
 When hosts of Attornies shall tremble and shirk,
 'Fore a Judge who's no leaven of love for a quirk ;
 When pert Vanity'll stand with her belles and her beaus,
 Like pale gingerbread, stript of its gilding, in rows ;

When

When the Miser shall marvel he'd sigh'd for a stiver;
 When the Rakehell shall moan for his victim, to wive her;
 When the Brewer shall labor to hide his fell drugs—
 The Baker his alum, and Vintner his jugs;
 The Smuggler that thumb he'd so kiss'd for God's book,
 The Vict'ler his scales, and the perjurer his look:
 The Bawd her large Bible she'd plac'd for base uses,
 Lean Extortion his bonds, and the Chemist his juices:
 Will the Herald in opposite sepulchres look
 For the debtor and creditor side of his book;
 Search Marybone's graves for long-hair'd canting ninnies,
 Or Bunhill-row tombs for our *Molls* and our *Phrynes*?
 What confusion there'd be in the vast pyebald drove!
 How would strumpets in jeopardy get *bail above*?
 Then the fault of the Courier 'd o'erthrow canon law,
 And the sinning escape through the gap of a flaw!

Miss *LEAKE*.—D. L.

LIKE a blithe *Sabine* virgin, ere Lust shook her peace,
LEAKE smilingly peeps to bid Sauciness cease:
 Lo, her eyes swim in liquid that mellows their brightness!
 Mark, like Scythia's winter*, her neck's snowy whiteness!

She

* *The RUSSIAN DRAMA.*

Petersburg is one of the greatest centres of human society, and its inhabitants are not without their spectacles, and particularly the Drama—they have French, German, and Russian Comedians, and an Italian Opera. The Masquerade is a favorite amusement in winter.

The French Actors are highly esteemed; and I assure you the Russian Players are no less so in Comedy. The latter have a peculiar turn for works of humour; but in Tragedy they cut a poor figure. Tragedy has no charms in their eyes; and I am very much of their way of thinking: there is a sufficient number of melan-

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She is bursting with plethora—sickening with blood,
 Like SIR JEMMY, the wench has too much of what's good!
 How each iv'ry protuberance curses the stays!
 How her gay little heart seems to hunger for praise!

All

choly scenes presented every day in real life; I prefer, with the Moscovites, to sing and dance while we may. This turn for humour in the Russians is attended with a fault; their Comedy, as with us, too often approaches to Farce. They enjoy with all their souls their native Operas; in which are introduced rural scenery and manners, and native airs. Were I not afraid of your calling me Goth, I would tell you that I prefer many of the Russian songs to the Italian; they are simple, but exquisitely pleasing: the Russians forget every thing else while they are listening to them. Even among the waggoners, and other rustics, we shall sometimes find five or six dividing their voices into as many keys, and producing a concert no way contemptible: they are self-taught, and do not understand what tenor, or bass, or treble means. I wonder the Italians have not pretended that some *David Rizzio* had visited this country, as they are so tremblingly jealous of their quavers.

The Russian instruments of music are as simple as their songs. Of these the balilcka is the favorite of the common people. This is a kind of guitar, with two strings; the performer places it upon his knee, and strikes the wire with such art, as to move some corresponding chord in the breast of every Russian within hearing. Several of their other instruments resemble those of the ancient Romans; particularly the pipe of Pan is matched by their whistle of nine or ten joints, placed at each other's sides of unequal lengths.

You must always expect to hear poetry mentioned with music. Russia has produced two excellent poets in *Somonosoff* and *Sumorokoff*. Before their time the Russian Stage was disgraced by burlesque obscenities, equally offensive to good sense and decency; and these indecencies were often incorporated with scenes borrowed from Scripture. We are told by Steathen that he has seen the Empress Elizabeth's Maids of Honor act a Comedy, sometimes in furnished houses, and at others in a hay-loft about the Court stables. Other strolling companies acted in the public squares. Their exhibitions were often little better than the buffooneries acted at Bartholomew Fair, in Smithfield.

Pedor Wolkot, the *Garrick* of Russia, after exhibiting for some time such scenes as have been just mentioned, introduced upon his Stage the plays of *Somonosoff* and *Sumorokoff*. *Wolkot* painted the

All her motions seem blissful, or vaulting, or singing,
 Like the twists of the bull when *Europa* was clinging :
 She's a morsel for Jove—she's a pound for stray'd Evil ;
 She could philter a Seer—she's a charm for the Devil :

Though

the decorations of his Theatre with his own hands, and assisted in the making up of dresses. He very frequently gave a play gratis, in order to inspire his countrymen with a taste for the Drama. But though the pieces of *Somonosoff* and *Sumorokoff* were well received, his countrymen, for many years, continued to prefer, before all theatrical entertainments, the riotous amusements of the tavern.

The Empress Elizabeth, in the year 1752, brought *Wolkot* and his company to St. Petersburg, where, upon the Court Stage, he played the tragedies of *Sumorokoff*. In order to improve this company, she established a national Theatre, on which *Wolkot* was the chief Actor ; and, for the purpose of exciting a spirit of emulation, she appropriated about a thousand pounds sterling to be divided amongst the Actors according to their abilities ; and allowed them, besides, to act once a week for the public and their own benefit. Besides all this, the Court bore the whole expence of the play. Theatrical improvements were made from time to time ; translations of *Moliere*, and some other French comic writers, were played. The Empress *Catharine* augmented the sum appropriated by Elizabeth for the salary of the Comedians to about four thousand pounds sterling. Two celebrated Actors, *Wolcot* and his brother, were ennobled, and the Empress gave them estates and peasants. [*Here are inserted some illiberal remarks upon the profession of an Actor, which I have omitted, and for which the Author ought to blush.*] I am just arrived from attending two Russian village girls to the Theatre. A number of strolling players from St. Petersburg have honored the villagers residing in the midst of a wood with a visit. The Theatre of this straggling village consists of one room about 25 feet square : a blanket, very properly in this season and climate, supplied the place of a curtain.

The Manager had this morning paraded the village, dressed like a Harlequin, and beating a drum ; another of the Actors performed upon the French horn. They promised to the inhabitants of the village an entertainment consisting of divers curious and novel pieces, tragical and comical. The Performers did not begin until the arrival of the folks, viz. the village Bailiff, his wife and daughter, who were received by all the audience with repeated marks of applause. The Gentlemen and Ladies being

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Though his gypsy were by, *Marcus Tony* 'd not scorn her;
Had I a *palazzo* I'd give her a corner.

Are you certain that *Phœbus* has felt not her song?

She's as handsome as *Daphne*—as jocund—as young!

Were

seated in the stage box, on the end of the first form nearest the Actors, the blanket rose.

The first act consisted of the *School for Scandal*, with abridgements, however, as well as variations, which were the more interesting, as they shewed the taste and turn of the Russians. The Manager's wife, in the character of *Lady Teazle*, having given ear to the addresses of her gallant, lies down upon the floor, and a mock engagement takes place before this delicate audience. Bearded faces pushed forward in every direction to behold this amorous exhibition, and grinned a very high degree of satisfaction. The Ladies tittered, and held down their heads. Full of love and love's disports the pair fall asleep, and are caught in this situation by *Sir Peter Teazle*, who finds both *Joseph* and his Lady without any screen before them. Imagine to yourself the consternation of *Lady Teazle* when she was awakened by a kick with her husband's foot, and *Joseph* with the application of a whip across his shoulders. The affrighted *Joseph* rose, and in a hurry ran off without pronouncing one sentiment. The unfortunate fair one wept, and in a song told us how the base man had deceived her.

Another Comedy, the title of which I do not recollect, was presented in the second act. The principal character was performed by the same Lady, the Manager's wife, who was caught tripping again in a Cyprian exhibition similar to the former.

Tragedy drew her dagger in the third act. The cup remained with the Audience, who refreshed themselves between the acts with brandy. A vaunting foreigner arrives in Russia; by his ribbon I found they meant *Prince Nassau*. He tells the Audience that the Russian Officers could do nothing, and promises to do wonders for her Imperial Majesty. The other Tragedian, in the character of a Russian Nobleman, and Naval Officer, takes fire at this; and having borrowed a white jacket and trowsers from one of the Auditory, and fixing the Order of St. George upon his stately shoulders, he challenges this boasting stranger. Many thrusts were given and received; at last, as might be expected, *Prince Nassau* fell. The blanket fell too by accident, and covered his bleeding body from the rejoicing company, who expressed the greatest encomiums upon the champion of their country, and their detestation of foreigners.

A new

Were the God to implore, shew his powers and deeds,
 D'ye think, like Miss Daph, she'd immerse in the reeds?
 In the transit of Venus she sigh'd and turn'd pale,
 She's no Alioth to seize on a Bear's filthy tail:

Was

A new historical Play was lately produced at the grand Theatre at Petersburg. Report gives it to the pen of the *Empress* herself. It alludes to the ancient history of Russia, and of the connexion between the Russian and Grecian Sovereigns, and of their intermarriages together. Some petty Princes, who disturbed the primitive Dukedom of Russia, whose capital city was Kioff, are brought in chains before the Czar. Kioff, situated upon the elevated banks of the river Nieper, is pictured in a beautiful scene. The galley fleet appear afloat upon the river. The Duke is busied in the hall of audience, receiving and sending away dispatches to various provinces, and giving orders to his surrounding Ministers. His son, the young Duke, sets off for Byzantium, and marries a Grecian Princess. The Royal pair visit in his capital their Russian father. A moveable scene represents the distant march of their escort; numerous armies, waggons, camels loaded with precious articles; squadrons of cavalry guard the young Princess and her husband in their triumphal car. The Heralds, with trumpets, announce their arrival. The procession passes along the Stage; the Officers of the Grecian Court, in their proper habits and insignia: the Princess's maids lead or follow in the procession according to their ranks. The Duke receives them in his hall of audience. The young Prince conducts his veiled bride to the presence. The superior Lady of the Russian Court, who appears to be a Priestess, approaches the Grecian Empress, and pours myrrh, or other pounded herbs, upon her head. The Duke entreats her to unveil: an Officer of the Court, or Priest, at a respectful distance, touches the Princess's veil with a wand, and lifts it off. She appears crowned, and in the Grecian habit; and, making her obeisance to the Duke, he embraces and salutes her. Attended to her chamber by her own and Russian female Maids of Honor, the latter undress the Princess, and again dress her in the Russian habit. The Princess resumes her veil, and, seated at the head of her Ladies, the Russian female dancers and singers entertain her with their performances. The Princess, having remained for some time at Kioff, takes leave of the Duke, inviting him to visit the Court of Byzantium.

The next scene again presents to view the city of Kioff. The Duke embarks in his galley for Byzantium, and sails down the Nieper. As the entertainments given at his own Court were simple,

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Was her house of nativity ever until'd ?
 Did the Ram or the Goat ever frighten the child ?
 Don't she know all the stoical ethics by rote ?
 Don't she pant to make holes in old Tarquin's best coat ?

Her

simple, and characteristic of the manners of this nation, so the splendid reception he met with from his Grecian daughter was equally so of the power and greatness of her Empire. The Herald announce the arrival of the Duke. The Grecian Emperor and Empress rise from their Throne in the Audience Chamber, and receive him ; as do the numerous and splendid Courtiers, with every mark of honor and reverence. The Duke's Herald read a list of his titles. I suspect, from the length of this list, that Catherine II. had added several not then existing in the person of the Russian Dukes. A table is superbly covered ; the goblets and cups were of massy silver, sent from the palace at Petersburg.

The whole service was of the same metal, as well as many pieces of pure gold. The mock Sovereigns wore crowns of gold sparkling with real diamonds of great value. A guard stood behind the scenes to prevent any attempt upon the rich scenery which had never before been introduced into Theatres.

The Grecian Empress sat at the head of the table ; the Duke upon her right and her husband upon her left hand. The Courtiers, and Ladies of the Court, stood around them ; but other attendants waited at table. At intervals a band of music, Grecian dancers and singers, perform before the august assemblage. The Sovereigns rise from table. The Duke leads the Empress to the Amphitheatre, which appears in the next scene erected round the stage. These presented a new and uncommon prospect. It was crowded with the Ladies and Gentlemen of the Grecian Court, and with the Russian Courtiers who had accompanied the Duke, in their national habits. The Grecian and Russian guards, in their ancient national uniform, filled up the remaining space. The Duke, the Empress, and her husband, were seated in the same gallery upon the right, but divided from their Courtiers by a partition, and their place otherwise distinguished. The Grecian fencers, gladiators, wrestlers, shooters with the bow, in their turns displayed their dexterity ; sometimes they contended in parties, sometimes only two fought for the prize. The foot-racers wheeled round the posts, and pressed on to the goal. The conquerors were crowned with laurel ; they carried too the arms of the vanquished, who walked round the stage behind them, and all as they passed the Sovereigns and Courtiers, saluted them. A second stage was erected beneath, and at the further end of the

M

Amphi-

Her ebon-hued locks, soft as down on the raven,
 Seem tacitly grand, like our fleet in a haven;
 When minstrels and *Bamboches* her graciousness seek,
 How the crimson tides flow and bedamask her cheek!
 Had she breath'd but in earlier times she'd been sainted;
 Have you no *contraverga* to bathe her if tainted?
 What makes her so coy, so contemptuous, so loth?
 Her nurse, by the mass, has put ice in her broth!
 Shall her snug *citadella* be ever unstorm'd?
 Shall she teach apes her gamut in climes too high warm'd?
 What a marrow-fill'd dumpling for DOUGLAS's tooth?
 What a sop in the pan for incontinent youth?
 What the deuce are you at?—you've put Cydnus in tears;
 Why, you suffer your girls to be fallow for years!
 At this time too, when Honor demands nine in ten!
 Let the hussies uncase—zounds, the nation wants men!
 Shall she keep all that ocean of joy to herself?
 Will she give it to Passion, or sell it for pelf?
 Were I *Imperator* I'd make her impart,
 But faith I would rather be—Lord of her heart:
 Can you mark out the sort of Philander would please her?
 For some jades would hug clowns who have frown'd upon
 Cæsar!

Amphitheatre a representation of the ancient Drama was exhibited. Two Actors alternately appeared, and delivered discourses from the plays of Euripides. The audience were transported into old times, and imagined themselves seated in Rome or Athens. At the conclusion of this Drama, consisting of several acts, between which the Audience were entertained, as usual, with music, a stair was constructed to the gallery where the Sovereigns and Ministers were seated; they descended by this stair, railed with the bucklers, the banners, and spears of the conquerors in the preceding games. The curtain dropped amidst the huzzas of the guard and the sound of trumpets.—Vide *Letters from Scandinavia*.

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When she acts, I'm impell'd to take much upon trust ;
 When she sings, her sweet song shuts the eyes of Disgust ;
 Her dulcet *contralto* exacts Fame's confession
 To her feminine graces and *manly* expression.
 In her onset her name met the Public too proudly,
 She was injur'd by zeal—she was lauded too loudly !
 When a cloud, burst in pregnancy, spills gentle showers,
 All the herbage looks gladly—rich tints deck the flowers ;
 But if continued torrents inundate the earth,
 All those seeds are destroy'd which give nutriment birth.
 Thus it is with a Player:—a rational praise
 May buttress their honor and fashion their lays ;
 But unqualified puffs fret the national vision,
 And Perception's arch smile leads to local perdition.

Mr. HARGRAVE.—C. G.

As pilehards in shoals periodical scud
 Through the Ocean's salt bowels and teaze up the mud,
 So novitiate tribes will egregious move
 To the Drama's vast Chief in an elbowing drove ;
 Thus, by instinct, each hies thro' the filth and the main,
 Though the fish and the fool only rush to be slain !

Half-fledg'd and half-finish'd, lo! HARGRAVE appears,
 For my plaudits too callow—too bright for my sneers :
 When he burst in *Octavian* some laugh'd and some wept,
 And many applauded, yet many more slept ;
 'Twas a pyebald display, demi-grotesque and mad,
 And like few lawyers' hearts—not entirely bad ;

M 2

Some

Some prais'd him, and loudly, till *Zaphna* appear'd,
 And then his escutcheon was blotted and smear'd ;
 All the critical saw the same o'erheated rage,
 And that Lunacy govern'd his aims on the Stage !
 Words meant to be social, as cousin or brother,
 Unnatural tript up the heels of each other :
 Yet amidst all this wildness that lost him Wit's meed,
 Some occasional flashes illumin'd his deed ;
 Accidental effulgencies cheer'd mind and sight,
 Like fleet coruscations pervading the night ;
 Which, though blest, yet so transient, they answer no more
 Than to regull our wish for a bliss we deplore.
 They came forth, like faint truths, from a varlet who's
 lying,

Or the forcible starts in a victim who's dying :
 No rational hope in an ecstasy kist 'em,
 As they spoke not high health in the brain or the system.
 No Actor past thirty should rush on the Stage,
 Or create a new draught on his peace or his rage ;
 As all in that period of being who're brought,
 Will decline in each prop of existence, but thought.
 Have you no reservoirs of good sense to let out
 In health-giving streams, like a spa through a spout ?
 Can't you purge a joureau, or on knowing one dub it ?
 Can't you take out the pith from the cranium and scrub it ?
 Pies on it, what can't you refurnish the mind ?
 Pr'ythee have you no optics to help the purblind ?
 Zounds, crush those jongleurs who have tickled and stung
 'em,

Get a dish of ideas, and throw them among 'em !

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* Mr. S
 to Covent-t
 in the Panto
 mon applau

Let no man mouth a saw till he's conn'd it and spell'd it ;
 Should this step affront Jove, say 't was I who impell'd it :
 What the deuce, must the judgment be ever at war ?
 There's no sheep should be lost for a penn'orth of tar !

Mr. SLOPER*.—C. G.

OH, Gemini DRU ! we're all lost, I declare,
 The superb Queen of Heaven has dropt through the
 air ;—

She can 't be far off this sublunary scene—

Look, there's one of her horses—her *peacocks* I mean :

We shall soon see her chaise, as the birds are unbuckled ;

We must fob her, as *Baucis* once coax'd her hot
 cuckold.

Where's the beautiful service I purchased of WEDGE-
 WOOD ?

Feed the grate with more coals ; if you've none, get some
 hedge-wood :

Let our best Turkey carpet be beat, and laid down ;

Send for EGAN to copy the shape of her gown ;

Bring me down my carmine ; and, d'ye hear, bid each
 wench

Who's no breeding, begone—does her Highness speak
 French ?

If she does we'll be pos'd, she's so vers'd in the gen-
 ders ;

Get some em'ry, and brighten my tongs and my fenders.

* Mr. SLOPER is a worthy and ingenious man, and Carpenter to Covent-Garden Theatre. He performed the part of the *Peacock*, in the Pantomime of *Jewels New Set*, for many nights, with uncommon applause from a very discerning audience !

I'm all over, I cannot tell how, like defts kist,
 Or Mayors' dames while besliming his Majesty's fist.
 Have you no Coniac, or *liqueur* that is mild?
 Snatch the *pad* from that spinster, she'll look as with
 child.

How the Dutchess will envy this visit, and wonder
 We were not afraid of her nails or her thunder!
 Send the midwife a message, perhaps she may need her;
 Buy a new *water-closet* at BRAMAH'S, of cedar.
 I am told she loves punch—let us get her well fuddled;
 All the gossips I've sat with will blab when they're mud-
 dled:

'Then we'll learn if this termagant's cause to be jealous,
 And if Jove's so terrific in deed as they tell us:
 She may steal us the day-book, and then we shall know
 Who'll be griddled or sav'd—be above or below.
 Give her LACKINGTON'S Cat'logue, it may be her plan
 To purchase a library as cheap as she can:
 She may like *rouge et noir*; buy some cards for her use,
 Dice, *trictrac*, and bowls, and the game of the goose.
 We'll request the old girl to make *Shakespeare* a star;
 Let HOULDITCH, in haste, build the shrew a new car.
 We will ask if in Heaven they take any fees;
 We will ask what she thinks of good KENYON'S decrees;
 If *Hermes* e'er pilfers her bodkins or spoons;
 If the jades in the cock-loft are pregnant nine moons.
 When we hold our communion, pray sister remember
 That I beg her to send us no fogs in November.
 Fill my box with rappee—lay the best forks and knives;
 Where's the jorden? I'll do it before she arrives.

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Here's the elegant bird—how majestic, I trow ;
How different from any we have here below !
What a luminous plumage—white, purple, and red ;
How it's tinted with sapphire—how gorgeous its head !
How immense are its parts—how it sweetens the gale !
By this light, but I'll measure the length of his tail :
Why the beast has got small-clothes !—who's this inter-
loper ?

How stupid I am—bless my soul, it is SLOPER !

Lo ! omnipotent SLOPER—prodigiously gay,
Like the City's gilt coach on the City's great day !
He was got by *Sylvanus* from *Pan's* shaggy sister ;
He's coz-german to *Faunus*, and he too has kist her :
While his nut-brown Mamma heard the vows of her
lover,

Young *Dryads* with boughs wove the twain a green cover ;
Those were days when some modesty hung round the
act !

Those were days when they'd blush to be caught in the
fact !

Who regards not this scion of delicate love ?

His voice necromantic, can palsy the grove !

The Oak, Elm, and Fir, shake like watch-house pent
sluts,

And all feel, when he's near 'em, a pain in their guts.

They his chissel dread more than our rakes canon law,

And weep rivulets of gum when he levels—his saw :

He'll cut down heads and trunks when there's rage in his
mind,

Nor heeds though a virgin were cas'd in the rind :

His

His fist marks the victim—its influence such is,
 That, like the world's pity, it 'numbs where it touches :
 When he lifts up his axe he disseminates fears,
 All the forest is shock'd, nay, and some of our Peers !
 In a room all the chattels will cease to be gay,
 And old chairs and joint-stools wriggle out of his way ;
 And they all seem as jocund when SLOPER has fled,
 As the fleas in his hell when a taylor lies dead.
 When he cuts off a limb he induces no ills ;
 He can fashion a Phœbus * whenever he wills :
 Though his logical twistings no auditor sees,
 He's a knotty expounder, and critic—'mong trees ;
 And though no great adept in the *branches* of learning,
 In the branches of timber no man's more discerning :
 He has finger'd more *laurels* than SHERRY or you,
 And his *saws* have more points than CHARLES PHILIPS
 e'er knew !
 E'en that rogue beechen PUNCH, that engend'rer of
 whim !
 Though he'd scoff'd at a monarch, would tremble at
 him !—
 What an actor is SLOPER—how vast is his taste !
 He's no vulgar grimace—his demeanor is chaste !
 When he spreads his gay rump, how the Galleries roar !
 When he screws up his tail, how the belles cry, Encore !

* To whom the honor is to be ascribed of placing Phœbus at
 the top of Drury-Lane Theatre, I know not ; but it assuredly
 proves that the veneration for the God of Ballads is on the decline ;
 otherwise no one would be permitted by a nation so *enlightened* as
 this, to affix a vulgar image of the regent of day, issuing from the
 summit of that hideous pile—like a chimney-sweeper announcing
 the completion of his dirty labor.

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Oh, infallible clue to each auditor's heart !
 Oh, matchless perfection of exquisite art !
 Like him, may each chief, unabash'd, shew his face !
 From him let your KEMBLEs learn manners and grace !
 May Envy, who peery and pale, marks his way,
 Affix no temptation to lead him astray !
 May his Genius remove all the snares of his foes,
 And the *porter* and *cheese* from the scent of his nose !

Mrs. SECOND.—C. G.

WHEN a priest chid a negro for eating a goose
 At Jamaica last Lent, thus he made his excuse :
 " Oh Lord, massa, tat ting you be see in the dish
 Is no goose !"—What, no goose, villain ?"—" No, 't is te
 fish :"

" Oh ! you shall have flogging and broiling for this ;
 Oh ! you'll go to hell, and eternally hiss !
 You shall roast, you shall fry"—" Massa, massa, be
 cooley :

When I come from Afric they calla me MULEY ;
 But you wetty me o'er, and me wash from perdition,
 And you changy me name, and you change me condi-
 tion :

So 'fore blackyman eat, he too water te dish—
 He wash goose all away, now be very good fish !"—

Thus by puffs you all labor to transform each elf,
 And expect human kind to give credit to self ;
 Yet if any keen reasoner treads in your sphere,
 You will call the inquirer rude, not sincere.

'Tis

'Tis to gulling alone that you fondly incline,
 And thus vintners admit to give poison for wine :
 You believe that an insult is meant for love's test,
 As Hottentots urine on those they like best.
 But Folly's unquestion'd in going her rounds ;
 Her monopoly grapples all hamlets, all bounds !
 How many've been gall'd for denying belief !
 How many've been wounded for crying " Stop thief !"
 Let not stubborn Philosophy drill your bald youth ;
 They must let the *apology* pass for the *truth* !
 There are none will seem pompous but those who can't
 think,

As none use perfumes but to cover a stink :
 They expect by such fourb'ries to bother each sense,
 As old maids scold their curs to transfer an offence !

From what aviary stole you this warbler I pray ?
 It chirrups, and sweetly, like larks on the spray :
 Can't you quicken her motions with ginger or spur ?
 Can't those steeds that rush by her impel her to stir ?
 Can no human influence propel her paces ?
 Send the idler to France*, to learn spirit and graces.

What

* FURTHER REMARKS upon the FRENCH DRAMA.

It affords matter for astonishment, that when obscenity began to be expelled from the French Stage, the reformation should not have extended farther, and have produced the abolition of certain scandalous exhibitions, which were represented in the churches on particular festivals; on such occasions, the priests were dressed in masquerade; some disguised like women, others like buffoons, sang the most indelicate songs in the choir; ate *meat-soups* upon the altar; played at dice, by the side of the minister who was celebrating

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What a pretty automaton ! zounds, can it walk ?
 Has it power to speak ? if you can, make it talk.
 How agreeably it touches the springs of desire !
 It is handsome—but has it a soul ? has it fire ?

Turn

brating the sacrifice of the mass ; infected the church, by burning every kind of filth in the censer : danced ; uttered the most obscene sayings, and exhibited the most indecent postures. Such was **THE FEAST OF FOOLS** ! at which the clergy chose a bishop, an archbishop, and even a sovereign pontiff, whom they called the **POPE OF THE FOOLS**, and who officiated as Pope, giving his benediction to the people. These abominable orgies long subsisted, and it was not till some time after this period, that, through the exertions of the prelates, and the most virtuous of the clergy, their abolition was effected.

The Troubadours, Jongleurs, and Minstrels, continued almost to monopolize the privilege of amusing the nation, till the introduction of actors of a different kind. The pilgrims, on their return from Palestine, Spain, and even from distant parts of France, had ever been accustomed to sing spiritual songs, and to recite, in the principal towns, the singularities or miracles of the different countries they had visited.

Before the expeditions into the East became fashionable, the principal and leading subjects of the old fablers were the achievements of Charlemagne and his twelve peers. But in the romances and dramatic poems written after the holy war, a new set of champions, of conquests, and of countries were introduced. Godfrey of Bulloigne, Solyman, Nouraddin, the Caliphs, the Souldans, and the cities of Egypt and Syria, became the favorite topics. The Troubadours took up arms, and followed their barons in prodigious multitudes to the conquest of Jerusalem. They formed a considerable part of the household of the nobility. Lewis the Seventh not only entertained them at his court very liberally, but took a considerable number of them in his retinue, when they sailed for Palestine, that they might solace him with their songs, during the dangers and inconveniencies of so long a voyage. The ancient chronicles of France mention *Legions de Poetes* as embarking in this wonderful enterprise. Here a new and more copious scene of fabling was opened : in these expeditions they picked up numberless extravagant stories ; and, at their return, enriched romance with an infinite variety of oriental scenes and fictions. Thus these later wonders, in some measure, supplanted the former, they had the re-

commendation

Turn it round like a wheel, it may do it some good,
 Revolution will even force warmth into wood.
 With Inanity's fetters this Lady's accurst,
 This Nymph may be SECOND, but ne'er will be first!

To

commendation of novelty, and gained still more attention, as they came from a greater distance.

It often happened that these zealous travellers associated and formed troops, by which means they increased the curiosity of the people to a much greater degree. The poets, heated by a pious enthusiasm, composed pieces appropriate to the object of their devotion, which were recited by the troop, in the form of a dialogue. Such, probably, was the origin of the *mysteries* or *miracle-plays*. These representations were exhibited in the streets, or on stages erected for the purpose in the most public parts of the town, till a society of Parisians undertook to give them a more regular form. The village of Saint Maur des Fossés, near Paris, much frequented by pilgrims, was the place they chose for their first representation; here, consequently, the first regular stage was erected. The mystery they performed was, The History of the Death of our Saviour, whence the society afterward took the name of "*The Brotherhood of the Passion*." This novelty attracted vast crowds of people; but the provost of Paris issued an ordonnance, dated the third of June 1398, enjoining them to stop their performances. The associates, however, made application to the king for permission to continue them; and it appears that their request was granted, since they were allowed to exhibit several times before the monarch, who was so well pleased with the poem itself, and with the abilities of the actors, that he authorized their establishment in the capital, by letters dated in the month of December 1402. In those letters the associates are distinguished by the appellations of Masters, Governors, and Brethren, of the *Brotherhood of the Passion*. It appears that the king himself did not think it beneath his dignity to become a member of this brotherhood (*de s'agreger à cette confrairie*).

The Brethren of the Passion, being thus sanctioned by sovereign authority, erected a stage in the great hall of the hospital of the Trinity. The subjects of their first representations were taken from scripture; and they were chiefly composed by priests. These were called *Mysteries*, an appellation which was likewise applied to poems taken from profane history, or the heathen mythology. All the principal towns in the kingdom followed the example of the capital; and the extreme eagerness evinced by the people for these pious amusements, induced the clergy to begin divine service

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To deny her some merit would sully my station ;
 But then 't is the merit of apt imitation :
 Now BILLINGTON 's gone o'er the hills far away,
Calliope's kitchen-maids copy her lay.

So

at an earlier hour than usual, that their parishioners might be enabled to attend both the church and the theatre.

About the same period, another description of actors started up, whose performances were of a different cast, and the bond of whose union was a conformity of taste for pleasure, and of inclination to raillery. The folly and absurdities of their fellow-citizens formed the object of their exhibitions; and no whimsical nor ridiculous adventure escaped their attention. This company was composed of young men of the best families in Paris; they assumed the appellation of *les Enfants sans Souci*; their leader took the title of *Prince of Fools*, and their performance was called *The Exhibition of Folly*. They were at once authors and actors. They erected a stage at the *Halles*. The town and the court were equally delighted with their representations, and Charles the Sixth confirmed, by letters-patent, the *joyous institution*. The prince of fools was acknowledged king of the empire he had founded; he wore, by way of crown, a hood with asses' ears; and once a-year he made his public entry into Paris, followed by all his subjects.

The attorneys' clerks, known by the appellation of *Bazochiens*, invented, about the same time, another species of dramatic performances, called *Moralities*; in which the fictions of allegory were combined with historical facts. But as these compositions were found insipid, the actors of the *Bazoche* entered into a negotiation with the *Enfans sans Souci*, who allowed them to play Farces, on condition of being permitted to introduce *Moralities* on their own stage. The clerks of the *Châtelet*, and even those of the chamber of accounts, distinguished by the title of *Jurisdiction of the Holy Empire*, followed the example of the other clerks; but their success was neither so durable, nor so brilliant. Several private citizens joined the *Bazochiens*; and in the number of these voluntary associates are to be found the names of some celebrated men—such as John Desure, and Clement Marot, who composed as well for the *Bazoche* as for the *Enfans sans Souci*. The licentiousness which prevailed during the civil wars that broke out immediately after the establishment of these societies, introduced into their exhibitions a degree of malignancy and personal satire, which were authorized by the disorders of the times. This abuse was corrected by the

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magis-

So the Moon o'er this hemisphere glares from her socket,
 While the Sun to fresh worlds takes the Day in his
 pocket;
 Yet the nightly impostor seems proud at her post,
 Though she borrows her light from that orb we have
 lost!

Ah!

magistrates as soon as the union of the opposite factions had restored tranquillity to the kingdom.

These theatrical amusements were not confined to the metropolis; there were few provinces that were not distinguished by some similar institution. Evreux and Rouen had their *Coqueluchiers* and their *Cuckolds* (CORNARDS); the chief of these last, who was called *Abbot of the Cuckolds*, was elected once a-year, on Saint Barnabas's day. He always wore the mitre and the crosier. The object of this institution was the same as that of the *Enfans sans Souci*.

It is rather surprising, that, notwithstanding these efforts, and the general disposition of the people to mimicry and raillery, a nation, in other respects ingenious, lively, and strongly addicted to pleasure, should have remained so long without forming any idea of true Comedy, which did not appear in France till some centuries after the first dawning of the dramatic art. The progress of that art was much less rapid in France than in Greece, though, in some provinces, the French had begun in the same manner as the Greeks, and had, moreover, the *chefs d'œuvre* of those great masters to serve them for models. Sophocles and Æschylus made the theatre at Athens flourish fifty years after Thespis; and they were soon succeeded by Aristophanes. But Corneille and Moliere did not appear till the seventeenth century, and more than four hundred years before, a similar society to that which Thespis instituted in Greece, had been established at Dijon. This association, called *La mere folle et l'infanterie Dijonnaise*, subsisted till the year 1630, when it was suppressed by Lewis the Thirteenth.

All orders of people were infected by the *furor theatricus*. The students of the university put on masks, acted farces, chose a prince of fools among themselves, dressed themselves like bishops, and, in that state, ran about the streets, committing a thousand disorders. The rector made several fruitless attempts to put a stop to these riotous proceedings; and the parliament and even the king were obliged to interfere, before they could be brought to reason. Among the different kinds of exhibitions, we must not omit to notice the indecent scenes which passed in the churches, where the

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Ah! whither's my BILLINGTON fled from Woe's throng,
 So peerless in frame—so illustrious in song?
 If in Cisalpine meads you incautiously rove,
 Or make Padua's swains leave their lore for your love:

If

most holy mysteries of religion were imitated by troops of vulgar actors. These impious farces, for which the superstitious simplicity of an ignorant age could alone furnish an excuse, subsisted till the latter end of the sixteenth century. The Parliament, in 1571, ordered the parishioners of Saint Nicolas to abolish the custom of profaning their church, on the Feast of the Holy Sacrament, by imitating Jesus Christ, the Apostles, and Prophets—an exhibition accompanied by the most indecent and disgusting buffooneries.

As soon as the Brethren of the Passion found that their *Mysteries* no longer excited the curiosity of the people, who were more agreeably amused by the farces of the *Enfans sans Souci*, they entered into an association with their rivals, and as they played together, the pious scenes were mingled with profane interludes, which were called *Le jeu des pois pilés*. Such were the ridiculous diversions of the French at this period. At first these associations, or confraternities, were composed of Actors who had no object of interest in view, but only sought to procure amusement or instruction. But when theatrical exhibitions began generally to prevail, many persons devoted their whole time to them, and they were the first Comedians by profession. The celebrity which the *Enfans sans Souci* had acquired, made these assume the same appellation, which has led some writers to suppose they were the same societies. These Comedians played sometimes at Paris; but the Brethren of the Passion, in virtue of their privilege, prevented them from fixing their residence in the capital. At length, however, the Parliament having suppressed the representation of Mysteries, and the Brotherhood, either from scruple or incapacity, refusing to play profane pieces, they let a new Theatre, which they had recently purchased, to the Comedians: this Theatre stood on the same spot where the late Italian Theatre stood.

Neither genius, plot, nor invention must be expected in the Dramatic Poems of these times. Scenes follow scenes without order or connexion. The time of action is half a century, and sometimes more. The passages from Scripture are quoted literally: Jesus Christ is made to preach sermons, half Latin, and half French; and to administer the Sacrament to his Apostles by a consecrated water—Saint Anne and the Virgin are brought to bed upon the Stage, with no more precaution than that of drawing the curtains of the bed. Judas plays at chess with the son of the King of Scariath,

If you lave in the *Baia*, take heed, as you tread,
That no nymph of the waters inweaves the salt bed
With rough pebbles, to injure thy ivory feet;
For Envy 'll do much when the deed is not meet;

If

rioth, and a quarrel ensuing, he kills his antagonist, then murders the father, and marries the mother. Mahomet is mentioned seven hundred years before his birth, and is placed among the Pagan Deities. The Governor of Judea sells Bishoprics by auction. Satan begs Lucifer to give him his benediction. When they are going to cast lots for the garment of Christ, the Devil brings the dice, and orders the soldier to whom he delivers them, if he should be asked whence they came, to say he had them from the Devil; they then throw, and the losers curse their fate, the Devil who invented dice, and all those who shall use them in future. Such were these grotesque exhibitions, which were well suited to the manners of the age.

The audience-part of the Theatre was nearly the same as at present; but on the Stage several scaffolds were erected, one above the other, the highest of which represented Paradise; and when the scene lay nearer to the earth the Actors descended to the lower scaffolds. As Hell was often introduced in the sacred pieces, a trap-door was made in the floor to represent a dragon's throat, whence issued Demons and Monsters. Before the play began, all the Actors (often to the number of two hundred, and upwards) were placed on benches in the front, whence they walked on the Stage as their respective parts required their appearance; so that the delusion, which is essentially necessary to enhance the pleasure of the Audience, was totally destroyed. The performances of the *Bazochiens* and *Enfans sans Souci* were purely gratuitous; but the Brethren of the Passion exacted money for admission. They even raised the price of admission so high, that the Parliament thought it necessary to interfere, and forbid them to receive more than *two sols* for each person. Their exhibitions began at one in the afternoon, and continued, without intermission, till five. From the annual profits of these performances, a thousand livres was, by order of Parliament, set apart for the poor.

Cards were first introduced into France during the reign of Charles the Sixth, for the purpose of affording that Monarch some amusement in his lucid intervals. Jacquemin Gringonneur, a painter, who lived in the Rue de la Verrerie, was the first who painted "*cards in gold and different colours for the King's amusement.*" But this was by no means a new invention, as cards are mentioned in the life of Bernard of Sienna, among the instruments of gaming which

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If stern Jove's massy statue you mocking address,
 Till the Thunderer growls that he cannot caress :
 If up Tivoli's umbrageous bosom you stray,
 While its classic cascades wet your charms with the spray;
 If

which were ordered to be burned in the Market-place. The amusement, however, had long been neglected, when the deplorable state of the King proved the means of reviving it. It was soon adopted by the nation, and in less than four years the rage for card-playing became so prevalent, that the Provost of Paris published an ordinance to forbid the use of cards. But as the Court publicly transgressed the prohibition, it was of course little attended to by the people.

From the cards which are still used in France, a just idea may be formed of the dress of the age in which they became common. The armorial bearings on the drapery of the figures distinguish the reign of Charles the Sixth and Charles the Seventh, when it was the fashion for the Nobility to have their arms embroidered on their clothes to distinguish them from the common people—a distinction which could not exist at present, says Villaret, when the meanest plebeian loads the escutcheon of his peaceful ancestors with the most murderous instruments of war, and may still be deemed modest if he forbear to decorate these ridiculous trophies with the coronet of a Count or a Marquis. The names of the Kings and Queens refer to an old game, called "King and Queen." Those of the Knaves are more modern. *Oger* the Dane, and *Lancelot*, allude to the heroic days of the ancient *Paladins*, while modern chivalry is represented by two Noblemen of the Court who flourished at this period—the famous *La Hire*, and the brave *Hector de Galard*, one of the ancestors of the Counts of Brissac. Some Authors have pretended to discover in the cards the sublimest maxims of war and government. According to them the *as* represent money, considered as the nerve of war; the *trèfle* (trefoil) is an emblem of the fertility of the earth, which is necessary for the subsistence of armies, which are designated by the *piques* (pik's) and *carreaux* (arrows). The various combinations of the different games, they say, develop the most profound mysteries of state-policy. But such as are anxious to pursue this inquiry may consult the Authors who have treated upon the subject.

During the abode of Charles the Sixth at Toulouse, in 1389, he granted to the women of the town, resident in that city, *lettres de faveur*, which convey a strange idea of the manners of the times. These victims of vice and incontinence were subjected to the necessity of wearing, not only a particular dress, but other distinctive

If reclin'd in deep thought 'gainst the Circus' vast ribs;
 If you're chill'd in that cave where the Sibyl told fibs;
 If, like *Achaian* wizards, thy magical strains
 Hush the rude Adriatic, and hold it in chains:
 Or if in *Elysium* sequester'd you roam,
 Where the good, pass'd the bourn of our state, are at
 home;
 • Where ethereal spirits, thrice blanch'd from all care,
 Hover round your buoy'd ringlets and hymn in the air!
 If enwrapp'd in a chlamys you hang o'er the Po,
 Or beslabber the Pontiff's dank feculent toe:
 Or inhale from *Averno* pestiferous steams;
 Or o'er *Petrarca's* ashes indulge passion's dreams:
 Ah come, beauteous chantress, our dulness destroy,
 And raise to an acme the national joy.

marks characteristic of their profession. It was to procure an exemption from this law that their application to the Court was made. In the letters above mentioned, which are still extant, the King declares, that having received the supplication of *the women of pleasure belonging to the great brothel of Toulouse, called the Great Abbey* (who complained that the Magistrates treated them very harshly, in subjecting them to regulations which prevented them from dressing as they pleased, and exposed them to continual injuries and insults), and desiring to extend his favour to every one, he granted them, and *their successors in the said Abbey*, the permission to wear such gowns and hoods as they pleased, of any colour they might prefer, provided only that they should wear a garter of a different colour round their arm. These letters are signed by *the King in his Court of Requests; present, the Bishop of Noyon, the Viscount of Melun, Enguerran Deudin, and John d'Estouteville*. This community preserved its privileges for a considerable time, although it changed its name. Pasquier, who lived in the seventeenth century, mentions his having seen the *filles du chateau vert* at Toulouse, who bore no other distinctive mark than a kind of twisted lace, called an *aiguillette*, on the shoulder; whence came the vulgar expression *courir l'aiguillette*, to play the whore.—*Vide GIFFORD'S HISTORY OF FRANCE, Vol. ii.*

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If Phœbus, disguis'd as a minstrel, should woo you*,
 And gather his beams 'neath a vest to undo you;
 Would you know 'tis the God, pour your strains in
 his ears,

• Till the ditty was blended and lost in the spheres;
 Then amazement and bliss all his ill shall betray,
 And you hold in fetters the Regent of day!

Mr. MIDDLETON.—C. G.

I HAVE thought, like a narrow portmanteau, the mind
 Can receive but its ratio in chattels or kind;
 That certain ideas may in it be stow'd,
 With nice circumspection, to make up its load;
 Though if carelessly mingled they'll generate a pother,
 And inflame and propel with ejectments each other.
 Should Algebra meet with a Muse while conceiving,
 He'd make her miscarry, though Phœbus were grieving;
 The Passions would each pray for different weather,
 Nor would Envy and Harmony pig in together:

* I have recently understood from various *cognoscenti* who have heard Mrs. BILLINGTON at the Opera of *St. Carlo* at Naples, and the Opera at Venice, that her powers of execution were considered as wonderfully brilliant, but they objected to her expression, as incomplete. Having had the honor of being well acquainted with this lovely Syren, I could not avoid entering the lists in her defence, and brought the cavilling *oltramontani* to acknowledge, that this presumed defect resulted from her imperfect knowledge of the national idiom; and not from any deficiency of natural power or harmonic attainment, both of which she possesses in nearly the highest possible order.—Mr. BRIDEL, of Stoke Newington, who teaches the *French language* more classically and purely than any person I have known, is not, with all his knowledge, a complete master of our idiom; so very difficult is it to acquire what cannot be defined.

Trigo-

Trigonometry'd tip laughing Mirth a *Mendoza*,
And wild Faith would pin down the *Belle Lettre*, and
'pose her:

Wit and Alchymy'd never inhabit one cottage,
Or Law and Astronomy eat the same pottage;
More than half of the parties must lose half their power,
Or strong Lunacy'll seize on the whole as her dower!

How adust—how chapfallen poor MIDDLETON comes!
He is sighing—he's mute—he is biting his thumbs!
How he hangs down his overcharg'd skull on his breast,
Making Sentiment, Folly, and Sadness a jest.
Is the youth cross'd in love, that he ponders so doleful?
Has he drank so much grief that he's got all his soul full?
Who has steep'd him in bitters, like hides by a tanner?
Are his senses all bankrupt *—or is it his manner?
Years ago he was better, he mends not by age;
He looks worn like a post-horse who'd run a long stage.
This can't be *Laertes*, or *Romeo*—what fellows!
Give the bipen more wing—blow his coals with your
bellows.

An inanity seems to usurp all his face,
Like the mien of the blind who're unconscious of grace;

* In the course of this season, at the termination of the first act of the Tragedy of *Zara*, Mr. MIDDLETON put off the habit of his character, and, re-dressing himself, walked out of the house to a neighbouring tavern, from whence he wrote a note to the Deputy Manager, informing him that he would not perform any more that evening. In the consequent apology in the Journals, the Public were informed that Mr. MIDDLETON was *deranged*!—I do not mean to dispute the truth or propriety of the extenuation, but only wonder that, agreeably to existing circumstances, such apologies are not more general!

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It is odd he can prate such good sense and retains none,
 But many sell letters whose idiom pains one ;
 A ruthless causticity cramps his best deeds,
 And he tortures poor Truth till she whimpers and bleeds ;
 He looks as if Fate had suspended his thought,
 Yet this vacancy speaks not that peace which it ought :
 Some affect *nonchalance* whose reflections oft pang 'em,
 And thieves plead Not guilty, whose crimes they know 'll
 hang 'em !

Those feel scandal most who have felt diminution,
 And none deny God but who fear retribution.
 Some may call this a treat, but as tests don't agree,
 What is charming to them may be hateful to me ;
 'Tis like Germanic banquets, or Pleasures *Helvetique*,
 Where, after the cates, they produce an emetic.
 Oh I'm pain'd when a driv'ler yawns wide his brown jaw,
 I'd as soon hear smiths filing the teeth of a saw ;
 Then my frame's all antipathy, bustle, and wonder,
 Like the deep in a storm, or young ducks amid thunder.
 JOHN PALMER, I trow, is that man who alone
 Can denote in his act that the stage is his own ;
 His demeanour proclaims, as he struts o'er each board,
 This, this is my empire, and I am its Lord ;
 And though he stalks wide like a despot in drink,
 There is wit in his rage, and we see the man think.

Miss *DE CAMP*.—D. L.

WHAT wood-nymph is this nestling here *en famille* ?
 Are no fauns at her elbow ?—I vow she's genteel :

How

How her boddice hangs loosely—what well-manner'd
strutting!

Has she lost a fond swain?—Has the gipsy been nutting?

Now I look 't is no wood-nymph, but some agile deft

Atalanta held dear, but though loving she left:

Or Tuscan emblazon'd*, or Sylph I declare;

Does she tread on the pasture or walk in the air?

Is

* *The ITALIAN DRAMA.*

AFTER the extinction of the Latin Theatres, the Italian Drama degenerated into vulgarity and superstition, and its professors strolled from town to town: it languished thus until the twelfth century, when it gradually recovered its vigor, and admitted the embellishments of dialogue. Here is a chasm in the history of the Italian Stage comprehending several centuries! The Academy of *Sienna* was the first body of persons who set the example of composing and representing correct Comedies. This was followed by others in the seventeenth century; and the hired Actors, who until that period had always acted extempore, or wandering *improvisatori*, never performed any piece which had not been previously printed. The Theatres are open at *Rome* only the last eight days of the Carnival; those of *Venice* from the month of October to the first day of Lent. In this city the Spectators go masqued to the public diversions—the women of quality occupy the front boxes, and the *Courtezans* the row immediately below them. The occupants of the Pit go ill-dressed, it being the custom to spit out of the Boxes into the Pit!—The Dramatists of Italy have never been able to produce a legitimate Comedy, although the Operas of *Metastasio* deserve much praise. Before his time the *Pastor Fido* was their most celebrated piece. Their love of *Scaramouch*, and his eccentricities, supersedes their regards for nature or truth. The Italian writers have been very zealous to ascertain the precise time in which the Opera was introduced: Some maintain that the *Euridice* of *Rinuccini*, acted in Florence in 1600, on the marriage of *Mary de Medicis* to *Henry the Fourth* of France, was the first entertainment of this order. Others ascribe the invention to *Emilia del Cavallieri*, who, in 1590, exhibited *Il Satyro*, and *La Disperazione de Fileno*, both musical pastorals, at Florence. Some take their date from that musical Tragedy which the Senate and Republic caused to be acted in the Palace of the Doge before *Henry III.* when he passed through Venice on his return from Poland in 1574. It is, however,

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Is it made up of blood, bones, and muscles like us?

Is't a phantom or charmer?—go give it a buss :

How she bounds o'er the greensward, how jocund she
sings! .

How adroitly she leaps—sure she treads upon springs!

How

pretty generally agreed, that the first Opera was exhibited at Venice in 1634.

The Italian Music is supposed to have approached the nearest to perfection in the middle of the last century, and continued its purity to the beginning of this. The compositions of the elder *Scarlatti* and *Bononcini* are among the proofs of this assertion; since that period they have become *affected*, and not *natural*, and have substituted *barbness* and *singularity* for *expression* and *delicate taste*! Many of the Italian Composers are so uncandid, that they will not allow *L. R. ARNE* merit for composing his inimitable Opera of *ARTAXERXES*, although seven Operas on the same subject have been set by different Italian Musicians, and not one of them in any degree equal to the excellent effort they presume to decry. It should be noted that the remains of this great man now lie in Covent-garden Church-yard, without a memorial.

When the ITALIAN OPERA was introduced into this country, it assuredly had all the charm of novelty to recommend it, but, in my opinion, it had few charms besides: the very formation of an Opera, as at present constituted, is such a violation of all order and principle of social action, that I have no doubt but a more philosophic generation will characterize us as barbarians for having ever suffered it to be so prevalent and superbly encouraged. I trust that these remarks will only be considered as applying to the vehicle of the music, though I am very far from believing that even the music is of that character which should *please* as powerfully as it may *astonish*. I think that when music loses its power to soothe or rouse the human mind, it is no longer to be considered as a liberal science, but a depraved and depraving Art. Then we admire what we cannot approve; and admiration is a passion suited to children more than men and women!

It originated with us in 1706, from a subscription of thirty persons of quality, at 100*l.* each, and the Architect, Sir JOHN VANBRUGH, inscribed it thus (as a compliment to the COUNTESS of SUNDERLAND, who at that time was both a celebrated beauty and partizan):

TO THE LITTLE WHIG.

But

How her sandal is wetted—I thought 't was a shoe ;
 The poor little wand'rer'll catch cold with the dew :
 How she trips ! how she leers ! how she ogles and sighs !
 What a Cyprian banditti are couch'd in her eyes !

And

But though under the direction of BETTERTON and CONGREVE, what from the house being too large, upon trial, for the voice, with the ill success of several Operas, it answered their expectations so inadequately, that CONGREVE retired from the management. VANBRUGH tried it a few years after to little better account, and sold it to OWEN SWINEY, Esq. a Gentleman of some fortune of the kingdom of Ireland.

To SWINEY it was more the receptacle of his pleasures than his profits ; for after altering the house to make it more audible, at a very great expence, it finally accelerated his ruin.

The immortal HANDEL afterwards occasionally used it for the performance of Operas, and his other pieces ; but what from the spirit of party, and the ear of the Public not being then properly formed to relish such excellent compositions, he quitted England in disgust, and went to Ireland, where he first brought out his Messiah, that great harbinger of his future fame.

HEIDEGGER succeeded HANDEL, who, by mixing Masquerades with Operas, was enabled to make out a life of genteel expediency. He was besides the *arbiter elegantiarum* amongst the Nobility, which considerably contributed to his income.

The Opera-house afterwards was under a kind of *Committeeship* ; in which little seems to have been obtained more than the common profits of performers, &c.

The Hon. Mr. HOBART, now Earl of Buckinghamshire, then became sole Manager. He, after many years trial, and a tolerable taste for Italian music, it is generally supposed went out *minus* some thousand pounds.

Sensual YATES, the Comedian, succeeded Mr. HOBART. His long acquaintance with places of public resort, the caprice of performers, the fraud of door-keepers, &c. enabled him to form such *economical reformation*, that on his relinquishing it, in the language of the City, he receded a *better* man than he came in.

Messrs. SHERIDAN and HARRIS followed next. Here *was much* promise and great expectation ; but what from a complication of divided interests, and both having something else to do, the latter Gentleman made a timely retreat, which was soon followed by his attic compeer, who, it is said, sold his share of the property for *two thousand pounds* profit.

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And each laughs malicious, has quivers and darts,
 Let your roistering bachelors look to their hearts.
 By my faith, but the traitress comes 'mong us well
 guarded;

How the deuce does she think she'll be fed or rewarded?

Lo she steps as Aurora descends from her car!

As I live 'tis DE CAMP!—what a pretty *Bizarre*!

As a scenic professor, say how can you place her?

We have none of her *genus*, yet we'll not debase her;

For a principal tree she lacks stoutness and leaf;

As a Syren she's feeble, or Melody's chief:

Indeterminate worth marks her heels and her head;

For a heroine too small—for a drab too well bred;

Yet she breathes a *melange*—she's too potent to fail,

And her dance, and her song, and expression prevail.

Mr. CRAFTORD kept the house together for some time after; but though he carried a knowledge of above fifty years experience into the business, joined with great attention and integrity, what from his advanced age, and a variety of other causes, &c. he resigned in favour of Sir JOHN GALLINI. Previous to this period the property became involved in a number of law-suits, which, aided by personal disagreements amongst the performers, rendered the Opera-house far from being the residence of harmony. In June 1789 it was wholly consumed by fire, and which was presumed to have originated in malice. It was rebuilt by Mr. *Novosielski*, and became at length under the management of Mr. TAYLOR, who is the present Mimic Monarch of the erratic minstrels.

I expect it will be understood that, in my remarks upon the Italian Opera, I have no intention whatever of conveying any thing like an affront to the natives of Italy, with many of whom I have had the honor to be acquainted—or of disputing their general knowledge or ability. That People who have generated a GALILEO, an ARIOSTO, a RAFAELLE, a MICHAEL ANGELO, a BONAROTTI, the MEDICI, a SCARLATI, a CORELLI, a SACCHINI, a CIPRIANI, and a BARTOLOZZI, must deserve the esteem of the wise and the liberal of all nations.

O

She

She playfully measures the round of her duties,
 And her mind, with a rational zeal, guards her beauties :
 She was made *cameriera* to wait on THALIA,
 To pin on her drap'ry and besom her *via* ;
 She's the *Mistress of Gesture*—the handmaid of Art,
 She gives added points to an ill-written part.
 She enforces a jest with a cheek wreath'd with smiles,
 She's the mien of a Bacchante, but none of her wiles :
 Her rare atoms are mingled, half foreign, half British,
 Thus she's natally sombre, or natally skittish—
 When that vile *mauvaise honte*, which absorbs English
 grace,
 Drives the nerves and the blood to rebel in the face,
 The Genii that nurtur'd her ancestry's fame,
 Suppresses the impulse, the dread, and the shame.
 Though in Flippancy's parish she meets approbation,
 I've oft thought her a *figurante* out of her station ;
 All those liltings we see which she caught in her youth :
 Beat a bear as you will he'll tear guts with his tooth.
 What a tyrant is Habit ! she makes Wit her prey,
 And beguiles us, like Basilisks, out of our way !
 When Collegians debate, how it smacks of the school,
 And all Philomaths argue by—one given rule.

Mr. TOWNSEND.—C. G.

FROM those sky-scraping hills where the bards smote the
 lyre,
 And assail'd Heaven's portals with hymn and with fire ;
 Where *Griffin ap Griffiths*, *ap Preece*, *ap Lewellin*,
 Thought a mud-built *chateau* was a palace to dwell in ;

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Where the harper (so roguish) in magical measures,
 Attracts his frail WINNY to amorous pleasures—
 Yet the varlet, like *David*, demands to be sav'd,
 Though th' Exciseman's cornuted, and he is be-knav'd!
 Where *Tysilio* * recorded steel'd GORNILLA's vice;
 Where the passions are thundering, and calm in a trice;

Where

* *A LITERAL TRANSLATION from a part of the WELCH HISTORY, by TYSILIO, who wrote in the sixth Century, the MS. of which is now in the Bodleian Library, where it was recently rendered into English by a Welch Gentleman, and is now, for the first time, printed—containing a novel and authentic Account of LEAR, KING OF THE BRITONS, and his Three Daughters.*

This ancient Welch Author (and I believe this story) was frequently quoted by GEOFFREY of MONMOUTH, who wrote in Latin.

AFTER the Death of BLADUD, his Son LLUR LLWYD (LEAR) became King of the Britons. He governed virtuously and just, and built a town on the river Soran, called *Caer Lur* (Lear's Town) afterwards *Caer Lur*, and now *Leicester*. He had no Sons—but three Daughters, whose Names were GORNILLA, RAGUN, and CORDILLA, whom he loved most tenderly, but especially his youngest Daughter Cordilla. When he became old, he thought of dividing the Isle of Britain, as a portion for his Daughters. But to make a trial of their affection and duty to him, and to know who deserved the best part of his Kingdom, he asked each of them who loved him most. Gornilla, the eldest, made answer—"That she loved him more than her own soul." The Father replied—"Since you regard my old age before your own soul, my dearest Daughter, I will repay your affection, and you shall be married to the man you desire, and the third part of my Kingdom shall be your portion." The question was proposed to Ragun, the second Daughter, who replied—"That she could not express her tender affection for her dear Father, but she loved him above all creatures;" the Father answered—"That he loved her as much, and would bestow the same upon her as his eldest Daughter Gornilla."—Cordilla, perceiving how they betrayed her credulous Father with flattery, thought of making a suitable answer to his question; when, being asked, she said—"My dearest Father, although there are some

Where the *Curé* exists in his primeval habits,
 Whose spousy's as fecund as wild Norfolk rabbits;
 Whose progeny's hoseless as Munster-mens toes,
 But prattling as jays, and as agile as roes :

Who

who profess to love you beyond bounds, yet I love you, my dear Father, as much as it is the duty of a Daughter to love her Father, neither more or less, and take this as my answer—how much you have, so much is your value, and so I love you.”—The Father, thinking she spoke this from her heart, angrily replied, “Since you thus return my love and tender care for you, and not think me worthy the love your Sisters expressed for me, in the same manner will I return my affection towards you; henceforth I will exclude you from any inheritance in my Kingdom, and the portion I intended for you shall be given to your Sisters, and their descendants for ever.”

After consulting with the Wise Men of his Court, he gave Gornilla in marriage to Maglawn, Prince of Alban, and Ragun he gave to Hymyn, Prince of Wales and Duke of Cornwall. He divided the Island in two parts, intended as a portion for his Daughters.

It happened that Aganippus, King of Gaul, having heard of the fame of Cordilla, and her virtuous and discreet conduct, sent Ambassadors to Lear to ask her in marriage. The Father, still retaining his anger, sent an answer that he was willing to bestow his Daughter, but without either money or territories, as he had already promised his kingdom and treasures to his elder Daughters. When this was told Aganippus by the Ambassadors, and how beautiful Cordilla was, he sent again to Lear, and told him, that he was possessed both of treasures and territories, and wanted nothing but a virtuous and loving Wife, that he might have children by her to inherit his dominions. Lear consented, and Cordilla was sent to Gaul, and married to Aganippus.

When Lear became infirm by old age, the two Dukes upon whom he had bestowed the Isle of Britain with his two Daughters, made an insurrection against him, and deprived him of all regal power and authority, which he had hitherto exercised with great glory and wisdom. They came to an agreement, and Maglawn, Prince of Alban, agreed to take his Father-in-law to his house, and that he should have sixty Knights for his attendants. After half a year's stay at Maglawn's, his Daughter Gornilla complained to her Father of the number of his servants, who bred disturbance in the Court, and that he must discharge half the number of his retinue,

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Who vends horns of malt to add penny to penny,
And who smoaks, and who fiddles, and dances with any ;
Whose forehead, when badg'ring the ebon Fiend, reeks ;
Whose hot blood's richly crost, like the veins in his
cheeks ;
Whose *ghoul's* his yoke-fellow, whose gods are—his
leeks ;

Who,

nue, and content himself with thirty. The Father, resenting this treatment of his Daughter, immediately departed from Maglawn, and went to Hymyn, who had married his Daughter Ragun, where he met with an honorable reception. A quarrel happened between the servants of Hymyn, and those of Lear, which so raised Ragun's indignation, that she ordered her Father to discharge all his attendants but five. At this ungenerous behaviour of his Daughter he was much afflicted, and went back again to Maglawn's Court, with hopes that the love of his Daughter might return, to pity his misery; but she vowed he should not enter her house, if he did not dismiss all his retinue but one man, and that all this vain pomp did not become his old age, who should be thankful for his forfeited life. He now reflected upon his former elevated state, and the miserable condition to which he was reduced; he thought of going to see his youngest Daughter, Cordilla, whom he had treated so unworthily, and hoped his misery would be pitied, and she would grant him a subsistence. When he went to the ship, of all his numerous retinue, only three followed him. He sighed and said, "The remembrance of lost happiness is to me a greater punishment than my present calamity: to think of time past, who did not tremble at my frown? What numbers obeyed my commands when I trod the martial field to fight the battles of my country, when I plundered cities, and-erased the castles of my enemies? O God! when will the time come that I shall be able to avenge those that forsook me in my distress? Oh. how true was thy answer, Cordilla, when I asked thee concerning thy love; when I had treasures to give, they valued me; when my gifts ceased, my friends disappeared. O, my child! with what face can I see thee, when I sent thee away upon such dishonorable terms, and gave all to thy Sisters, who, in return for the many favors I conferred on them, make their distressed Father an alien to his country!"

He arrived near the city where his Daughter Cordilla dwelt, and sent a messenger to acquaint her of the distress he had fallen to, and desire her relief. Cordilla, surprised, and with tears in her eyes,

Who, sleeping, an army of mice watch his phlegm,
 And regale on the fumes of hot cheese from his wem;
 While some, rashly vent'ring to steal ere 't is chyle,
 Are seduc'd into death, and stick fast in his bile!—
 From such mountaineers, happy TOWNSEND's descended,
 Whom Melody hails, whom the Muse has befriended!

When this jocular Cambrian rush'd on to act,
 All Wales was confounded—the Aps moan'd the fact;
 Grief smote their intestines—those pin'd who had boast-
 ed—

The kids ceas'd to browze, and the slice was un-
 toasted;

They brought forth the pedigree, laden with fears,
 And wash'd out his name from the scroll with their tears!
 Shall that youth be a Player? old Penmanmaur cried!
 Shall that youth be a Mummer? the Severn replied!

asked how many men her Father had with him; he said only three. Cordilla gave as much money as she thought would be sufficient, and gave orders to the messengers to carry her Father to the next town, and to give word that he was sick, and to provide for him clothes, and all other necessities. She likewise sent for her Father's service forty horsemen (Knights).

And King Aganippus and his wife, with the chief of the Nobility, went out to meet his Father-in-law, and received him honorably. And Lear told Aganippus and his Daughter that he was expelled from his King'dom by his Sons-in-law and Daughters, and that he was come to implore their assistance to recover his dominions. And Aganippus raised a formidable army over all Gaul, in order to replace his Father-in-law on the throne of Britain.

Lear with his Daughter returned to Britain, with the forces they had raised, and routed the army of his Sons-in-law in several battles, and at last killed them, which terminated the contest. Thus having reduced the whole Island under his power, he was reinstated on the throne of Britain, and died about three years afterwards. He held the government of Britain forty years, and was magnificently buried by his Daughter Cordilla in Caer Lur, and was succeeded by her.

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Shall he lack *barro meeny*, who'd here got a peck-o?
 Shall he want *barro couse*? answer'd Mona's hoarse Echo!
 You are scudding to London, like wrecks 'fore the
 wind;

You are going to Ruin, the Echo rejoin'd:
 Yet both Echo and kindred thought falsely in that,
 For mellifluous TOWNSEND will laugh and grow fat!—

Were his song sung to Candor, the ballad might please
 her;

Though while INCLEDON breathes, he can ne'er be a
 Cæsar:

Independent of madrigals, crotchets, or lay,
 He has op'd for his passage a lateral way:
 He's a good low Comedian—a lad of some mettle—
 But we've tinkers unown'd who could solder a kettle.
 When first brought to Thalia's head-quarters, he star'd
 To be roll'd as a substitute, half unprepar'd;
 But he handles that musquet so well which was lent,
 She'll not part with her Tyro—the wench is con-
 tent.—

With address he enforces the Mendicant's jest,
 And his marauding *Gibbet's* a rogue in request:
 Nay, it is not decided, in general belief,
 Which part he doth best—or the *beggar* or *thief*!

Mrs. DAVENPORT.—C. G.

As our sight loves green hues, though we cannot tell
 why,
 So forms without grace solace many an eye.

When

When a German * *coche d'eau* on the Rhine is afloat,
That dame's the most honor'd whose weight trims the
boat.

'Mong the Tartars, at least thus the Jesuits inform us,
Their primary Gods must have bellies enormous :

So

* *The GERMAN DRAMA.*

The German Theatre originated from those bards, or *Master-singers*, who were accustomed to recite the elogies of their heroes : they were famous even in the days of *Otho* the Great, who gave them considerable privileges, which were ratified by *Maximilian* the First. Different clubs of these Master-singers were to be found in all the principal cities of Germany, as Mentz, Strasbourg, Nurembourg, and Augsbourg. They had permission to exhibit at tournaments, public meetings, and other solemn ceremonies. In the sixteenth age the shows commenced, when a shoe-maker of Nurembourg, named *Haanssachs*, composed some dramatic pieces. From 1516 to 1630, their sacred and profane Tragedies were but wretched. In 1626 a Company of Dutch Players went to Hamburgh, and the German Theatre became amended by imitating them. Since 1680 the German Players were more improved by the instruction of some Italian Companies, who were invited by the German Courts ; but that was an improvement not unmixed with contamination of sentiment and manners. It is common in their Tragedies to hear horrible sounds from the Stage, and see Spectres and Phantoms with bloody swords in their hands, or sticking in their bosoms, with every accompanying object that can excite terror even in the most savage bosom!—They began to reform the usages of their Theatre about one hundred and fifty years ago. *John Opitz*, *Andrew Gryphius*, and *Gaspar de Lohenstein*, were the most able of their Dramatists. The *Horribilicribrifax*, by *Gryphius*, was a favorite Performance. Since this period the Germanic Theatre has been much corrected, by their translations from the most celebrated of the English, French, and Italian Dramas. The Emperors and Electors of Saxony have protected several Theatric Companies : *MADAME MARA*, *Mrs. STORACE*, and *Mr. KELLY*, of our Theatres, were all in the service of the late Emperor ; and the late Elector of Bavaria had an Opera at *Manheim*, under the management of the amiable *RAUZZINI*, who is now at Bath. There was a troop of French Comedians in Hanover, and very recently an English Company at Hamburgh, under the direction of a *Mr. WILLIAMSON*, who belonged to the Little Theatre in the Haymarket.

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HAYDN,
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So commensurate heaviness dignifies state,
 And the belle and the deity both must be *great* !—
 These remarks are apologies meant to precede
 My DAVENPORT'S *entré*, her frame and her deed,
 Who scarce e'er makes the veins of Propriety bleed. }
 Her *fussocky Matrons* are ably sustain'd,
 And e'en at her *Nurses* I've not been much pain'd :
 Though she has not enough of the porpus, to fill
 Those dames elephantic that WEBB did with skill ;
 Which, like Dutch skippers' boats, would most bulkily
 rove,

When the helm's wriggled hot to make all the rest move !
 She's but pistols to fire, the other'd great guns !
 She's but firkins of tallow, the other had tons !

When we prate of comparisons, shortest or longest,
 Or fairest or foulest, or weakest or strongest,

Their knowledge or study of the unities is of modern origin.—
 The first German writer that I have been able to discover, who attempted to purify the Drama of his country with any success, and rescue it from Italian whim and absurdity, was ROTHEN, who wrote *A Description of German Poetry*, which was printed at *Leipsic* in 1668. The Comedy of the *Baroness of Bruchsal*, and the Play of *The Robbers* (both of which have been translated into English), are among the most perfect of their Pieces—and it should be noted, were received with a degree of approbation proportioned to their superior merits.

I think, so far as my observation can operate, that the German disposition is too phlegmatic, and their national imagination too untractable, to produce any eminent Comic writer; and they have a sturdy morality, which seems inclined to dispute every inch of ground with Fiction, or meretricious embellishment. All that can be effected by industry they will accomplish. We have now in London a BAUMGARTEN and a CRAMER, and we have had a HAYDN, who are all highly honorable to the soil which gave them birth; and they have produced a HANDEL, who is the Hercules, if not the Almighty, of the musical world !

How

How silly we are to forget in this measure,
That the prejudic'd mind forms its griefs and its pleasure!

What is little to one, to another is great,
So agree'bly has Jupiter chequer'd our state!
I have doubted if aught of felicity lies
In the diadem's round, or our being as wise:
E'en Philosophy soaring to meliorate his kind,
Might, o'erborne by that blaze he had rais'd, become
blind:

As Alchymy gives up his health o'er his fire!
As sweet Reason consumes in the fever of ire!
Thus convinc'd, let your cavillers cease to deplore
That Dame PITT is inert—that Dame WEBB is no
more:

Let us toil to forget that we ever have seen 'em,
And our DAVENPORT hail, who is something between
'em.

Let us hang not, like dotards, on days that are gone,
'T will enhance not a bliss, 'cause such blisses are done:
Let us feed, but not satiate, with what's in our dish—
Let us make what is minister'd square with our wish.

Mr. KNIGHT.—C. G.

BE Impertinence dumb, and let Mumm'ry be frightened,
Here is KNIGHT, who'll make Comedy's sons less be-
nighted!

Though in many things fitted his compeers to teach,
His provincial idiom colours his speech:

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Counsellor. T

Not quite purified yet by his vomits and throes,
He's too graceful * for clowns, and too clownish for
beaus ;

Yet for luminous toil was this candidate made ;
He's a tulip that is not completely display'd :
Though *Thalia*'s but complaisant now, she'll adore him,
And the bright Land of Promise lies open before him.
His FRANCIS is good, if not all that I mean,
And though EDWIN perform'd it, it yet may be seen :
Though LAMASH is the best *scenic puppy* I know,
His chatt'ring in CLACKIT suspends social woe :
His action is oft what Propriety'd seek—
For most Players *cease acting*, when *ceasing to speak* :
His SLENDER's a *morceau* that honors his skill,
It offends not sweet Truth—it does Nature no ill ;
In a strain of chaste humour he makes the Muse gay,
We have nothing so chaste in a similar way :
This portraiture glads me most highly, because
'Tis the vice of the Age to transgress Nature's laws :
One Animal thinks that distorting his legs
Is a very good joke ; another Mime begs
That you all will applaud when he's dancing a jig ;
A third you'd be civil—at least to his wig .
Away with such antics, I'm craz'd when I view 'em—
Bring the Anthropophagi, perhaps they may stew 'em.

* When I was very young, I went to see Mr. SHERIDAN in the Part of LORD TOWNLEY (a Character which he sustained with all the sententious dignity of the old school), and sitting next to my late friend Mr. ROSS the Comedian, I asked his opinion of the Performance, who sarcastically replied, that he had seen *Counsellor Townley*, but not *Lord Townley*.

There

There are parts, it is true, that some tumult require,
 But then Vanity's breath must not o'erblow Wit's fire ;
 The excessive in manner makes acting such stuff—
 Of two faults 'twould be best to do less than enough !
 Behold flippant SWEET run riot with Taste,
 And lay the domains of rich Excellence waste :
 Yet this is the man who provokes ev'ry Muse !
 Yet this is the man who wears PARSONS his shoes !
 In a *kermis* at *Harlaem* he 'd win all that thunder,
 Which idiots give zanies, when idiots wonder*.

Though Folly shall never gain strength from my lays,
 Folly hies to the Journals, and buys his own praise ;
 Writes accounts of *his life*, pompous, false, and absurd,
 In which all is recounted that—never occur'd !—
 Oh ! it must not be thought that my restricted skill
 Can be ever suborn'd to a Manager's will ;
 I'd sooner be crush'd like your Birmingham buttons,
 Or each day in the mart clean the breeches of gluttons—
 Wipe the reeking, rank oozings from Africans' feet,
 Or make *asafetida* 'mid Summer's heat—
 Call the soul of a lawyer from hell's awful shades,
 Prop the fame of a scoundrel, or flatter old maids.

* I regret to observe, that the present shameful practice of our low Comedians, in perverting the sense of the Dramatist, by their own inappropriate buffooneries and licentiousness, is not sufficiently resisted by the audience. As it is the property of Wisdom to be calm, and Folly to be boisterous, the discriminating part of the spectators behold such errors with silent pity—while the more numerous and bestial portion applaud the violation—This species of scènic impertinence was not wholly unknown to the Ancients, as we understand from *Plautus*, that *Pellio*, a scurvy Comedian of his time, took so many liberties in his *Epidicus*, that the enraged Poet affronted him in public on the ensuing day, during the representation of the *Bacchides*.

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What superlative blisses can Madness bestow !
 How remote is her keenest paroxysm from woe !
 Lo ! MALONE and GEORGE STEEVENS like nightmen
 appear,

All bestain'd with black letter, without eye or ear !
 How, like two master scavengers, each takes his post,
 And he seems the proudest who thinks he stinks most ;
 How, cover'd with cobwebs, and sullied with rust,
 Dishevell'd by scratchings, and coated with dust,
 With the IRELANDS, PARR, and some more, their super-
 riors,

Like so many blisters on SHAKESPEARE's posteriors !
 'They have all been collating to bring pence and fame—
 Do not brush off their filth, that would give them to
 Shame :

They believe they are all in request, like Port wine,
 And that vessels most foul hold the liquor most fine.
 Thus they value their stench, their incrustings and soak-
 ings,

And he thinks he's most learn'd, who's most deep in his
 croakings:

They imagine their dung, like the swallow's, should aid
 'em,

And prevent either College to search or invade 'em.
 How Credulity's host, with mouths open, precede 'em !
 How Renown's bloated harlot grins wide to mislead 'em !
 What a squadron of dunderheads ! how they all swell !
 How they puff and distend ! are you sure they are well ?
 The inflation gets bigger—Oh Jesu, they stare !
 Run your knife in their bladders, let out the foul air.

P

These

What

These were all in the van—in the rear were a crowd
 Lesser limb'd—less obnoxious—less bronz'd—and less
 loud :

Tiny AITKEN, that pretty Parnassian Tom Tit,
 And grublings who mumble the bowels of Wit :
 JOAH BATES had been there, for the Demon was in
 him,

But his Genius stept in—he was chok'd with a—*minim* !

Now return'd from their toil, how they simp'ring sit
 down,

For they've been seven weeks crucifying—a *Noun* !

Last year an unfortunate *Accent* was tost,

Like a natural child, when its parents are lost—

And some *Syllables* also they strove to deform,

But they were so sturdy they rode out the storm ;

They insulted *past Ages*, and threw them in tears,

And made Chevaliers tilt who'd been dead many years ;

Forc'd *Reason* and *Faith* to strip naked and box,

And put old *Expression's* broad feet in the stocks ;

Made jolly *Absurdity* sing *Io Pean* !

And *Indexes* twist like an Antipodean !

Made our *Idiom* illusion, like Will-o'-the-wisp—

Chronology stagger, and *Prosody* lisp—

Orthography row in *Fraud's* new vampt-up boat—

And that eel, *Phraseology*, wear a new coat ;—

Gave a strong diuretic to *Sound*, after dinner,

T'evacuate that Spirit she'd gather'd within her—

Forc'd the *Neuters* to marry, and treble their cares,

And made *Words* shew their Genders, in spite of their
 pray'rs—

• Took

Took a general warrant for *Metaphors* out,
 And put *Dithyrambics* and *Periods* to rout—
 Swore th' *Imperative Mood* was a thing of offence,
 And made both the *Colons* rebel against Sense :
 They are all *encuirassé*!—bring essence of roses;
 Are th' olfactories numb'd? let me ask if you've noses :
 These syllable-mongers, or mongrels, are sighing—
 They're more olidous far than a Renegade dying ;
 Each has dar'd, in his feat, 'yond the length of his tether,
 And melted the glue that held *Diphthongs* together :
 Give the varlets full licence, they'll never agree,
 But cut each other's throats 'bout an I or an E !
 They screw'd each *Parenthesis* loving and flat,
 And foreclos'd the mortgage 'twixt this side and that :
 When they'd cut off Wit's harvest, each dolt began
 gleaning,
 And hunted down *Verbs* till they'd lost—all their meaning :
 Then leaden-sculld CHALMERS perk'd up 'mid his straw,
 And swore LOCKE had no logic, and BLACKSTONE no
 law ;
 He'd been e'en more profane, but Contempt plugg'd his
 throat
 With a hot, reeking *feces*, enwrapp'd in a note !—
 How they'll rave—how they'll roar—how they'll writhe
 and blaspheme—
 When I've hung them on hooks, and they'll be what
 they'll seem !
 They crawl and implore, and they sooth, and they
 whine,
 To acquire my plaudit, and live in my line :

Though no value could e'er be attach'd to my page,
 Were but Verity scratch'd by my love or my rage :
 If any assert I would wrong, they deceive—
 Like the hoar on the grain, I but chill to relieve.
 My God, what can keep all those oafs from St. Luke's ?
 Pr'ythee where do they hide when the God of Song
 pukes ?

What a satire on Nature—on Wit—on the Times !
 Poor Marsyas was flay'd for one half of their crimes :
 Let the Beadle go flog 'em—let Force make 'em just—
 Let the finger of Scorn mark them down to the dust—
 Let them prop old book-stalls—get in rubbish, and revel—
 Let them vend woollen rags—let them go to the Devil.

Miss *TIDSWELL*.—D. L.

AHA, my friend *TIDSWELL* ! what 's she got to sell ?
 Let us greet her—she curtsies ! that 's modest and well.
 When I saw this *Stock Dowager* first near your scenes,
 She was then nymph of honor to gingerbread queens !
 Shall I change *nymph* to *maid* ? she 's long out of her
 teens ;
 She was then dress'd in camlet—she 's now clad in sat-
 tins—
 She was then on the *pavé*—she now trips in pattens.
 Who has wound up her talents ?—Some critical loon ;
 But she 's certainly better in time and in tune :
 Though she smiles, I see Care 's on her visage been feed-
 ing ;
 Like the edge of a hat she seems worn with good breed-
 ing.

When

When she plays, bid her *line* all her face—she's too bold ;

Like the rest she's determin'd she'll never be old !

The Cherokee squah is tatoo'd or decried ;

She exhibits the slashes as tokens of pride :

But our clumsy *Zingari* will tremble and faint,

If we talk of the *crows-feet*, and bring 'em the paint ;

Yet these gypsies will powder their perukes all round,

Though the white makes each brown frontispiece seem
more brown'd !

Our hussies will chalk not their jowls for the stage,

As if marking the mazzard would increase their age ;

Nay, we've many who'd burst in a torrent of tears,

Should you guess at their birth, e'en within—fifteen
years :

Yet how futile is this—when 'tis known they've no pow'r

To make ruthless Time put the clock back an hour !

I'm not pleas'd she should act as a Lady of *Ton*—

But they know not what's fit—they're all lost when
alone :

Give some able Preceptor, *per diem*, a dollar,

And the Pedagogue teaching learns more than the
Scholar :

Let her keep her own parish and do her own duty—

There's a mart for the Dowdy, another for Beauty :

Nay JORDAN will bring on disgust, if she aims

To quit Nature's own path for your delicate dames :

Who'd not stare to see oxen draw loads in silk traces ?

They who're born to sell fish should not eat with the
Graces.

Her *Nell*, and her *Tomboy*—her *Hoyden*, and *Prue*,
 Make my happiness stronger the oft'ner I view :
 But her *Juliet* ! oh, zounds, what a Mantuan pattern !
 Would a man damn his kindred to grapple a slattern ?
 Her coif seem'd so greas'd, and her vestment so worn,
 In the rage of the *fete* she look'd—finely forlorn :
 Like a full-feather'd *Sheba*, which FLOCKTON each year
 Brought *Punch* to bemouzele, and towzle, and tear !
 She's gigantic where Coarseness and she can be friends ;
 But make her genteel, and her usefulness ends.

Mr. DENMAN.—D. L.

FROM Sligo's rough bosom, that never knew dearth,
 Where Poverty (wondrously) mingles with Mirth ;
 Where the *sleeven*, young SHAMUS, plays tricks with his
 JUGGY,
 And the *wet clargy* swill till their noses are muggy ;
 Where the cabin-door opes to all beings who're weary,
 As their faith prompts their souls to make wretchedness
 cheery ;
 And the little *Padyeens* crawl unclad through all wea-
 ther,
 And the poultry, and pigs, and they, 're jocund toge-
 ther ;
 Where a pipe stuck in thatch tells the Traveller's eye,
 There's a dram and a blessing for those who can buy,
 And for those who cannot, who are faint and o'ertrod—
 Then the host makes his guest draw a bill upon God :
 Where the Piper at *padrons* wakes lunatic glee,
 With fat *Stoney-batter*, or sweet *Lango-lee*,

TIN

Till the *craters* with hoofing the sod become frisky,
 And wash down the Sun in potations of whiskey;
 Where the Cyprian bastard oft kicks up a racket;
 Where the nice apple *prater* is boil'd in his jacket;
 Where a relative's body is *wak'd* amid smoke,
 Sighs, tears, noise, and merriment, mis'ry, and joke:
 Where the ills of a morrow ne'er raise needless fears;
 Where the passion of Meanness has lost both his ears;
 Where belles ride on cars—that's a minikin cart!
 Where, whene'er the tongue trips, 't is unknown to the
 heart:

From that generous Isle, where they nurture true pride,
 Though belash'd by Oppression on every side,
 Manly DENMAN came o'er, to fill up MOODY's place,
 And assume the Stage *Shamrock*, but not with much
 grace.

Thus Critics have urg'd, when this claimant's addrest,
 He is kind to the *brogue*, but he murders the jest.
 Arrah, why does not Rock take the place of this ninny?
 Who'd prefer to possess a *thirteen* for a guinea?
 In a famine we all must munch that which we may,
 But in plenteous domains we throw offals away.

Mrs. *SERRES*.—C. G.

WHAT restricted, spruce, neat *Figurina* is this?
 Is't the Queen of the Fays, or an inmate of Bliss?
 Poor thing, how she trembles—she shrinks from the
 light—
 Yet, though little, she's grace—and, though bashful, she's
 bright:

But

But some Nymphs are so scar'd, they'd be nought when
they're bidden,

Or, like ladies in lobsters, testaceously hidden.

Now I put on my spectacles 'gain, I can see

It is *SERRES*—go, bring the shy warbler to me.

Won't she come?—That is silly; well, let her remain—

She's so meek, I should sigh if my wish gave her
pain.

Though, for Science, she legally challenges Praise,

She but faintly excels, and but *squeaks* out her lays:

Her organization's so tenderly wrought,

When she does what she can, she does more than she
ought;

We dread lest some thread of her texture should part,

And unravel those nerves which lead Sense to her heart.

She's inert in her vocals, though Fate's not confin'd
'em,

And lets every instrument leave her—behind 'em;

She syncopates * *graces* till Harmony's pang'd,

Then they rush, like reprieves, when the culprits are
hang'd:

She gives all we wanted with exquisite skill,

But in coming so late does the consequence ill;

* Syncopation is produced by the retardation of one part, the other proceeding in its regular progression; consequently the part retarded produces a succession of discords, which are made and resolved.

If a singer lags behind the orchestra, it may be said *ludicrously* that she syncopates—but with this difference, that in regular syncopation the discord is prepared, made, and resolved, which produces a fine effect if well managed; but when done in the ludicrous style above mentioned, the effect must be abominable, as you can hear nothing but discords.

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She looks pale and fatigu'd, like weak laborers paving,
And seems, when in *alt*, like poor *Miriam* raving:
Like a heavy-breech'd Fleming*, she moves—but 'tis
slowly,
And seems, in her natural aims, as too lowly.

When

* *The DUTCH and FLEMISH DRAMA.*

The Dutch and Flemish Theatres ought to be considered very nearly as the same, since they use one common idiom—the Flemish language being no other than the Dutch tongue, corrupted by the influence of the *Walloons* and *Picards*: but the Dutch idiom is admitted to be the nobler and more energetic, as it approaches the nearest to the mother tongue, which is the German. The Theatre of Flanders had its origin in the representation of Mysteries. While there was an Imperial Government at Brussels, they had a Company adequately maintained. The French had a superb Theatre at Lisle, which I think was ranked in the national scale of splendor, after those of Paris and Bourdeaux. Mr. Astley, with his Comedians and his Horses, or rather with his Horses and Comedians, used to perform his equestrian feats in Flanders, on his return to England from the French metropolis, where he had an Amphitheatre, under the protection of the Court. The Dutch Theatre originated from what they call *Reden Ryckers Kameran*, or Societies of Rhetoricians and Poets. These societies were also common in Brabant; they had fourteen at Antwerp; that of the *Gilliflower*, and that of the *Olive Branch*, were the most distinguished: there were nineteen in Ghent, and every city in Holland had a Troop. The most ancient Piece of the Dutch Theatre is *Don Spiegel der Minne* (the Mirror of Love), by *Colin Van Rysssele*, printed at Haerlem in 1561. In one of their Pieces a Princess writes at a table, upon which is her Lover's head, which, it is presumed, has been recently cut off: the disconsolate lady addresses her written argument to the head, which answers her with appropriate sentiment and point: this, it must be admitted, is a sort of merit which few British beaux could equal, in the full possession of all their members!—From 1561, which is the epocha of their most ancient Comedy, until this period, the nation counts many Poets; but he who introduced a regard for the unities on their Theatre, was PETER CORNELIUS HOOFT, distinguished as the *Dutch Tacitus*, as he was author of the History of the Republic. VONDEL, surnamed the Dutch Virgil and Seneca, began to write for the Theatre in 1638. The *Palamede* of VONDEL is arranged by his countrymen as a master-piece. The humour of the

When Cupid was knit, he was wing'd by high Jove,
 To sublime bestial conflicts to generous love ;
 As the gentleman-usher of infinite blisses,
 To make the Soul warrant the Animal's kisses—
 To diffuse a sweet grace over natural aims,
 While Beauty and Manhood admitted his claims.
 But if Cupid was sluggish, and slept on his post,
 None would know if he meant or to plague or bless
 most :

It is but *in the use of our time* that we are
 Rais'd as animals over the hog and the bear :
 Who is vulgar in impulse, and vulgar in act,
 Is a beast, and no more—do not shrink, 't is the fact.

In the schools of Design, Toil will Habit beguile—
 Many copy, and copying, get a new style :

the Hollanders in their spectacles was not always of the common sort :—in one of their Pantomimes the Clown is made to heat a pye with his bottom—and in another, where the Pantaloon is a Miller, the Clown, in order to give motion and efficacy to the sails of the mill, when there was no wind, kneels upon the Stage, and unbuttons his trowsers, and, in that state, he directs his Batavian posteriors towards the mill, and by a loud flatulent explosion effects the required purpose—the mill is worked, the corn is ground, and all the parties are eminently happy!—But this species of *Dutch taste* has become proverbial throughout Europe, and it is as conspicuous in their Paintings as their Drama ; but we must not suppose this barbarism general, for that country which gave birth to an *Erasmus* is not wholly dedicated to grossness or absurdity. The Dutch Theatre has been more perfectly modified since that period. The Play-houses of Amsterdam, the Hague, Leyden, &c. are a demi-oval, of which the side of the Stage makes the small diameter. I should have observed, that the German and Dutch are the only nations who have imitated the French in using rhyme in Tragedy and Comedy, although the English Dramatic Poets of the last age have partially adopted the absurdity, by closing the Acts of the Drama with a tedious and unnatural tag of verse and nonsense!—Previous to the expatriation of the unfortunate, but unoffending ORANGE family, there was a well-appointed Company at the Hague.

Can't

Can't she study blithe MARTYR, and study her action?
 Out of all she displays can't she get one attraction?
 Mark her eyes, her deportment, her *naivete*, her grace,
 And all that keen archness which plays round her face;
 Who but she can display what *Euphrosyne* should?
 Who but she can fulfil what Jove's termagant would?
 There's a something beyond what the axiom can teach,
 And that something she has—it made *Paulus* go preach.

Mr. ELLISTON.—C. G.

WHEN an oak-hearted tar, who had plough'd round
 the world,
 Finds his bark in the haven—the canvass all furl'd—
 When the boatswain's hoarse thund'ring are mute, who
 would call
 All hands to the main-top to reef in a squall;
 He springs in the jolly-boat—rows from the ship—
 Leaps and lands on the beach—roars for fiddles and flip;
 Then his chain'd, famish'd Passions destroy the calm
 thought,
 And his eyes glisten round till their object is caught;
 Then his Hope, not his Judgment, blows up the Soul's
 fire,
 And the *Trull of the Point* takes the sting from Desire.
 It is thus with nine-tenths who resort to our plays—
 They're possess'd to be pleas'd, and to dolts give their
 praise:
 To their bald ideas a Gorgon's not frightful,
 And, or ROSCIUS or JONES, 't is with them most delight-
 ful:

Ye

Yet how blissful is even this weakness to many,
Who, 'neath Error's prostration, can gather the penny!

So! ELLISTON comes, with his main-sheet all spread,
Independent of Nature, and Dogma, and Dread;
He walks up, undismay'd, to the National Eye,
Nods, simpers, and tells a gross World—HERE AM I!
He's acquir'd a fame that has made him less able,
As some fits give us strength but to make us more
feeble;

Yet his rashness shall make him arrang'd with the brave,
And the less that he merits, the more he shall have.
So in Rome fætid urine was tax'd by its weight,
And the value of feculence strengthen'd the state!

From Smithfield, from Peckham, and all Britain's
fairs,

From the Swan, Pepper-alley, and both bridges' stairs,
From PIDCOCK's menagerie, bawling his story,
Be the Heralds brought hither, and given to Glory;
Be the bears un-depicted—the *Outang* unsung—
Let the salt-box be dumb, and the trumpet be slung:
Come hither ye vast-ear'd stentorian race,
With tendons of iron, a nine-times bronz'd face—
We've a theme more triumphant, to quicken your
tongues—

Leave your brains to make puddings, but bring us your
lungs.

They go pell-mell to acting, as Christians have fought,
Without genius, principle, mercy, or thought;
Tear their throats with heroics, and he that roars loudest,
Is most envied, most honor'd, and richest, and proudest!

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The approach of Good Sense throws each loon in a
fright—

As some beasts feel more blest in the dark than the
light!

Like a Peer of Castile *, he runs tilt at Pride's goal,
And his Brow is too arch'd for the aims of the Soul!

They

* *The SPANISH DRAMA.*

The Theatre of Spain, according to their most valued historians, is indebted for its establishment to the introduction of some small Farces, in one Act, called *Entremesses*, or *Jornados*, which is the title such *sotties* now bear in that country. The action of those Pieces involved a subject that was both common and ridiculous, and was not very dissimilar to the Performances of the Latin *Mimi*; they were performed in thoroughfares, and the most public places of a town, on the occasion of some sacred or profane feast. The French did not, for a considerable portion of time, imitate the Spanish Actors in this species of amusement.—These diversions were succeeded by Comedy, and which was arranged nearly in the same manner as it was in *Greece*—but I have not been able to ascertain the time when this important alteration first occurred. Though the Spanish Theatres are now better regulated, they still retain the old name of *Corrales*, or *Court Yards*; but their ardent supporters honor them with a higher designation, and call them *Palios*, or *great Courts*. The Theatres of their Princes are called *Coliseos*. It should be noted, to the credit of Spain, that it was the first nation who, on the restoration of Learning, ventured to purify the Comic Muse—and this purification happened in the end of the fifteenth century. The *Italians* date the commencement of their purer Comedy from the beginning of the seventeenth century—and the French have chronicled their revolution in Dramatic taste from the conclusion of the seventeenth century. The Theatres in Spain are built in a form peculiar to that nation; they are nearly square, and have three stories for the accommodation of the Audience; there are Boxes only in the first tier, and these are divided by rails; the front box, and which is immediately above the door which leads to the Pit, is styled the City Box, being occupied exclusively by the *Regidores*, or Lieutenants of the Police: below this Box, in the rest of the front, is erected a sort of Amphitheatre, which juts out into the Pit, and is furnished with seats—they call it *Gezuela*, and none but women sit in it: below this, and on the two sides of the door by which

They have call'd him an oak, who's in fact a mere lath ;
 They have rode him too hard betwixt *London* and *Bath* :
 Some will gallop a runt till he trips down a hill,
 Who 'd crawl'd safe had the *garon* been left to its will :

Many

which they enter into the Pit, are two dark Boxes, called *Aloxeros*, in one of which an *Alcade de Carto* (who is a royal judge) sits, having all his retinue before him in a small apartment, which is in the Pit ; but this magistrate frequently sits in a chair on the Stage, especially at the simple Comedy, or *de Capay Spada*. Above the lowest Boxes, on the two sides of the Hall, is a second row of little Boxes, or Chambers, called *Banes*, in which those persons sit who wish to be concealed from the public view : on the same line is a space called the *Tertulia*, where the Monks and others sit who are compelled to a public observance of decency in manners : on the two sides of the Pit are places for the men, who sit in the same manner as the male spectators did in the ancient Amphitheatres ; these places are called *Gradas*, and they ascend to them by small wooden steps ; they are enclosed with a balustrade, and joined to two rows of seats which are upon the Stage ; at the end of these steps is another place, raised a little above the Pit ; this is called *Los Tabouretes*, or *Media Lunetta*, and resembles the *Orchestra* of the Italian Theatres : in the *Patio*, or Pit, are seats joined to the lowest steps of the two Amphitheatres I have described. The Amphitheatres formerly had no roof, and the spectators were often exposed to the rain and other elemental inconveniences ; but at present they are all roofed, and they have built a superb Theatre at Madrid, approximating to the Italian elegance. The scenic decorations were very coarse, consisting of a dirty curtain, which concealed the doors at which the Actors came in and went out — but the appointments at present are rather magnificent than otherwise.

The Spanish Dramatists have been very numerous ; but those of the highest celebrity are *Lopez de Vega*, *Calderon*, *Mureto*, *Soles*, *Salazar*, and *Molina* ; of these *Lopez de Vega* wrote fifteen hundred pieces, and *Calderon* many volumes. Their Comedies have generally a bawd, who is a grand agent in their plots, and these intriguing gentlewomen are called *Capa y Espada*. It cannot be denied that their Dramatic Authors have great invention, and indeed they have furnished matter, and been the great source of this species of poetry, for all the stages of Europe. They have a particular kind of entertainment which they call *Autos Sacramentales*, or Sacred Dramas : their form is always allegorical ; the

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Many guns carry shot with the happiest effect,
 That will burst, if o'ercramm'd with or zeal or neglect :
 His *Octavian* had portions that partially pleas'd ;
 His *Philaster* bespoke him betray'd and diseas'd :

His

Memory, the Will, the Understanding, Life, Judaism, the Church, Idolatry, Apostacy, &c. are introduced as personages. I shall describe a singular and favorite performance in this way, which was written by Calderon, and intitled *Autos Sacramental des las Plantes*. The Bramble, the Mulberry Tree, the Cedar, the Almond Tree, the Oak, the Olive, the Spikenard, the Vine, and the Laurel, are the Actors. Two Angels appear upon the Theatre, and inform the Plants that one among them ought to produce admirable fruit: they then invite them to a divine combat for a Crown, which one of the Angels first displays in his hand, and then hangs it up at a corner of the Theatre; after this he endows the Plants with the faculty of speech, and retires. The Trees immediately begin to gabble, and debate, and philosophize, and affect a surprise at their transformation. The Cedar appears upon the stage with a baton in his hand in the form of a cross; and the rest are amazed, having never seen that tree before: the Cedar makes a long discourse upon the creation of the world, the extraordinary and contradictory elements, the formation of man, and the production of animals and vegetables: he tells his brother Actors that all the tenants of the Sea, the Air, and the Earth, had their respective Kings, their Peers, and their Plebeians; so the Trees ought to have local gradation, and a Monarch also: he generously and nobly disclaims that honor; but proposes himself as the judge of the merits of the rest; and then, somewhat loftily, stalks off the Stage. The other Plants are greatly enraged that a stranger should arrogate the privilege of judging in matters belonging to them, and interfere in the arrangement of their internal concerns; but each, notwithstanding, vauntingly enumerates his several properties and qualities, and each sturdily claims the Crown. In the next scene the Cedar proposes that every Plant should deliver a petition, in which his right and title should be proved; which measure is acceded to: then the Cedar appears holding a cross, twisted round with Cedar, Cypress, and Palms. The Plants are divided into two factions, like the Guelphs and Gibelines, or Whigs and Tories, or Yorkists or Lancastrians, or the election mobs of Garrat; one of which justifies the interference of the Cedar, and the other condemns it. At length the Bramble, assuming a true independent spirit, asks the Cedar, indignantly, who he is? The Cedar re-

Q 2.

fuse.

His strain's too impassion'd, too enthusiastic,
 He imagines what's false, and that falsehood's too plastic;
 Yet I would not too eagerly damp his desire,
 Or empt Rigor's cold reservoir over his fire:
 There's a mean in Good Sense which gives force and re-
lievo—

Not like KEMBLE'S *Varanes*, mere *recitativo*!
 What can action effect but t' invigorate Mirth,
 When the Player seems striding to compass the Earth?
 Can such scenic velocity mark high despair,
 While the end of his robe is buoy'd up in the air?
 Can spitting out vowels and diction, like shot,
 Tremendous, precipitate, numerous, red hot,—
 Can the colossal strut, or parading the Stage,
 Like a mad *Pluck 'em in*, or a Skipper in rage,—
 Can low'ring around you, like Winter's foul skies—
 Can the habitual frown to look sulky and wise—
 Constitute a great Actor?—Poh, psha, pr'ythee, pish;
 Take this *tête de veau* off—put some beef in the dish.

fuses to reply, and the Eramble seizes, shakes, and pummels him:
 the Cedar screams, and streams of blood instantly issue from the
 Cross; when all the Plants groan in unison at the dismal spectacle,
 like bawds in a conventicle when the knave in the pulpit prates
 of hell fire. The Bramble, seeing his breeches smeared with the
 blood, is also filled with despair, and observing the other Plants
 to run from him like scoundrels from a great man in trouble, he
 breaks forth in hideous lamentations. Then the Cross appears in
 the air as a point of ineffable consolation, and some of the Plants
 demand judgment from the Cedar, who gives it to the Spikenard
 in consequence of his superior humility. Then the piece termi-
 nates, in common with all such representations, with some action
 relating to the management or mystery of the Eucharist. For a
 due solution of which, I must refer the reader to the Arch-Priest
 at Lambeth.

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Amid the most perfect, how vain is their plan!
 In the fever of youth what a *thing* is a man!
 Could a Player be form'd by such vulgaris'd cunning,
 They would all in a fictitious vortex be running.
 As well might such dunces as P*****N and DICK,
 Whose skulls are at least seventeen inches thick,
 Attempt to be sapient, arch, witty, and big;
 By a jaw full of pomp and a three yard wide wig;
 Though such paraphernalia with Ignorance passes,
 Take the wigs from the blockheads, and there remain—

ASSES!

Tow him into the stream—he's some worth, and a
 stranger,

And to plunge near the coast puts the vessel in danger;
 It is not my aim any ill to impart,
 Or consign him to breathe with a barb in his heart.
 There are none know their powers till Accident goads
 Our Senses to roam in Necessity's roads;
 Then we realize that we scarce hop'd for in thought,
 And become purer beings by Rigor rewrought;
 For he spins for himself ere his life's at the ebb,
 Who ne'er dreamt his intestines could furnish a web.
 Comedians like KING, QUICK, or MUNDEN, can feel
 They're made hard by Truth's fire, and cast smooth as
 steel;

They will all have effect while a bit shall remain,
 And their edge is not turn'd by Wit's knots or Wit's
 grain.

But our modern bald whipsters seize capital parts,
 Who've nor intellect, tactics, ideas, or hearts;

'Stead of judgment and force that should bolster a Player,
 They've a jig, and a trip, and a roar, and a stare ;
 All their sharpness is lost if they touch Nature's hone,
 And when tried on the critical strop they're undone :
 But the Drama's Purveyors, like Jews, bring us more,
 If they sell they are pleas'd, though when us'd 'tis all o'er.

Some would weave their own feat with another's, to
 bilk,

As some hose are inwoven, half thread and half silk ;
 And thus hope to improve by an illicit deed,
 As curs mend their classes by crossing the breed !
 There are who think Nature regards all their doings,
 Their madness, their gladness, their starts, struts, and
 wooings ;

Hence an ill-begot blockhead presumes to believe
 A whole world marks his state, which but laughs in its
 sleeve ;

And with his own hand he indites his own case,
 As the cat takes his paw to scrub filth from his face ;
 But the pen and the paw in both points are self-wetted,
 And the dolt and the beast are self-blest and self-fretted.
 Some are partially blasted by partial disease,
 As the blight makes an alley of ruin 'mong trees.

Thus Presumption will gabble when reading the truth ;
 Thus, thus they'll inoculate predispos'd youth :
 Shall ELLISTON's parts, or his honor, be doubted ?
 Shall th'award of *les bourgeois* of *Bristol* be scouted ?
 What can Critics be at thus to frustrate his skill ?
 Who'd not start to see Pegasus tug round a mill ?

Should

Should Phœbus but sing bawdy ballads in allies ?
 Should Bellona be sombrous when Fortitude rallies ?
 Should Iris become a coarse wench at a dyer's ?
 Should Renown be enforc'd but to chronicle liars ?
 Should a DENMAN be us'd but to extricate foals ?
 Should the barge of the Memphian Belle carry coals ?
 All the Magi forbid it—let Worth fill her throne,
 Give, give him the wreath—let the lad have his own.

But our Authors, as well as our Actors, appear
 With an equal contempt for the Sage and the Seer !
 At the end of our Plays they should send us a chorus
 To explain all the unexplain'd things done before us :
 As a sort of *errata*, or postscript, or point,
 To decipher those blunders which were without joint ;
 Like the unattach'd objects which rush in our dreams,
 And oft make the heart beat with a something that *seems*,
 Which we gaze at and lose in the moment they're sought,
 Yet they'll make pain or joy independent of THOUGHT !

A poor varlet, one *Horace*, whom Mem'ry reveres,
 Bid each Scribbler retain his essay for nine years ;
 But our Playwrights more subtle, whom Plutus invites,
 Scoff him and his rules, and but think of—nine nights :
 And surely those Wits are most worthy of praise,
 Who accomplish their ends by the readiest ways.

There are sev'ral of worth, whose deserts are unsung,
 Yet though breathing unprais'd, are their withers un-
 wrung :

There's the sensible WADDY, MACREADY, and others,
 Who've fought like the *Horatii*, that's well, and as bro-
 thers—

Swan-

Swan-like ADDISON, dear to Ierne's first city,
 And potent CLENDINING, so clear in her ditty—
 Pretty BRAMWELL so flippant, so neat in her *Nelly*,
 And HOLLINGSWORTH, ever in chase of—his belly—
 Duteous HOLLAND, and FARLEY, and FOLLET, and
 HAYMES,
 Who have usefulness, modesty, patience, and claims.
 But where is my MERRY, that wench I so priz'd?
 In America*, say you? what, was she despis'd?

You

* *The AMERICAN DRAMA.*

Among the other instances of refinement which peace and population have introduced in America, we may arrange the Drama, which has been introduced among them without those irrational and disgusting absurdities which, under the idea of illustrating and personifying the articles of a Protean faith, have choked its growth and progress in the various countries of Europe.—The Americans have adopted their Drama from a British model, which is an example not altogether unworthy of their imitation, but particularly where the interests of Comedy are involved: we have more of intrigue and business in our plots than the French, and less than the Spaniards; our dialogue is more poignant than the French and more pure than the Spanish; and even in this comparison, I make due allowance for the prevalence of national habits, and confine myself to the operations of Passion, which are nearly similar in all civil society.

The first Theatrical Company we have upon record who enacted in North America, is a little Troop who came from the West Indies, the management of which devolved upon a Performer of the name of HALLAM, who travelled and performed in all the principal towns: but as the leaven of fanaticism was very powerful in a greater portion of the community, this Theatrical visitation was not attended with that success which it merited. On the termination of the war with Great Britain, and the declaration of the independence of the United States, the whole country assumed a greater and more polished character, and the sour prejudices of bigotry were succeeded by a generous spirit of philanthropy, and a rational love of pleasure;—they no longer thought it necessary to appear miserable to be acceptable to the Divine Spirit, and emanated, by degrees, into cheerfulness
 and

You nurs'd her till she and Perfection were known—
Then you saw'd down those props that supported her
throne!

She extracted a spirit from Dramatists' dung—
She had point in her anger, and salt on her tongue!

and charity. A partial result from this revolution in principle and manners, was their warm encouragement of the Stage. The late Mrs. WRIGHTEN was invited from England, and being the best Performer they had ever seen, was liberally rewarded. As the different towns in the different provinces increased in splendor and wealth, the necessity of having other Companies occurred, and there are now the following different establishments, *viz.*

Messrs. WIGNEL and RENAGLE, who have built a large Theatre at *Philadelphia*, which holds 480l.: the prices of admission are the same as in London. This Company travels in the summer months to *Baltimore* in Maryland. The principal Members of this Company are Mrs. MERRY, Mr. COOPER, Mr. and Mrs. LE-STRANGE, Mr. BARRET, and Mrs. RIVERS, as Comedians; and Mr. BYRNE and Madame ROSSI as Dancers.

Messrs. HODGKINSON and HALLAM have a Company at *New York*, which travels to Maryland. The principal Members of this Company are Mr. and Mr. TYLER, Mr. and Mrs. MARSHALL, Mr. DARLEY, &c.

Messrs. POWEL and WILLIAMSON have a Company at *Boston*. The principal Members of which are Miss FONTENELLE, Mr. TAYLOR, &c.

It is no uncommon circumstance to have advertisements and bills posted about the avenues to the American Theatres requesting that the Gentlemen may not smoke in the boxes, to the annoyance of the Ladies; and likewise that they would not bring any liquor in to drink during the performance. It is probable that the more polished Britons may smile at this statement; but in the indulgence of such vain pleasantry let them recollect the nightly behaviour of our London puppies in the boxes and lobbies of our Theatres; and which is so frequently outrageous and brutal, that the national character must suffer materially in the judgment of those foreigners who witness the atrocities. The Managers, from a delicate fear of infringing upon the liberties of any part of the Audience, generally suffer these riots to be settled by the more sober and wise part of the spectators; but the truth is, that it neither belongs to Wisdom or Sobriety to contend with such rude miscreants, who ought to be delivered into the custody of a Peace Officer, whenever they violate the laws of decency in language or action.

Who

Who would cast off a topaz and dec'rate with glass?
 Who would dissipate bullion and treasure but brass?
 Did the base, and licentious, and envious offend her?
 Did no liberal Knight raise his shield to defend her?
 Did those caitiffs who thunder'd such peals in her ear,
 Only bellow to cheat, and insinuate to sneer?
 'Tis with nymphs as with Kings, who laud most, most
 annoy 'em;

As those rakes are most civil who mean to destroy 'em:
 Eternal illusions debauch the mind's guard,
 For our impulse is folly and hope our reward!
 Ere she vanish'd she look'd as more vast in dimension;
 Thus the Sun seems more large at the Planet's declension!
 Bring her substitute here—is it that wench, or this?
 Those who've no traps for glory retain some for bliss:
 But the Town, like vile pigs, will snort pleas'd o'er a
 sink;

That absurd *blatant* beast must be bullied to think!
 Not the labyzen odour can sweeten its sense;
 'Tis an organiz'd monster that's pleas'd with offence!
 An *Audience in London* should grunt, and not bawl,
 As nine-tenths are more gross than Joe's hogs at Vauxhall!
 That taste I decry is a taste which they give;
 And who lives but to please must be pleasing to live!
 Lady Dramatists make their male lovers all cullies,
 And PLAGIARY'S Soldiers and Sailors are bullies:
 Ask CURTIS his thought as to Credit, he'll risk it,
 And rejoin that her vitals are—*sound as a biscuit!*
 E'en meek men, by compliance, make meekness a jest,
 As the kind may do good till good's out of request.

THE

THE HORDE.

FOREFEND us, good Heaven! come DRU, to your
pray'rs ;

What a balderdash Congress are pressing up stairs !

Have the Tartars forsaken their *Cham* and their friend ?

No Peace is in Israel—the world's at an end.

What a *Getic* cabal ! how they bleat ! how they're drest !

Lock up all your plate—put the lace in the chest !

Send POWELL to Bow-street—get TOWNSEND and JEA-
LOUS—

Read the Hue-and-Cry act—what marauders ! what fellows !

Have we *joshins* from Essex, with cargoes of calves ?

Have we M. D.'s in myriads who're vending their salves ?

Great God ! what is this your own recreant crew ?

Do I live to be thus ? my Soul's beat black and blue !

I'm convuls'd with disdain ! all my system's in trouble !

My mind kicks and flings, like a jade carrying double !

They have worn out their welcome—shew each to the
gate—

Send the varlets to Coventry—cripple their state :

They will feel for the down ere they'll lie on a bed,

As widows will ascertain ere they'll re-wed :

Were they rapt in Elysium, and plac'd near the Spheres,

They'd demand the *Black Joke*, so corrupt are their ears :

If they're crav'd in the South, you must goad the herd
nor'ward—

As the wise pull swine back that they wish to go forward !

Though they spit out their brains in a spurt, like rash
rockets,

They affect, as a right, to have cash in both pocket :

Each

Each believes he's a GARRICK*, though futile as any—
 They'd sooner take umbrage than give Want a penny:
 Make Sense bring her summons, and fill them with dread—
 Sound the curfew, and make all the louts go to bed—
 Put them out of the pale of the Parnassian laws—
 Let them fat in the winter, like bears, on their paws:
 Shall they have their purl, and their steaks, and their
 griskins,
 Who consume day and night in intolerant friskings?

* During the zenith of *Junius's* very over-charged fame, and when all the world were in full cry to identify the man, Mr. GARRICK conceived an idea that he had discovered the person, and in consequence wrote to Mr. RAMUS, the King's page, to call on him at his house at the Adelphi. When Mr. RAMUS came, they had a private interview, and Mr. GARRICK told him, with profound caution, the essential information he should convey to the King relative to the unknown defender of our liberties. On the ensuing day Mr. GARRICK received the following note:

“SIR,

“I admit your perspicuity in managing the affairs of the Drama—but your attempts to discover me are vain and nugatory. I shall take leave of you now by assuring you, that when I have done with real monarchs, I shall begin with mock potentates, of which you shall form the head. Till then, adieu.”

JUNIUS.”

Mr. GARRICK was accustomed to relate this anecdote with marks of astonishment and apprehension.

About three years previous to Mr. GARRICK's appearing at the Theatre in Goodman's-fields, he performed *Chamont*, in the Tragedy of the *Orphan*, at a small Theatre called the Duke's Theatre, in Villiers-street, York-buildings, which was situated within a few doors of the bottom of the street, on the right hand side. The Play was got up by the Scholars of Eton College, and was prompted by COLLEY HILL, nephew to AARON HILL the Author, and who appeared at Drury-lane Theatre in *Osmyn*, in *Zara*, on the same night that Mrs. CIBBER made her first appearance. The ladies who were present at Mr. GARRICK's professional *debut*, were so fascinated by his splendid powers, that they offered him their purses and trinkets from the Boxes. The other Characters were sustained by Messrs. HALSTEAD, WOOLLEY, Miss WILLIAMS, Miss FERGUSON, &c.

Take

Take them down a peg lower—rise up and resist 'em;
 Make the caitiffs drink whey, and enfeeble their system:
 Would the caitiffs be Baals, and fatten with vows?
 Would they gulp protestations, or burn Druids' boughs?
 Would they chatter to Jove like a garrulous daw?
 Would they live, like a Peer, above *Virtue* and *Law*?
 Let Rigor incarcerate every loon;
 Hang 'em up by the breech on the horns of the moon:
 Go salt them, like herrings, and ram them in tubs;
 Let the women be pickled, and poison their cubs;
 Throw their symbols and nicknacks in Tottenham pond;
 Bind them o'er to the peace before liberal BOND:
 Send the Thracian hag to embitter their hours;
 Send the knaves to Spitzbergen, and freeze out their
 powers.

Shall they growl that Malice does thus and does so,
 When the GREAT and the LOVELY * are gall'd by a foe?

Has

* *A SUPPLICATORY EPISTLE to the COUNTESS of JERSEY.*

THOU whom the Teian Sage would hail,
 Turn, turn, and mark my ditty;
 You've craz'd our maids—our matrons sob,
 Ah, pr'ythee have some pity.

Thou hold'st the God of Love in chains,
 Thou haunt'st them in their dreams;
 Like the bright Day's superior light
 Absorbing *lesser gleams*.

You're all a charm, and hung with spells,
 One Belle enrag'd supposes;
 Another vows you've coax'd old Time,
 Who will not blight your roses.

R

Though

Has not gen'rous AUGUSTUS been smote in his fame
 By those *Parcæ*, whose influence marshall'd the aim?
 Some propel an expence to complain coin is lavish'd,
 As some jades coax to sin, then bawl out they are
 ravish'd.

What

Though each, imputing *her* offence,
 Has fail'd (extremes are such);
 Some have lost all by *little* aims,
 And some have aim'd *too much*.

Each, in the hunger of her hope,
 Imagin'd blisses saw;
 And, curst in speculative thought,
 Would make her hate a law!

Lo, how the nymphs in clusters rave!
 Sly DAPHNE's broke her fan;
 Sweet CUNEGUNDA's spilt her tea,
 And LAURA moans her man.

The MARCHIONESS oft sighs to sin,
 But Decency won't let her;
 The DUTCHESS bites her thumb, and grieves
 The DUKE can do no better.

MOLL FLANDERS haunts the clubs no more,
 To beg from knaves who win;
 E'en Lady BILLINGSGATE's unblest,
 Though smear'd with snuff and gin!

They burn to think that joy should be,
 And they not have their share;
 They scarce thank Heav'n for what they have,
 And grumble in their prayer.

Those who can paint with envious skill,
 Depict old Hymen weeping;
 Some hunt with rods the Cyprian boy,
 To whip him for his sleeping.

Imperial Beauty, send thy zone
 To each who would be killing;
 Let not so many drabs decay,
 Who're ripe, and warm, and willing.

Ah,

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What shrieking is this in the fane of the Muse?
 'Tis superb ARIADNE enforcing her dues:
 Give the woman her dues, all the Dutchesses roar;
 Give the woman her dues, bawl the drabs at the door;
 Give the woman her dues, the warm beldams demand
 At the Orkneys, at Gosport, and all round the land;
 Deny her one jot in so righteous a cause,
 And we'll o'erturn the State, our Religion, and Laws;
 All in Hell and in Heaven shall join in the fray,
 To kick down Hymen's stool and extinguish the day!
 That Varlet's a monster who questions our rights!
 That Varlet sha'nt live who'd embitter our nights!
 We'll stab him with bodkins, and mar his delights!
 Those wights are deceiv'd who imagine a scold,
 'Cause she rails at the hussies, is pure, or cold:
 Some starch'd, demure Dames, though towards Heaven
 all gracious,
 In the deed of delight are immense and voracious;
 But broil with high rage if Nymphs sigh at Love's feast,
 When the rapture's unhallow'd by Law or the Priest.
 A woman, so full of extremes is Fate's plan,
 Is either or better or worse than a man:
 If virtuous, her virtue is something celestial;
 If vicious, her vice sinks her into what's bestial;

Ah, cruel JERSEY, hide that frame,
 In mercy do not view us;
 Since *sensual* Dames, all clamorous, swear
 You can, with smiles, undo us.

Do, as they wish, one deed of shame,
 Be all thy graces lent 'em;
 Eject those Cupids from your eyes;
 Be hideous, and content 'em.

ANTHONY PASQUIN.

R 2

When

Ah,

When females depart from Propriety's centre,
 A door opes to Guilt, through which waggons might enter.
 When a fort is besieg'd, and in want of provisions,
 They send out battalions to meet war's collisions ;
 If the ninnies succeed, why 'tis well ; but if not,
 Why the more there are kill'd will enhance their own lot :
 Thus Order and Policy jumble together,
 And Necessity's pressure proves Charity's tether.
 Can't you thus with this mob ? I advise as a friend—
 Send your scouts for a *Crimp*, they may answer an end.
 The brave die but once in their circle of years,
 But the coward dies every day in his fears.
 Like vile mutton tapers, they blaze without souls,
 And which Fortune, like slatterns, has lit on the coals,
 Their radiance, encumber'd with filth, meets its doom,
 And inflam'd amid dirt, with that dirt will consume.
 Would they be, like steeds' tails, merely hang to be nick'd,
 Or, like cats in a gangway, eternally kick'd !
 Do either wish t'other a happy new year ?
 If they do, let each losel at least lose an ear :
 Should such varlets rejoice that their miseries thrive,
 Who should pay a large impost for being alive ?
 Nay even Philosophers sigh out each day,
 That their sorrows increase as their might wears away !
 Send the knaves to IERNE*, to babble and toil—
 Perhaps they'll be purer for changing the soil !

But

* *The IRISH DRAMA.*

It is presumed and believed that the Irish had little or no taste for dramatic performances until the time of *Queen Elizabeth*, in the latter part of whose reign *Shakespeare's* plays were in repute in Dublin ;

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But before they attempt to amuse such a nation,
 I pray they may bring in a specification.
 I remember that loon in the snuff-color'd wig,
 That repulsive Sarmatian, so wieldy, so big :

He's

Dublin; but they were originally performed there in the ball-room of the Castle, by the Nobility, and occasionally in their own houses, there being no regular Theatre in the city at that period. The first Theatre that was built in Dublin was in St. Werburgh's-street, in 1634, by Mr. OGILBY, who was then Deputy Master of the Revels of both kingdoms:—it had a Gallery and Pit, but no Boxes, except one for the superior accommodation of the Lord Lieutenant, who was then the *Earl of Strafford*. When the Rebellion broke out in 1645, that Theatre was shut up, and never more opened. During the civil wars OGILBY returned to England in distress, where he remained until 1662, when his friends obtained a renewal of his patent, as Master of the Revels, from the King, and he returned to Ireland, and built Smock-alley Theatre, by subscription, and of which he was the first Manager. That building cost upwards of two thousand pounds—but the scheme did not succeed, and he returned to London in 1676, where he died. In 1671 a part of that Theatre fell down, and killed several of the audience. It is uncertain whether any Plays were acted there again until after the Revolution, and the first Play upon record that was performed there was *Othello*, represented by some gentlemen for their amusement. Mr. ASHBURY, who had been Deputy Master of the Revels to Mr. OGILBY, was the only professional Actor among them; he performed *Iago*, and the celebrated Mr. WILKES *Othello*, that being his first attempt; and the great applause which he received induced him to become an Actor. About half a year after this event Mr. ASHBURY formed a regular Company, which was much encouraged, consisting of such high names as WILKES, BOOTH, ESTCOURT, KEAN, MORRIS, GRIFFITH, and T. ELRINGTON.—The principal Actresses were Mrs. ASHBURY, Mrs. KNIGHTLY, Mrs. SMITH, and the famous Mrs. BUTLER, who became a great favorite with CHARLES the SECOND. This Theatre flourished without interruption, under his management, from the Revolution to his death, which occurred in 1720, excepting that in the year 1701 the Galleries gave way, on St. Stephen's day, and many were wounded. Mr. THOMAS ELRINGTON, his son-in-law, succeeded him in his management, which he continued until his death, which happened in 1732. In 1732 a Booth was erected in George's-lane, under the direction of MADAME VIOLANTE, an Italian rope-

He's a chief in the back ground, the foot-ball of Sport ;
 A *stock Nobleman* he—a gay Lord of the Court :
 He's attended on GARRICK, and MOSSOP, and BARRY,
 If there's force in his loins, do not let the oaf marry ;
E'en

dancer ; but not meeting with success, she changed it into a Play-house :—there and then it was that the illustrious Mrs. WOFFINGTON made her first appearance in the Character of *Polly*, in the Beggar's Opera. This Theatre being suppressed by the Lord Mayor, a more commodious one was built in Rainsford-street, by permission of the EARL of MEATH ; of this Theatre Mr. HUSBANDS was Manager. The Theatre-Royal in Aungier-street was opened in the year 1734 with the *Recruiting Officer* : it was at this Theatre that the great HANDEL performed his Oratorios. Shortly after, this Theatre was deserted; and that in Smock-alley was rebuilt by subscription, and opened with the Comedy of *Love makes a Man*.—The City Theatre in Capel-street was opened on the 7th of January, in 1745, with the *Merchant of Venice*. At this time the profits of one night, at any of the Dublin Theatres, seldom exceeded fifty pounds.

This Theatre in Capel-street was situated between Mary's-lane and Mary's-abbey, near PHIPPS's bird-house, of which one PHILLIPS was Manager, who had been originally a Mummer in the Company of a Mrs. LEE, who frequented Bartholomew and Southwark fairs, and who afterwards acquired great celebrity as the Harlequin of Drury-lane Theatre, when under the management of Mr. FLEETWOOD : it was altered afterwards into a coach-maker's shop, and is now a stable. Since the destruction of this Theatre there was another erected in Capel-street, opposite Abbey-street, and was originally a Puppet-shew, and kept by one STRETCH, and was called STRETCH's Shew. On his demise it was occupied by LEWIS LAYFIELD, the son of LAYFIELD, an Englishman, who was the original *Macheath* of Dublin, and one of the Managers of Smock-alley Theatre. While Layfield was in this management, with two partners, he became sick, and his colleagues refusing to supply him with money, he sallied forth on one of the evenings of Performance, with his broad sword under his cloak (for he had been a trooper), and going to the different Door-keepers, demanded all the money, which he took from the Box, Pit, and Gallery offices, and then walked demurely home, and waited patiently the return of his health. During a representation at Smock-alley Theatre, the brother of an Irish nobleman, who was among the crowd of spectators upon the Stage, which was the custom at that period, took some indecent liberties with the wife of one of the other Managers,

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E'en though ONSLOW and ABINGDON feed Fashion's
whim,

I will have no more Lords if all Lords are like him.

They're filanders who stick to the keel of the bark ;

They're mere worms who're but gifted to shine in the
dark :

These

nagers, which, coming to the ears of LAYFIELD, he publicly swore, that, had the intruder abused his wife in a similar way, he would have wrung his neck off. This spirited expression being reported to the *Honorable Impertinent*, he had the mean and cowardly villany to hire twelve Dublin chairmen to horsewhip him, and the scene chosen was the Rose and Crown in Dame-street, from whence a message was sent to LAYFIELD, in the name of a friend. This house was then situated opposite Eustace-street. When the confederated parties had met, their base intention was overheard by the Cook, who waited for LAYFIELD in the street, and communicated the danger ; which was so far from intimidating the intrepid LAYFIELD, that he swore he would walk into the room among them, having first borrowed a carving-knife from the Cook. When he entered the room, the insolent sprig of Nobility asked him if he had used the reported threat respecting him, which the other answered in the affirmative — when his dastardly adversary gave his myrmidons the word of command—but LAYFIELD, seizing the rascal by the collar, pulled out his knife, and swore, with the most terrific imprecations, that if one of the chairmen stirred from his seat, he would cut off the scoundrel's head. They obeyed the stern mandate—while LAYFIELD dragged this treacherous reptile to the street, where he kicked him, and rolled him in the kennel, until his life was endangered by the severe castigation. This should operate as another proof how very necessary it is to banish those herds of puppies from behind the scenes, who did infect all the Theatres, and who now continue to annoy and insult every thing that is modest or worthy, during the representation of the Italian Opera!—Mr. LAYFIELD was made State Trumpeter, and became the Proprietor of Marlborough Gardens.

STRETCH'S Shew was after this new-modelled, and rendered more commodious, for the late Mr. DAWSON, in conjunction with Mr. CLAGGET, and Mr. ROBERT MAHON, who had then a very respectable Company, among whom were Messrs. LEWIS, G DAWSON, O'KEEFE, WILKES, GLENNVILLE, HERBERT, Miss GROSE, Mrs. POPE, then Miss YOUNG, and Miss ASH-

MORE,

These contemptible insects would all strut as Dons,
 And usurp a dominion, like mice at Saint John's!
 They 'd each have a splendid *Laurentum* to roam in;
 They 'd have nobody hung who had murder'd old women.

What

MORE, now Mrs. SPARKS.—After him it was tenanted by Mr. WATTS, who brought a Company from England, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. BERNARD, Mrs. WATTS, &c. Between these events it was hired by Philosophic Lecturers and Shewmen, such as Dr. DINWIDDIE, Mr. CARTWRIGHT, Dr. GRAHAM, BRESLAW, PRUSIA, &c.

In the year 1779 Messrs. GIORDANI and LEONI engaged the Capel-street Theatre to perform Operas. Their Company included Mr. LEONI, Mr. CORRY, Mr. DUFFEY, Mr. GLENVILLE, Mr. EGAN, Mr. POWELL, and Mr. MIALI, who was Acting Manager. The principal Ladies were Miss WHEELER, Miss PALMER, Mrs. MORRELL, &c. Dr. HOULTON and I translated and prepared the Operas, and Mr. GIORDANI composed the Music.

Mr. SHERIDAN began his dramatic government at Smock-alley Theatre about the year 1742. It was this Gentleman who had the honor of engaging Mr. GARRICK to play in Ireland. The British Roscius played in Dublin one season, and in that season Mr. BARRY made his *entré* on the Stage, under the direction of Mr. GARRICK, to whom he presented a silver cup, as an acknowledgment of his eminent services. Mr. SHERIDAN was driven from the management by a riot in 1753, in consequence of Mr. DIGGES having refused to repeat a patriotic speech in the Tragedy of *Mahomet*. He remained in London three years, and then resumed his scenic sceptre, at Smock-alley, in 1756. In 1759 or 60, he quitted that Theatre again, as BARRY and WOODWARD had built a Theatre in Crow-street, which materially injured his receipts. Mr. SHERIDAN afterwards played with Mr. BARRY; from whence he went to London, and played at Drury-lane Theatre, under Mr. GARRICK; and when the transfer of that property was made to his luminous son R. B. SHERIDAN, Mr. LINLEY, and Mr. FORD, he acted as Deputy-Manager for the concern. He delivered Lectures, or Readings, at Freemasons' Hall, in Lent, in concert with Mr. HENDERSON, and died at Margate, in Kent. Smock-alley Theatre was for two years under the prudential management of Mr. SOWDON, a tolerable Actor and a worthy man: but it is now converted into a corn-factor's storehouse!—*Sic transit gloria mimi!*—"Corn now grows where Troy town stood."

Mr.

What lazars!—what brutes!—how unconcious of fear!

Chain them all 'neath a conduit, and wash them a year.
Should the Gods, in good-humour, incontinent grant
The Varlets *three wishes* their passions might want,

Let

Mr. BARRY opened his new theatrical establishment with peculiar strength, having with him Messrs. WOODWARD, MOSSOP, FOOTE, and MACKLIN. In the ensuing season he engaged Mrs. ABINGTON; and Mossop began his management at Smock-alley: in the second season of which he engaged Miss CATLEY, Mr. MACKLIN, Mr. SOWDON, and his honorable victim JAMES WILDER. The history of Mossop's scenic government is a tissue of pride, folly, and ingratitude. In order to rescue the character of the late Countess of BRANDON from that obloquy which was affixed to it by the vulgar and malignant of her time, I shall relate the cause of that Lady's presumed partiality for Mr. Mossop: His father was an Ecclesiastic, and had been Chaplain to her first husband, Lord ATHENRY; and his son, HENRY MOSSOP, had been nurtured and protected in her family. It was during the rage of Mr. BARRY's popularity, who was protected by the Dutchess of LEINSTER, Lady LUMM, Mrs. GARDENER, Mrs. CLEMENTS, &c. that Mr. Mossop, on his commencing Manager of Smock-alley Theatre, applied to Lady BRANDON to bespeak his night, which she complied with, in the pure spirit of benevolence, and it was from that noble event that the adherents of the Crow-street Theatre faction circulated reports that were wholly unfounded in fact: but from such illiberality no state is free; and the Members of Theatres, in all countries, are not among the most indolent recruits when Scandal beats the drum. Poor Mossop perished with chagrin in consequence of Mrs. BARRY's refusal to act with him on his intended reappearance at Drury-lane Theatre:—The late Mr. DAWSON communicated her resolution to him at the Salopian Coffee-house, when he gave a deep sigh, and retired to his miserable lodging at Chelsea, and died in November 1773, three days after the abrupt denial.

Mr. RYDER began his theatrical management at Smock-alley Theatre in 1775; he rented it of Dr. WILSON, then Senior Fellow of Trinity College, at an annual rent of 300l. At the end of four years he took Crow-street Theatre of Mrs. BARRY, where he continued until his bankruptcy. Then he entered into partnership with Mr. CRAWFORD, who had married Mrs. BARRY, which lasted for one season; at the termination of which he engaged, as
first

Let us have *all the gin* in the world, some would cry,
 And for *all the tobacco* the others would sigh:
 But pos'd for another request, in one din,
 All the knaves would vociferate—Give us *more gin*!

As

first Actor, with Mr. DALY, who had taken Smock-alley Theatre. In the ensuing year Mr. DALY took Crow-street Theatre, where he has remained ever since. Shortly after this period Mr. HARRIS, of Covent-garden Theatre, engaged Mr. RYDER, for several years, at a salary of sixteen pounds per week. He made his first appearance in *Sir John Brute*, and did not succeed agreeably to the expectation of his friends; the truth is, that the part did not fit his powers, although there are many, such as *Ben*, *Captain Ironsides*, the *Copper Captain*, *Scrub*, *Hob*, &c. in which he must have excited much approbation. RYDER, feeling his situation not altogether eligible, offered to resign his articles to Mr. HARRIS for a certain sum of money, which being accepted he quitted London for ever. He went to Edinburgh, and from thence to Dublin; in the vicinity of which he died, oppressed with discontent, if not misery.

Mr. DALY, who superseded poor RYDER, had made his appearance at Covent-garden Theatre, where he played a few nights with a limited success. On his visiting his native country in the summer, he had the good fortune to attract the notice of the amiable Mrs. LISTER, formerly Miss BARSANTI, whom he married, and to whom he stands indebted, most highly, for his professional advancement. She was an excellent Comic Actress, and, what is far more estimable, A GOOD WOMAN!

There is a Theatre in Fishamble-street, which was formerly the Music Hall, and from that altered into a Theatre, which was occupied by Messrs. VANDERMERE, SPARKS, and WADDY, and is now a private Theatre, patronised by the Nobility, in opposition to Mr. DALY, and is under the direction of Mr. JONES. I profess to know nothing of Mr. DALY but in his public capacity; and in that point of view he appears to me, from his spirited and judicious conduct, rather to deserve the protection of the Irish Nobility than otherwise. But no Theatrical Manager ever did continue to succeed in Dublin; and, it is possible, the inhabitants may have resolved that none ever shall.

There is an Amphitheatre at the corner of Peter-street, which was erected by Mr. ASTLEY, who performs his equestrian exercises there every season.

Mr. WALKER, the original English *Macheath*, went to Dublin about the year 1738, and performed at Smock-alley Theatre. This ill-fated Comedian died in great horror in a cellar in Barrack-street, Dublin.

As the pest of the Nile, in maternal affright,
 Bears its young on its frame to elude human sight;
 Thus should we, with our spawn, we are both lusty dames,
 Take the *Fry* on our backs, and run into the Thames:
 Though some caitiffs among 'em would issue the stronger,
 More ardent, more daring, loquacious, and younger;
 But we'll let them exist as low *Stulti* unown'd;
 There's the proverb to aid—they're not born to be
 drown'd.

Some men are so talented, talon'd, and clever,
 Were they chain'd to the centre by Fate as for ever,
 They'd wriggle through *strata* and bore beds of clay,
 Then burst the Globe's crust, and look up at the day!
 One might think, like the Fins, that their wit's so diseas'd,
 If they are not well batter'd they'll never be pleas'd!
 Sure maddening traits are display'd by each loon;
 Can't you fix them, like Mercury, over the moon?

Dublin. WALKER had been in Ireland in the meridian of his fame; and while he was enacting in the *Beggar's Opera*, at the Theatre in Lincoln's-inn fields, he was induced to tell some ludicrous anecdote which had an Irishman for the subject; this relation so enraged a silly and ostentatious man of quality of that nation, who was behind the scenes, that he indiscreetly called WALKER a scoundrel, and threatened to chastise him. This language, which precluded all apology, exasperated the insulted Actor so much, that he instantly drew his sword, and called upon his adversary to fight, which the other declined with some contemptuous remarks upon his profession. As the spirited Performer insisted upon satisfaction for so gross an affront, it impelled some other Irish Gentlemen, who were there, to join in the attack upon WALKER, and he would have been overthrown by their confederated violence, had not the celebrated Duke of WHARTON been present, who generously declared, that if they meant it should be a partial assault, he would sustain the weakest party, and then drew and arranged himself on the side of Mr. WALKER; which seasonable interposition luckily put an end to the affray.

Some

Some believe men are sad in a sapient redundancy,
 As the fat bear a curse in their body's abundance!
 What untruths Misconception's eternally bringing,
 When those gipsies are roaring the mob call it singing!
 So when hinds at the dawn of Aurora awake,
 And rush out of their nests with a scythe or a rake;
 The cock leaves his roost too, spruce, gallant, and bold,
 And takes comfits of barley to keep out the cold;
 But by Lassitude prest towards his mistresses going,
 Shakes his feathers and yawns, which those idiots call
 crowing!

Like the imps of Hermannus they sigh not to wed,
 But would cheat Doctors' Commons, and pig in one bed;
 They'd regard not Wit's tablet, nor what Wit has told,
 Were it writ, like the Schodba, in letters of gold!
 Tho' granivorous they'll whet not, or brandish the sickle;
 They're inert, though undone, and though sluggish they're
 fickle;

Take their brains out and scrub 'em, they're craz'd, that's
 assur'd,

In a mild interlunium, perhaps, they're endur'd:
 Swallow flatulent herbs, raise a storm with your bile,
 And blow these Ascarides out of the Isle:
 Have they ferrean vizors, or is it their faces?
 How their muscles must ache—they are worn with
 grimaces!

These *coram non judice* deeds they enforce,
 And believe no tribunal can question their course;
 They're bred in Cornelian laws, and begin
 To officiate ere manhood has stubbled the chin!

Are

Are they Nature's last dribblets—the sweepings of matter?
 Are they food for the sewer? d'ye hear how they chatter?
 'Stead of list'ning to me, hark, they're wrangling 'bout
 jugs:

Has the Dipsas been here? Pull that sot by the lugs!
 Zounds, shall I toil and sweat to illumine a lout,
 While his thoughts are allied to—a tankard of stout?
 Oh, Heaven! why will not such beings retire
 Ere the beam of Disdain burns them up with its fire?
 Some loons have been pelted and scorn'd ere they've slunk,
 As some won't hide dead bodies till after they've stunk.
 What *they should*, with such scroyles, is not warning
 enough,
 Till it's thunder'd *You must*, they'll not wag, but look
 gruff:

Alas, how presumptuous! e'en Echo they'll stun;
 If I tickle their errors they swear they're undone;
 Each hies to his den, and blasphemes or deploras,
 Till a Chief rings the tocsin, then all the Horde roars:
 Though the love of long life is to ask unborn woes,
 Yet their folly will crave what their wit should oppose!
 The tumultuous waste health, and their senses destroy,
 Yet egregiously think their destruction's their joy;
 As the smoke of the cup proves the warmth of the tea,
 Tho' that warmth is reduc'd by those means which we see.
 While they bawl out applause every excellence bleeds;
 They are bless'd in their dulness, but damn'd in their
 deeds.

As th' Apostolic twain (which *Algardi* well wrought),
 High buoyant in air, and as madd'ning in thought,

S

Curs'd

Curs'd the Scythian who rush'd to sack Rome, with their
tongues,

And anathematiz'd all his host with their lungs:

Thus would I with these slaves who give Worth to Per-
dition,

And stab Wit in despite of each Muse's petition;

They appal every Minstrel who're scar'd while they bray,
Till Merit, like Philomel, scuds from the day;

And dishevell'd and wild in the haunts of Despair,

Makes e'en quarries responsive, and hallows the air!

Some Seniors will chuckle *their* faults mark the Stage;

With Absurdity big, they are proud in their rage,

And seem blest that their errors may run thro' an age: }

Thus Grannies love urchins much more than their dams,

Tho' they spew o'er their vestments and pinch their worn
gambs;

Yet believing they live in the Thing and its ends,

They betray second childhood, and hug what offends!

Bid the pilf'ers come round—those can list who can't
see;

Hete's the Theatric Decalogue, hear it from me:—

Thou shalt pay no obedience to Vice or to Folly:

Thou shalt tell no base fibs or of RICHARD or DOLLY:

Thou shalt murder no ally or coz of good sense:

Thou shalt steal not, or thunder, or lightning, or pence:

Thou shalt honor the Muses, and light them when bedded:

Thou shalt touch not the skirts of those Ladies who're
wedded:

Thou shalt make not a Baal for lucre or gain:

Thou shalt never be quoting our titles in vain:

Thou

'Thou shalt gad not on Sundays, or tippie, or labour :
 Thou never shalt covet the *vrouw* of thy neighbour :
 If they recollect this, and act up to the letter,
 Each man will be happier, and wiser, and better.—
 Ye coach-calling Rips from the Opera door ;
 Ye Criers of Burghs, who so flog the stray poor ;
 Ye slaves at St. James's, who freeze in the lobby,
 To vociferate chairs for TOM STEELE and LORD BOBBY ;
 Each bellowing Nymph, with her cods on her head,
 Who with *flowers of Billingsgate* proves she's well bred ;
 Come here and be Players—you've nothing to crave
 But what Impudence gives, and that blessing you have :
 Yet take care, should *Melpomene* come, that you hide 'em,
 As, though Folly loves scrubs, she could never abide 'em ;
 Let them couch in the *Green-room* ; but, taking their naps,
 They may belch and be known : kick 'em all down the
 traps.

When a swag-bellied Cit would ride o'er London stones,
 Who is weighty as Sadness—mere garbage and bones ;
 The hackney-man fearing his horses should spy him,
 Holds his hat 'tween the beasts as the viler goes by him ;
 In the dread, should they see, they might owe him a
 grudge,

Break the *fiacre* down, or perhaps would not budge.
 If the atmosphere 's thick when a novel day dawns,
 Poets say not 'tis fog, but 'tis Phœbus that yawns ;
 Who half wake, and half sleeping, insults human sight,
 And imperfectly turns the dark lantern of Night :
 Yet we know that those Hours all laughing will be,
 When the mist shall consume and the multitude see :

But, alas! 'tis not so in this Gothic demesne,
 Where the more we reflect 's to increase but our pain:
 Some are guilty, from shame, who their state would secure,
 As many would rather seem vicious than poor!
 No rotary gleam will the darkness dis sever,
 And the taste of the realm * is benighted for ever!
 Nay some, all intent to make Folly increase,
 Will amplify Pride till they drive out their peace:
 Those should shun a new evil who 're previous accurst,
 As the dropsical that which induces a thirst.
 From the rage of precedence, how all disagree!
 Though those who 're help'd first have the worst of the tea.
 Men affect to be what they are not, from their knowing
 Nor Heaven nor Earth approve that which they're doing;
 While pseudo-Philosophers shrink at Pain's bangs,
 They'll egregious affirm that they're feeling no pangs!
 Their mouths are but stores in which idiom is put,
 And, like doors, are just made but to open and shut.

* When the King, Queen, and Royal Family, go to the Theatres of Drury-lane or Covent-garden, they give *ten pounds to the Manager* for themselves and suite. It was formerly twenty. There is no reasonable person can object to this sum, as being too small, when they recollect the hospitality of his Majesty's household, and the limited allowance appropriated by the nation for his support. The Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal give each five pounds when they go in state. But the Managers present two guineas to the yeomen, one guinea each to the footmen, and nine shillings to the coachmen, making all together the sum of six pounds fifteen shillings. They were formerly accommodated with ham, beef, and porter.

During Mr. GARRICK's management, one of the late King's servants had taken a public-house at the corner of Wych street, called the Queen of Bohemia, where the other servants were accustomed to go and regale during the representation; and it happened one evening, at the termination of the play, that the King, and his consort CAROLINE, could find none of their attendants, and were compelled to go home privately in two chairs!

Some

Some think a scull drest, though a mere block and hat,
 As shades make a niche seem, when in truth 't is a flat :
 Some have cover'd with figures their bridal array,
 Which when lav'd in the vessel will all melt away.
 'T is the test proves the good—'t is the end, not what is ;
 Once FIZ dream'd of thrones, yet now who would be
 FIZ ?

But the higher a polish our nature 'll receive,
 The greater 's our predisposition to grieve !
 Some suppose, who by drams have made thinking un-
 sound,
 'Cause their brains are too hot, that the building goes
 round:—

Lo ! each hangs his ears, like a rod-threaten'd youth ;
 Or a Metaphysician confronted by Truth :
 Does that reprobate redden, or is it derision ?
 Is it true that he blush'd, or have I a dimm'd vision ?
 Shall my fist and his jowl form a point of collision ?
 Who 's yonder cropp'd losel ? he hears me and sculks :
 Can't he *dive* for a *wipe*—has he boarded the hulks ?
 Thrust them into a kettle ; boil all till they simmer ;
 Then skim off their filth, they 'll seem neater and trimmer ;
 Put them under the *ban*—Sister, shut the poor's box ;
 Turn 'em all out to graze on the *Lemnian* rocks.
 I'm not pleas'd with the state that your hussies are in ;
 I have balanc'd their wishes, they verge towards sin ;
 I'm afraid they 've the Queen of Navarre's naughty tales,
 Or the *Basia Secundi*—they 've bought them at sales.
 Pray take care of their morals, remove Passion's stings,
 Equivocal women are dangerous things ;

Their grief's all illusion, like Medea's pot—
 'T is a spark—'tis a gleam—it is here, and 't is not !
 Let them rove as base wizards, and live upon rinds—
 Measure natal ascendants, and cozen the hinds—
 Heat the blood of pale Nymphs—set their Passions at
 strife—
 And beg a crook'd six-pence, and damn 'em for life—
 Wander down a green lane on their asses, in rows—
 Pilfer clouts from the hawthorn, and masticate sloes—
 Slaughter lambs, and tear through their young limbs
 with their tusks—
 Sleep and banquet 'neath hedges, and glut 'em on husks.

Harlequin, for the least mistake would destroy the effect. It happened one night that the Scene man had not got to the place in time, and PHILLIPS must have broke his neck, had it not been for one of the Dressers who was passing at that imminent moment, with his regale of a pint of porter, and bread and cheese, when he came in the exact perpendicular with PHILLIPS ;—his fall was weakened by it, and they both escaped wonderfully with very little detriment.

To say that PHILLIPS had some celebrity in his profession is too cool colouring for him ; for his execution on the Stage was more like a *Will-o'-the-wisp*, or a flash of lightning, in every thing he did. He was a dissipated *bon vivant*, and much given to the interests of the Paphian Governess. One evening that Majesty was to grace the Stage box, with a command for a favorite Pantomime, the Harlequin was not to be found ; he was at that period insuring pollution and disease in one of the alleys of Drury-lane ; but his retreat was discovered in time, and the well-scented hounds of the Theatre were dispatched in search of him ; but the difficulty was to convey him to the Theatre by some understrappers of the law, who were generally waiting for him : to effect this he was placed in a hamper, and a wine-porter carried him, as he was rolled up like a wood-louse (for he was small, and had been used to contract himself when a Tumbler, into a little compass), in which state he passed safe through a congregation of bailiffs.

The rage for Pantomime now is infinitely more prevalent than it was at that period—inasmuch as many of those modern Comedies, which have been most applauded by the base million, are colloquial exhibitions, dependent on similar trick and buffoonery !

True

True Comedy * lies in pursuing the way
 To be calm in yourself and make all others gay :
 When the Actor declares he's a comical loon,
 We hold smiles as grimaces—the man a buffoon :

ALL

* *FURTHER REMARKS upon the FLEMISH DRAMA.*

There are Theatres at present at Bruges, Ghent, and Ostend, in Austrian Flanders, and in French Flanders, at Lisle; in Brabant, at Brussels and Antwerp; in Hainau, at Mons. All these Theatres are maintained by erratic troops from France. The prices of admission at Brussels and Antwerp are, in the Boxes 2s. 4d. in the Pit 1s. 2d. and the Gallery 7d. In Lisle the first Box is ten livres, or 8s. 4d. the second Boxes five livres, the Pit three livres, and the Gallery one livre.

There are at present two Theatres at Amsterdam, in Holland; in one of which they use the Dutch language, and in the other the French: there is also one at Rotterdam, in French; and one at the Hague, in French.

There is a Theatre at Liege, where they have a French Company, by permission of the Prince Bishop, who sometimes sits there *incog.* In this Theatre they have a peculiar mode of applauding the Performers, with their feet, and not their hands, which sounds like the trampling of a regiment of cavalry.

In consequence of the indisposition of a principal Singer of the Theatre at Liege, a subaltern was put on as his substitute; but he had scarce begun his character when he was violently hissed: he went, notwithstanding, through the air with the utmost indifference, and at its conclusion he stepped forward and thus declared:—"Gentlemen and Ladies (as that is the mode there of arranging the sexes on such occasions), I have not the honor to understand you perfectly; the Manager gives me but six hundred francs for the season, and I have brought you a voice according with the reward; but it seems that it is your pleasure to have a voice worth a thousand crowns, and for which you must wait until the other Performer is recovered." This merry appeal was received with plaudits, and the piece was concluded without interruption.

When a celebrated Equestrian Professor was at Brussels, on his return from Paris, he solicited permission of the Lieutenant de Police to exhibit his feats for several nights, and the request was granted. On the first evening of the performance, in a sort of temporary Amphitheatre, the Chief of the Troop entered the ring, and addressed the Company thus:—"Ladies and Gemmen,—but, damme, what signifies my calling you Ladies and Gemmen, you don't

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All his claims we reject with disgust or with sneers,
 As he laughs with himself while the Critic's in tears.
 Modern Managers are not content with what's right,
 But will shift and reshift in their honor's despite :
 Like Penelope's toil, or Physician's pretext,
 All that's got in one annum's undone in the next.
 One Ill keeps another from having its sway,
 As rude gusts of wind drive the rain far away :
 We promulgate too eager those evils we know,
 Yet heed not the scale of comparative woe :
 Did Jove hapless grant our illusory wishes,
 The many would want fruit and cates for their dishes.

As to Unity*, Numbers, or Truth, they know
 nought—

No study, thank Heaven, oppresses their thought.

Monks

don't understand it,—so I say *Meunseers* and *Madams*, I have brought you the most surprising little *chaval* in all the world ; but, zounds, I can't *parly voo*, or else I'd let you into the whole secret ; but here comes Mr. MERRYMAN—holloe, Mr. Merryman, can you *parly voo* ? No, by G—d, Master :—So Mr. Merryman can't *parly voo* ; well, well, the horses shall tell their own stories :—I intend to make this Poney a Physician, and that Dun a Master of the Ceremonies ; this horse can dance the *Minevit de la Reane* as well as Sir CLEMENT COTTREL OF VESTRIS, &c. &c.” And in this manner did he ridiculously vociferate before the most polished people in Brussels ; not one of whom understood him, excepting Lady COOPER, Mr. LUTTREL, Mr. MERRY, and about a dozen English Ladies and Gentlemen, from whom I heard the story, and who were convulsed with laughter at the brazen buffoonery of the noisy dolt, who delivered his unintelligible jargon with the utmost confidence and *sang froid*!

* *Of the* UNITIES.

The Unities of place and time are the only ones that are peculiar to the Drama, and have divided critics into two parties, those who condemn, and who approve of them. How far they are necessary

Monks tell us the best are quintessence of dust,
 And who but will take what Monks tell us on trust ?
 Yet if that is the case, sure these *oafs* are all made
 Of some vile, reeking dung, that would sully the spade ;
 And from atoms like theirs, germinate all those seeds,
 Which engender furze, hemlock, and thistles, and weeds !
 Pr'ythee don't let them touch me—I eschew their wiles—
 They would give me the scrophula, *lues*, or piles !
 I hate Coarseness so deeply—its laws, and its leaven—
 That I'd scarcely be sav'd, were there Vulgar * in Heaven !

to the Drama on the score of probability, I have considered in another place.

Instead of examining whether the Unities of time and place are necessary, we ought first to inquire what reason there is to violate them. A Poet, we will say, begins a Tragedy, and writes the first act without having introduced any change of place, or prolonged the time : arrived at that point, he finds it convenient to do so, and according to his reasons, I approve or condemn him. If he say, either that he is obliged before a certain day to furnish a Piece for the Theatre, or that he has such natural impatience and want of talents for correct composition, that he cannot write by rule, without spoiling the work he has undertaken, the utmost poetical licence ought to be allowed him, and he ought to be completely indifferent to the cavils of French dogmatism. But if he wish to represent all farther attempts at perfection as useless, and complain that, without extending the time, he cannot combine into one Piece two events related in history ; I would ask him, why he does not look into *the annals of imagination*, and find there every possible situation that may serve his purpose ? If he be not one of the few, whom skill or patience enables to search those volumes, let him not rashly question the existence of what they contain. Suppose one writing bad Poetry were to say gravely, in excuse for it, that it was too difficult to produce expressive and harmonious language ; would it be thought sufficient ?—*Vide LETTERS on the DRAMA.*

* Lest the term *vulgar* might be misunderstood, I must inform the reader, that it is meant to apply exclusively to all those who violate the ordinances of good sense and good manners ; and in this number, according to my experience, there are a greater portion among those who are rich, than those who are poor !

How

How the moon-shooting reptiles all grin, and look round
'em!

Can the storms of the skies and the ocean confound 'em?
They'll all rush 'fore the noble, wherever they find 'em,
As small bodies, when near, can shade greatness behind
'em!

They'd subscribe to a loan, without credit or riches;
One half go *Philand'ring* without any breeches!
To their gripe have the Virgins of Drury been given;
To them *Lewkner's-lane* was a sublunar heaven!
Ah! would that I were but one-twentieth so clever
As those curs think they are—I'd be honor'd for ever:
Let each slave have the *knout*—nail 'em up like dead bats—
Hunt them down like the Pard, or a Norwegian's cats.
They would tear off her manteau, and knit with Despair!
They would swallow the *Siroc*, and call it fresh air!
Zounds! I'll give them a prize—here's a tub of
BOOTH'S gin;

Who's most deep in yon dung shall be lauded, and win:
See, they're stripping! that's right! faith, that loon has
a shirt;

Let each go head-foremost, and bore in the dirt:
How they claw, and they wriggle, and burrow like moles!
Look, already they're up to their waists in the holes!
How they darken the void with sand, pebbles, and peat! }
Now their legs are but visible—now but their feet— }
Now they're all out of sight—the exertion's complete! }
Shall such sprigs of perfection as these be decried?
Shall the *jus civitatis* to them be denied?
Though they're filthy in feat, and abhorrent, what then?
Can the Senate display purer actions or men?

Yet

Yet perhaps in thus urging my spleen I am wrong ;
Let me re-tread my journey, and re-read my song :
All these stripes may be right to excoriate our station,
As we stink in the deed of our purification :
'Tis wise that our system thus chequer'd should roll—
A sun-shine eternal would sicken the soul.
Though none grudge the *Russ* his *spondilium* or toy,
Yet they satiate his hunger, and square with his joy :
Thus he's blest though unwise, who can breathe, and
ne'er winces,
And they laugh 'neath their stars, while Regret harrows
Princes.
Yet who'll say it is this or 't is that is the best,
When each, in his smile, makes the issue a test ?
For the nerve that is mov'd from its tone of repose,
Becomes pleasure or pain as the thought may suppose :—
Hence the Evils and Transports change hands with each
other,
And the bliss of one tribe is the bane of another.

F I N I S.



